

SUPERMAN

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Post-



Post-**CRISIS**

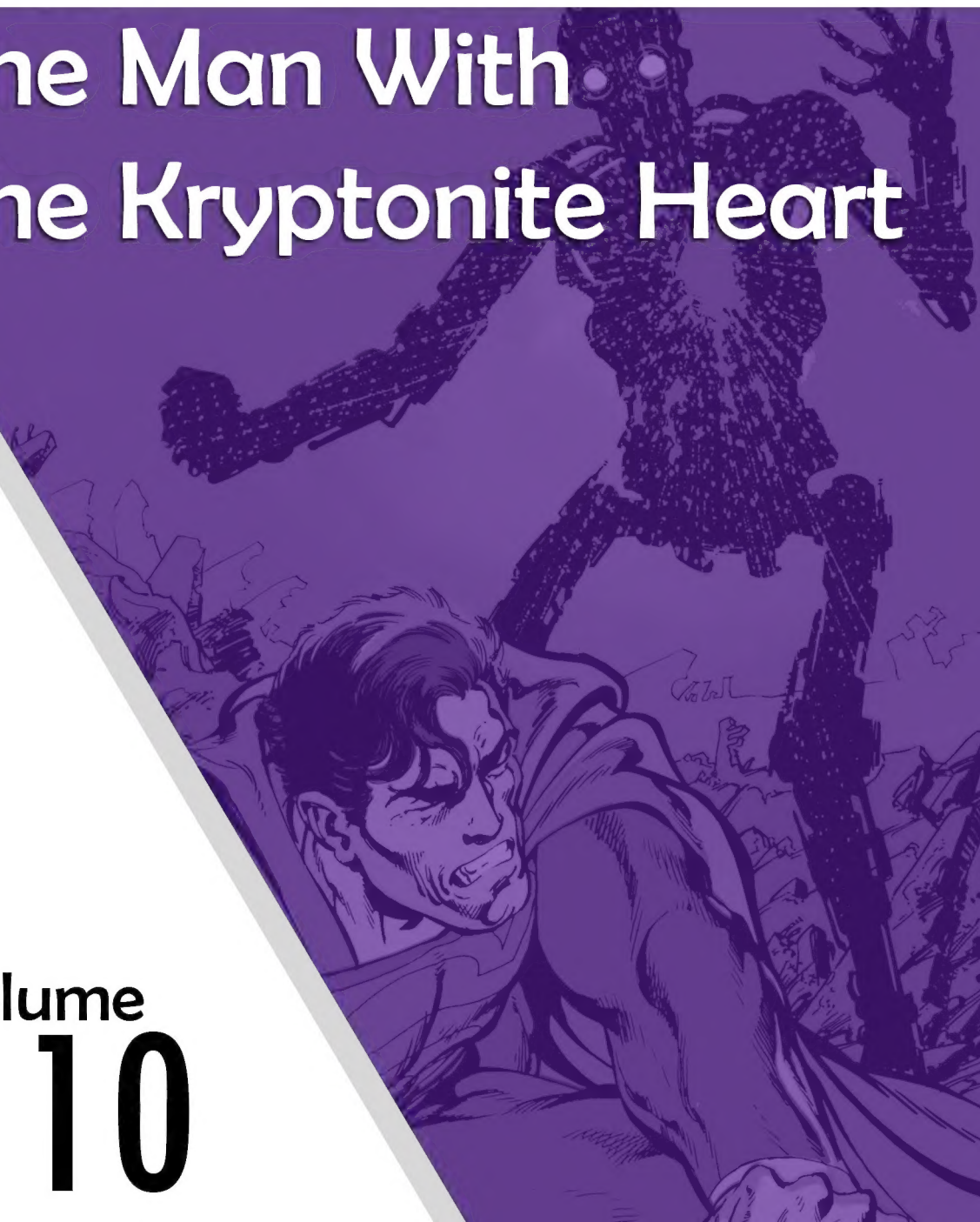
The Man With The Kryptonite Heart

10

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Volume

10



TO CROSS THE RUBICON

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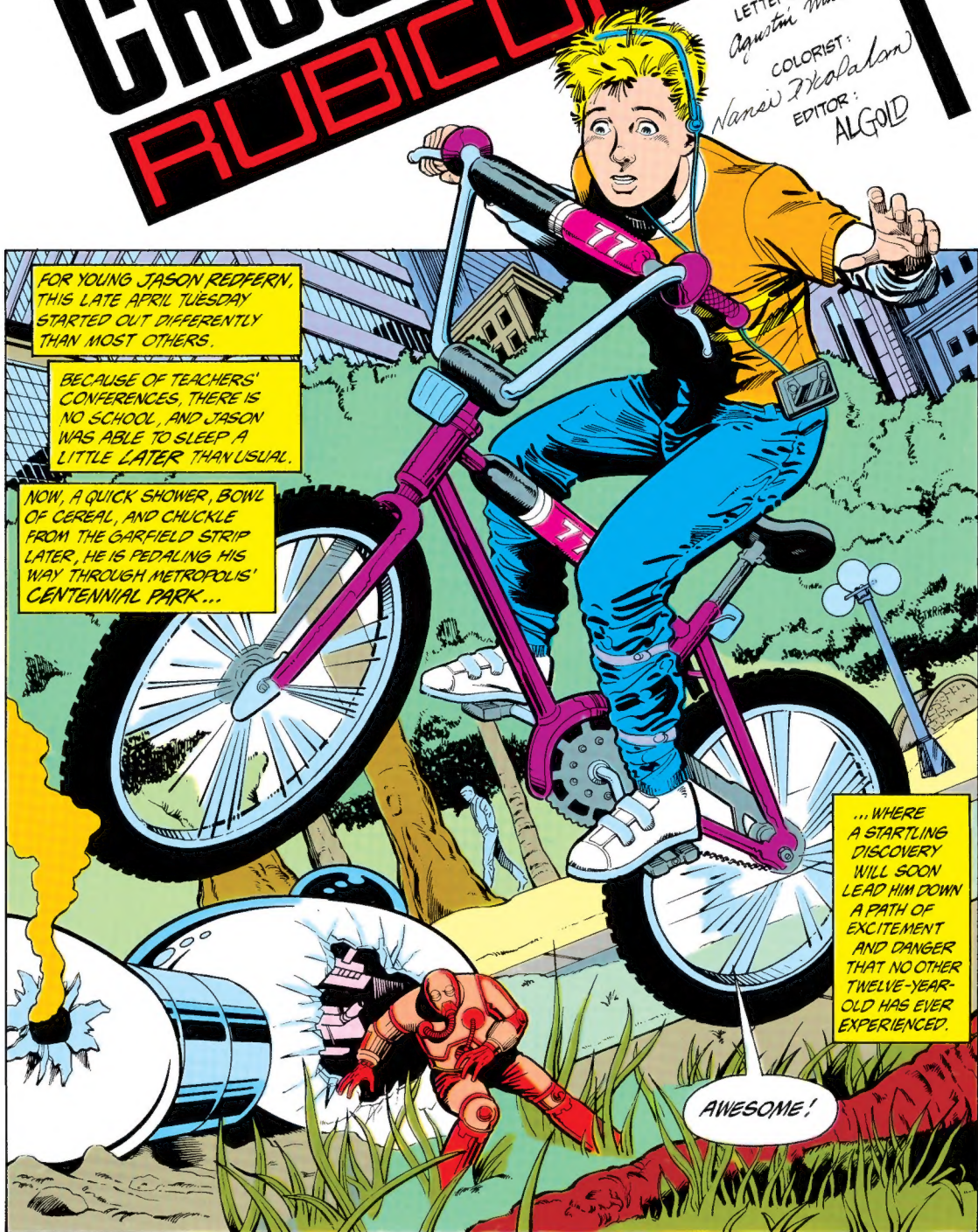
FOR YOUNG JASON REDFERN,
THIS LATE APRIL TUESDAY
STARTED OUT DIFFERENTLY
THAN MOST OTHERS.

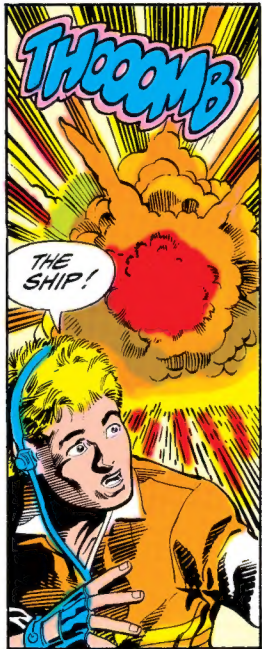
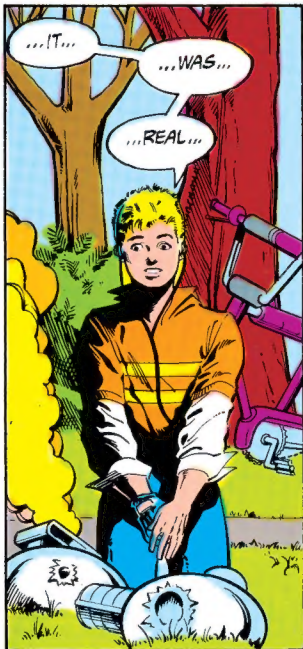
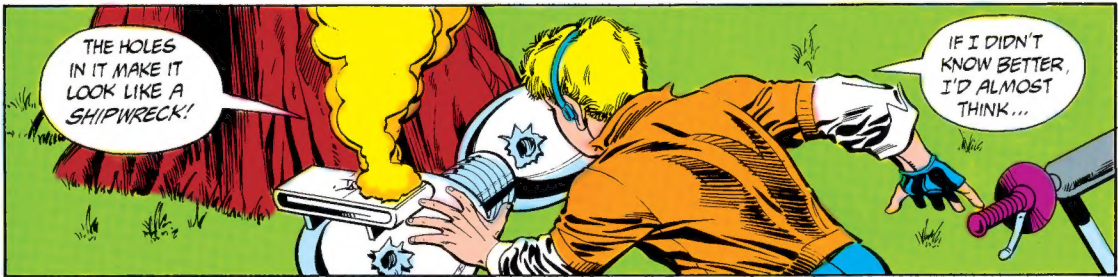
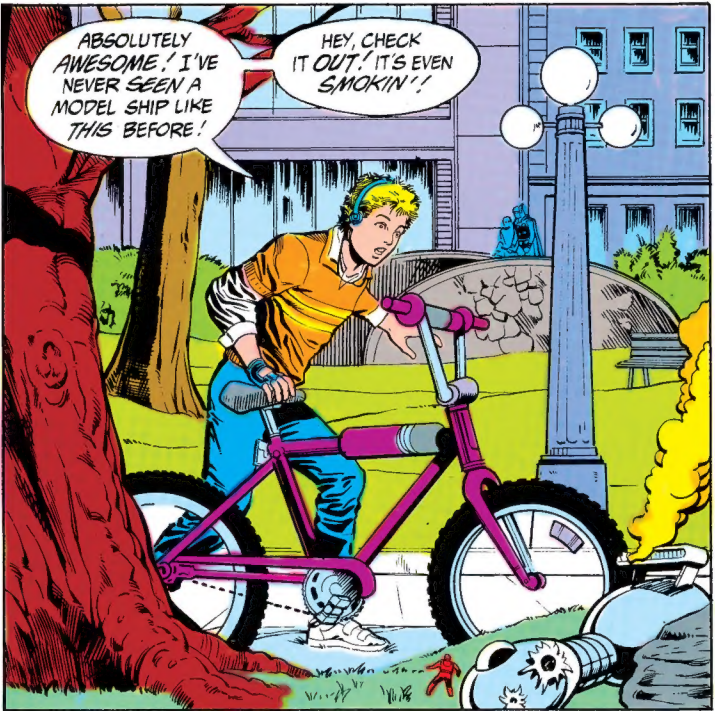
BECAUSE OF TEACHERS'
CONFERENCES, THERE IS
NO SCHOOL, AND JASON
WAS ABLE TO SLEEP A
LITTLE LATER THAN USUAL.

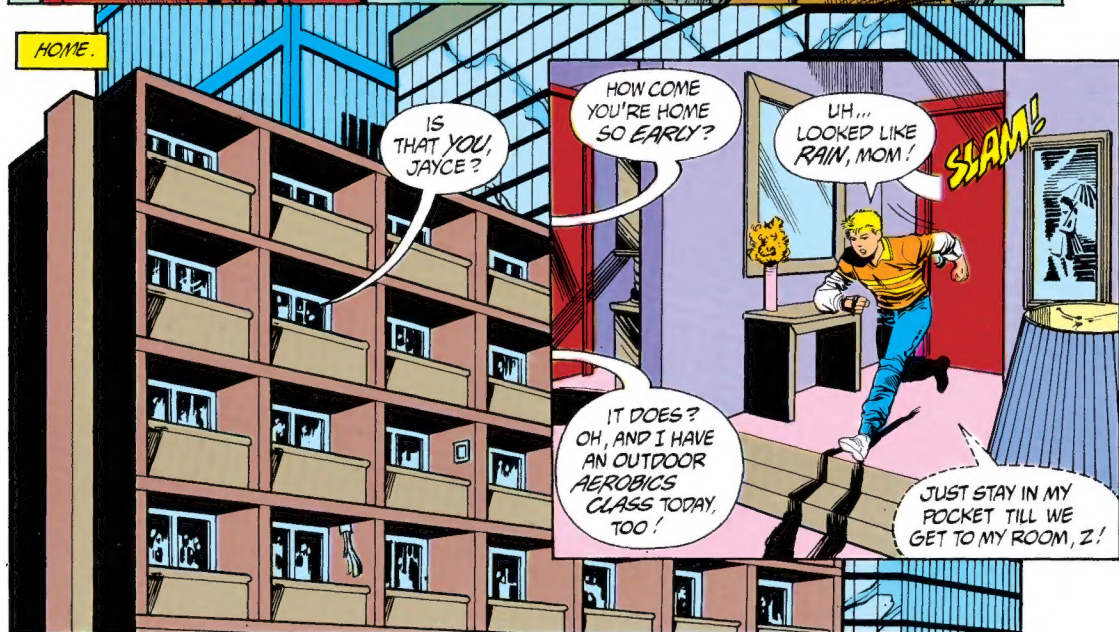
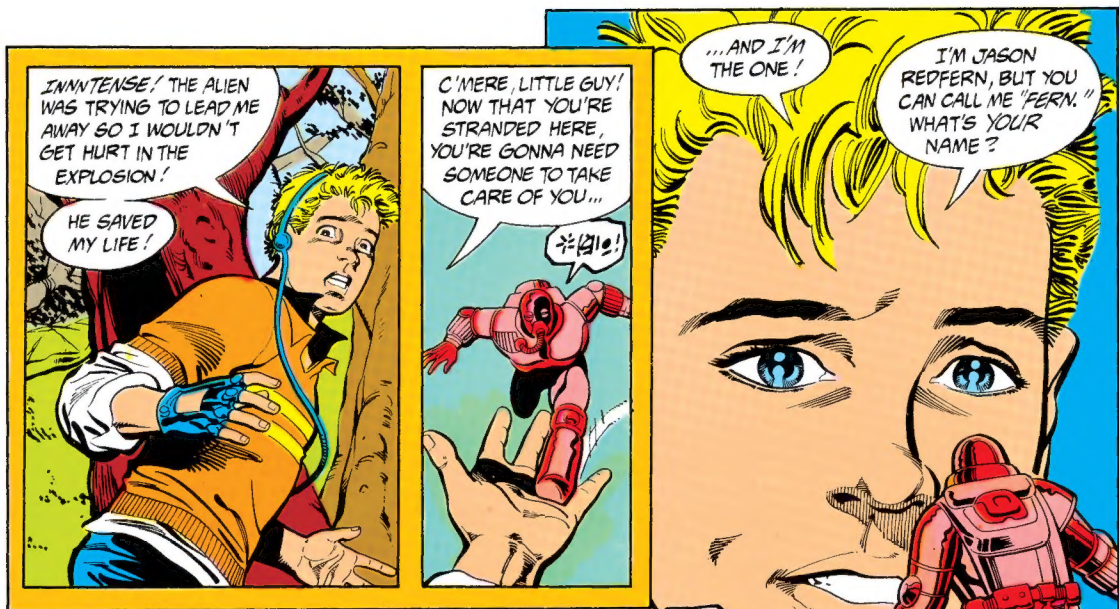
NOW, A QUICK SHOWER, BOWL
OF CEREAL, AND CHUCKLE
FROM THE GARFIELD STRIP
LATER, HE IS PEDALING HIS
WAY THROUGH METROPOLIS'
CENTENNIAL PARK...

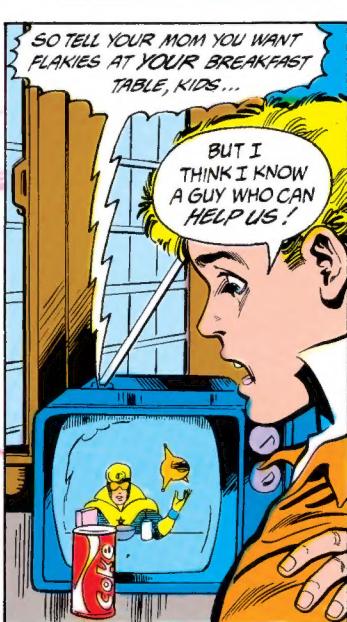
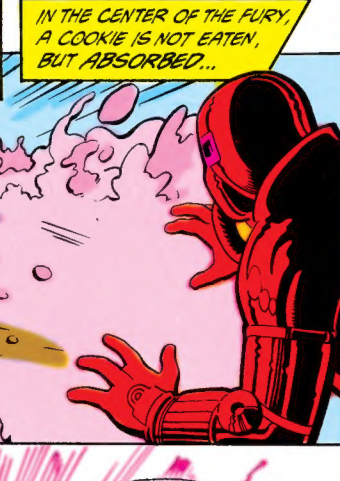
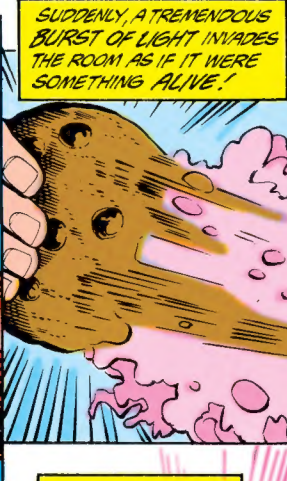
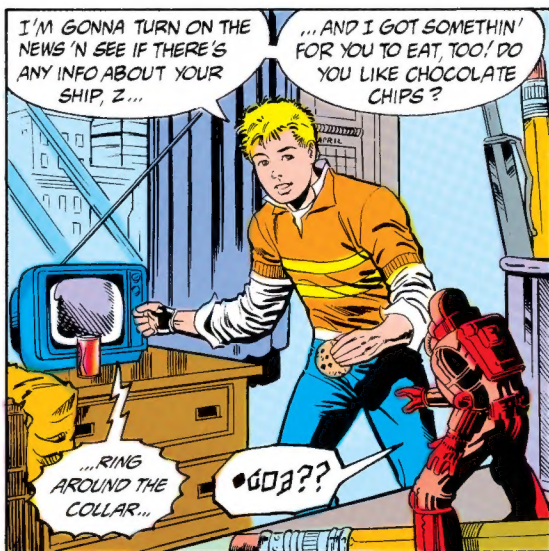
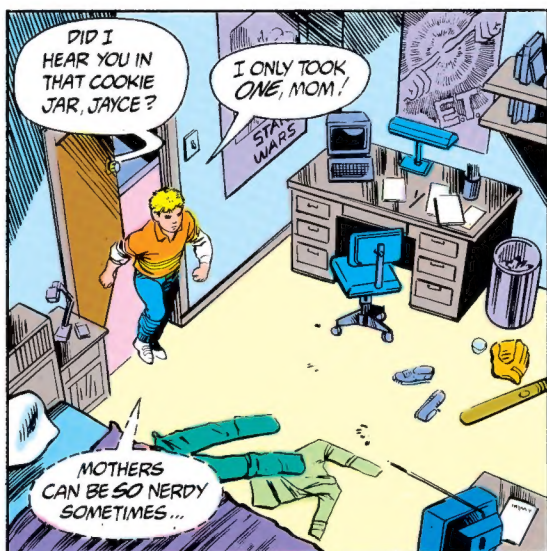
... WHERE
A STARTLING
DISCOVERY
WILL SOON
LEAD HIM DOWN
A PATH OF
EXCITEMENT
AND DANGER
THAT NO OTHER
TWELVE-YEAR-
OLD HAS EVER
EXPERIENCED.

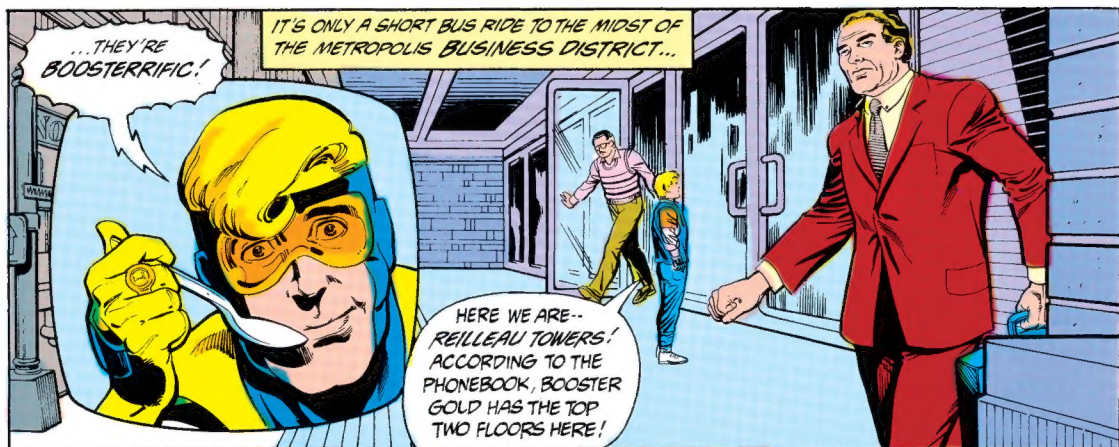
AWESOME!







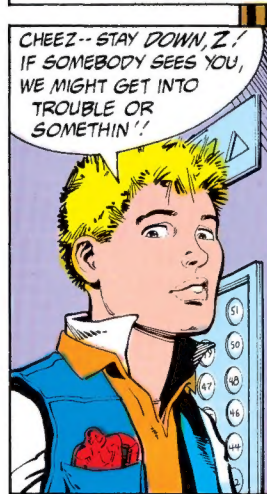




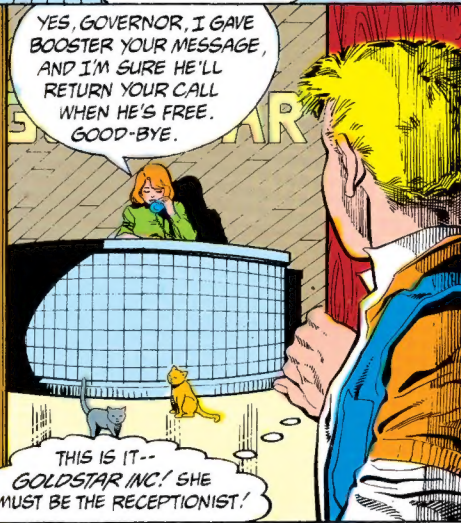
...THEY'RE BOOSTERRIFIC!

IT'S ONLY A SHORT BUS RIDE TO THE MIDST OF THE METROPOLIS BUSINESS DISTRICT...

HERE WE ARE-- REILLEAU TOWERS! ACCORDING TO THE PHONEBOOK, BOOSTER GOLD HAS THE TOP TWO FLOORS HERE!



CHEEZ-- STAY DOWN, Z! IF SOMEBODY SEES YOU, WE MIGHT GET INTO TROUBLE OR SOMETHIN'!

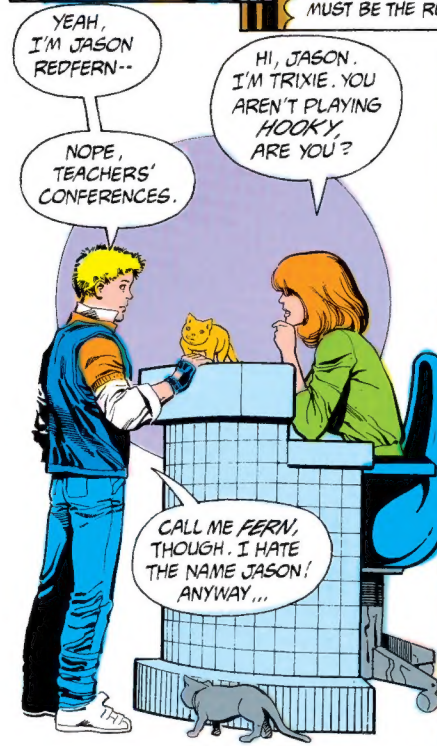


YES, GOVERNOR, I GAVE BOOSTER YOUR MESSAGE, AND I'M SURE HE'LL RETURN YOUR CALL WHEN HE'S FREE. GOOD-BYE.

THIS IS IT-- GOLDSTAR INC! SHE MUST BE THE RECEPTIONIST!



WHY, HELLO THERE. CAN I HELP YOU WITH SOMETHING?

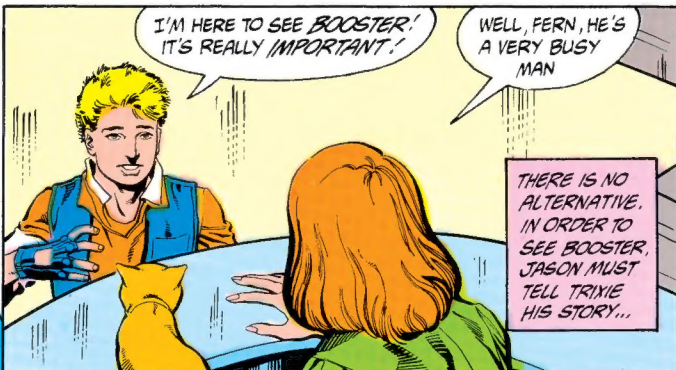


YEAH, I'M JASON REDFERN--

HI, JASON. I'M TRIXIE. YOU AREN'T PLAYING HOOKY, ARE YOU?

NOPE, TEACHERS' CONFERENCES.

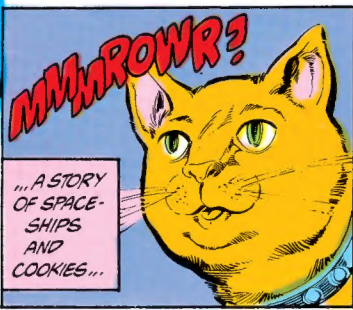
CALL ME FERN, THOUGH. I HATE THE NAME JASON! ANYWAY...



I'M HERE TO SEE BOOSTER! IT'S REALLY IMPORTANT!

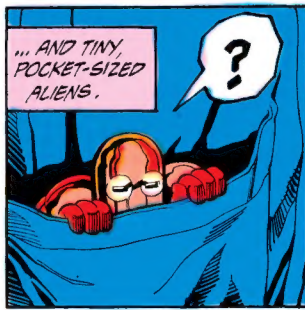
WELL, FERN, HE'S A VERY BUSY MAN

THERE IS NO ALTERNATIVE. IN ORDER TO SEE BOOSTER, JASON MUST TELL TRIXIE HIS STORY...



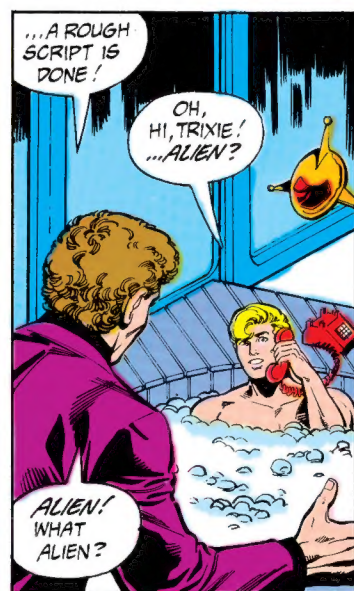
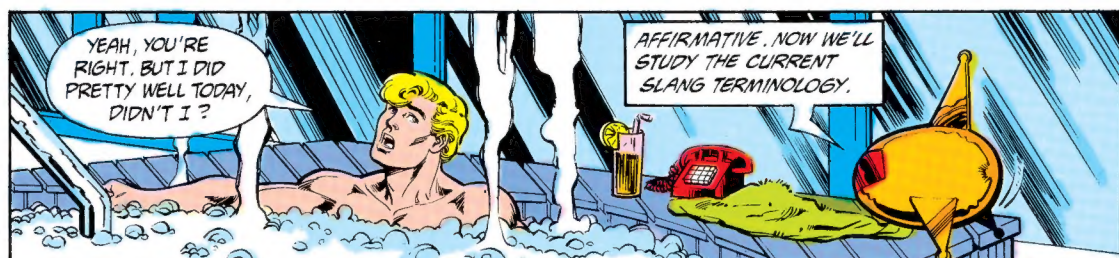
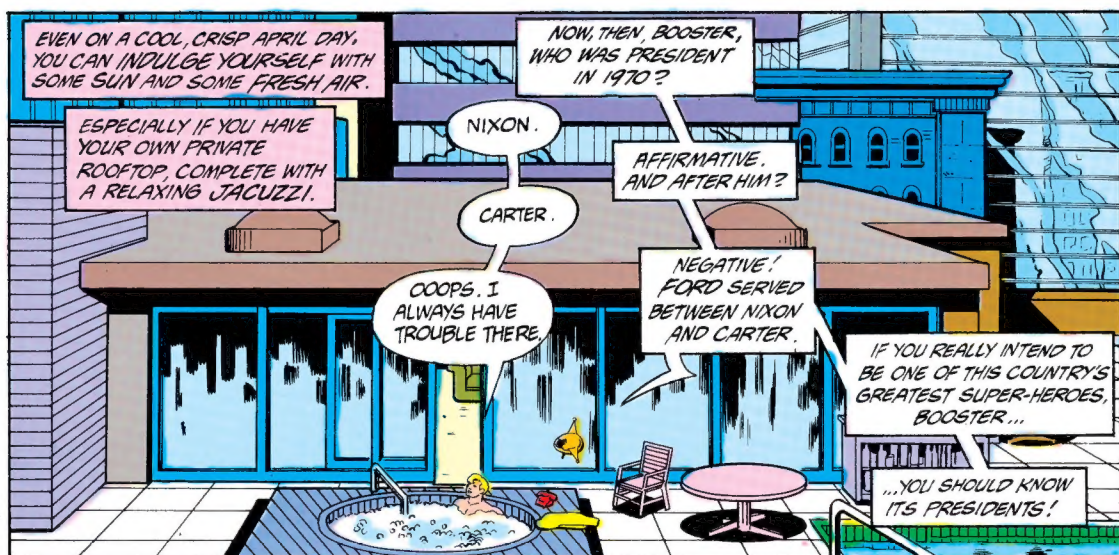
MMHROWR?

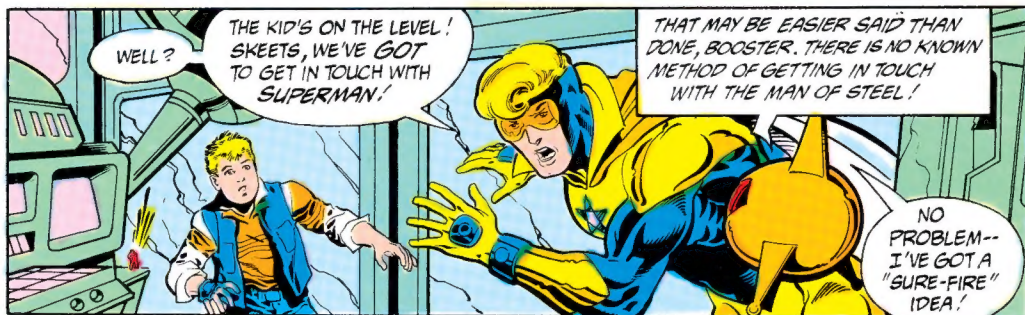
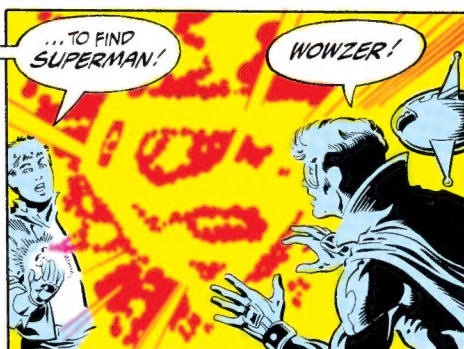
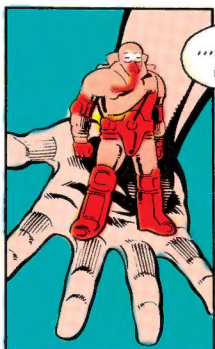
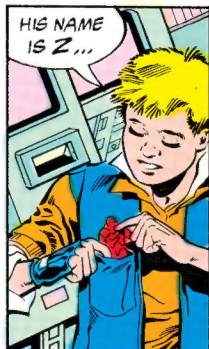
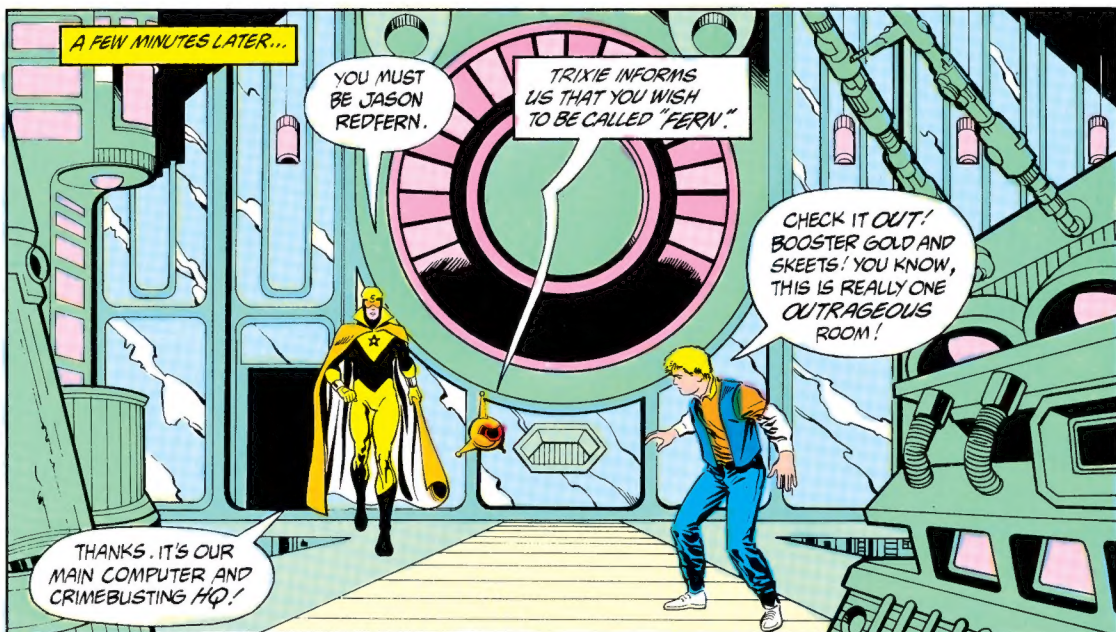
...A STORY OF SPACE-SHIPS AND COOKIES...

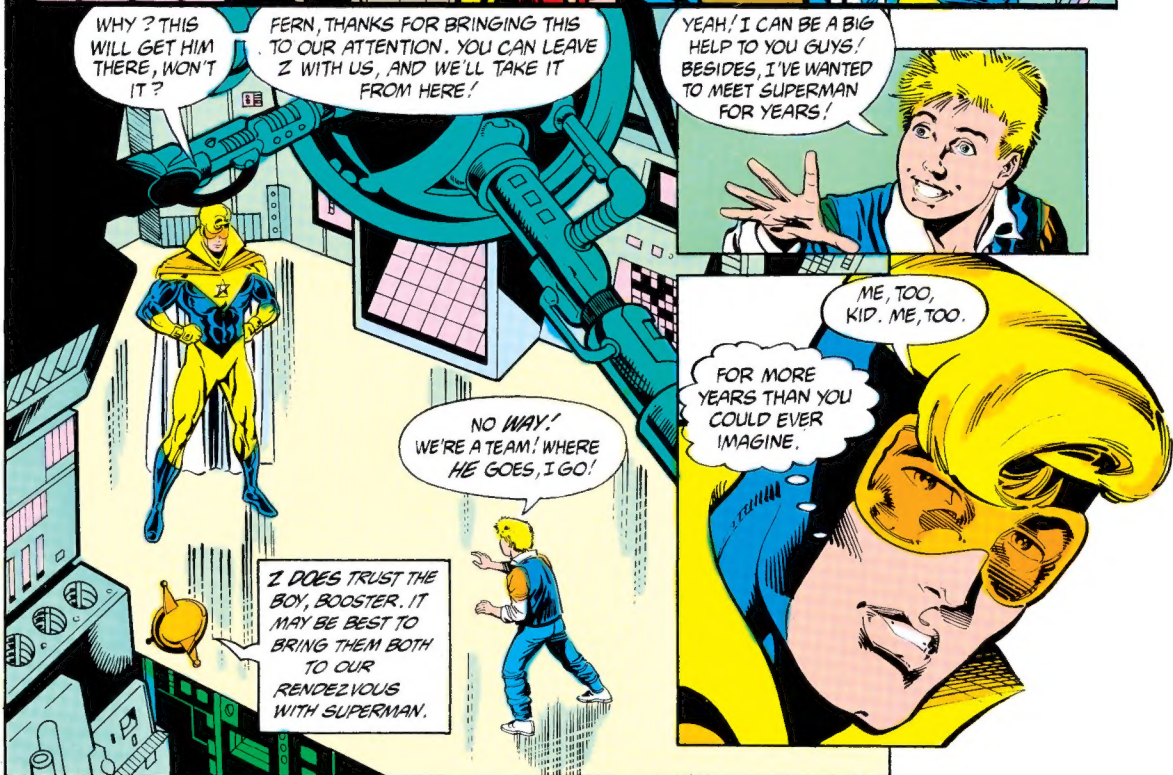
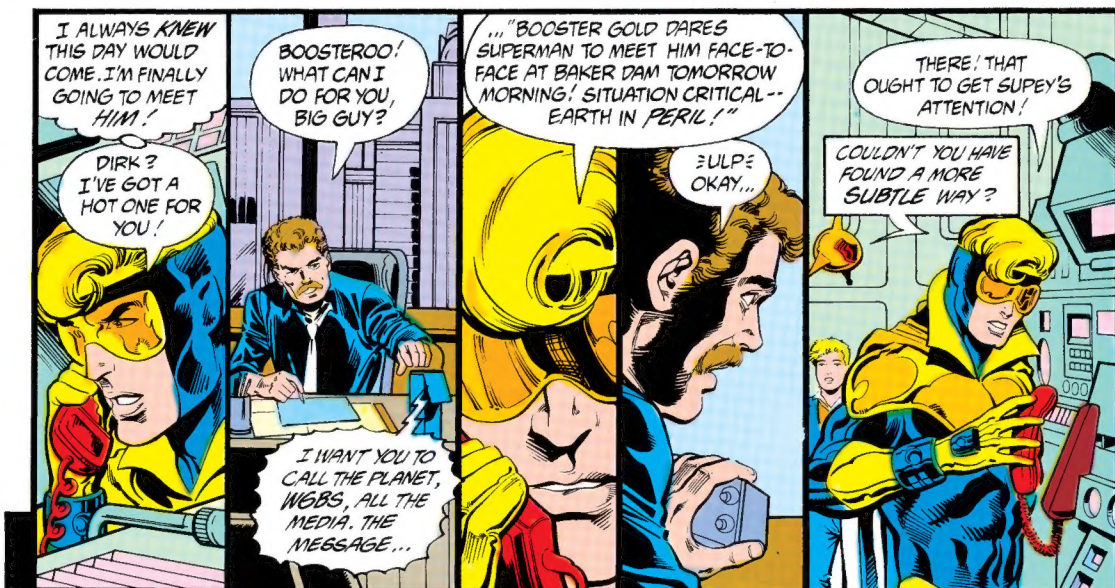
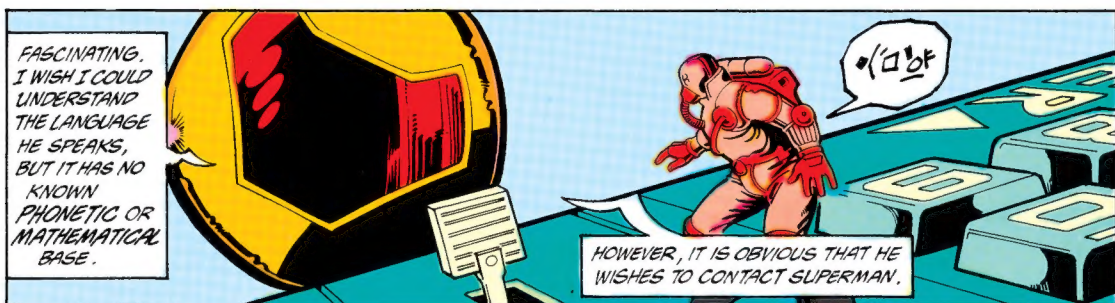


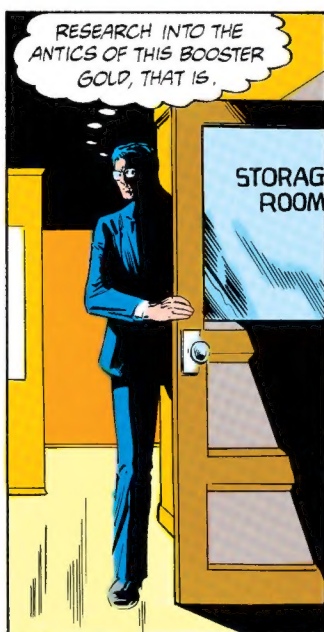
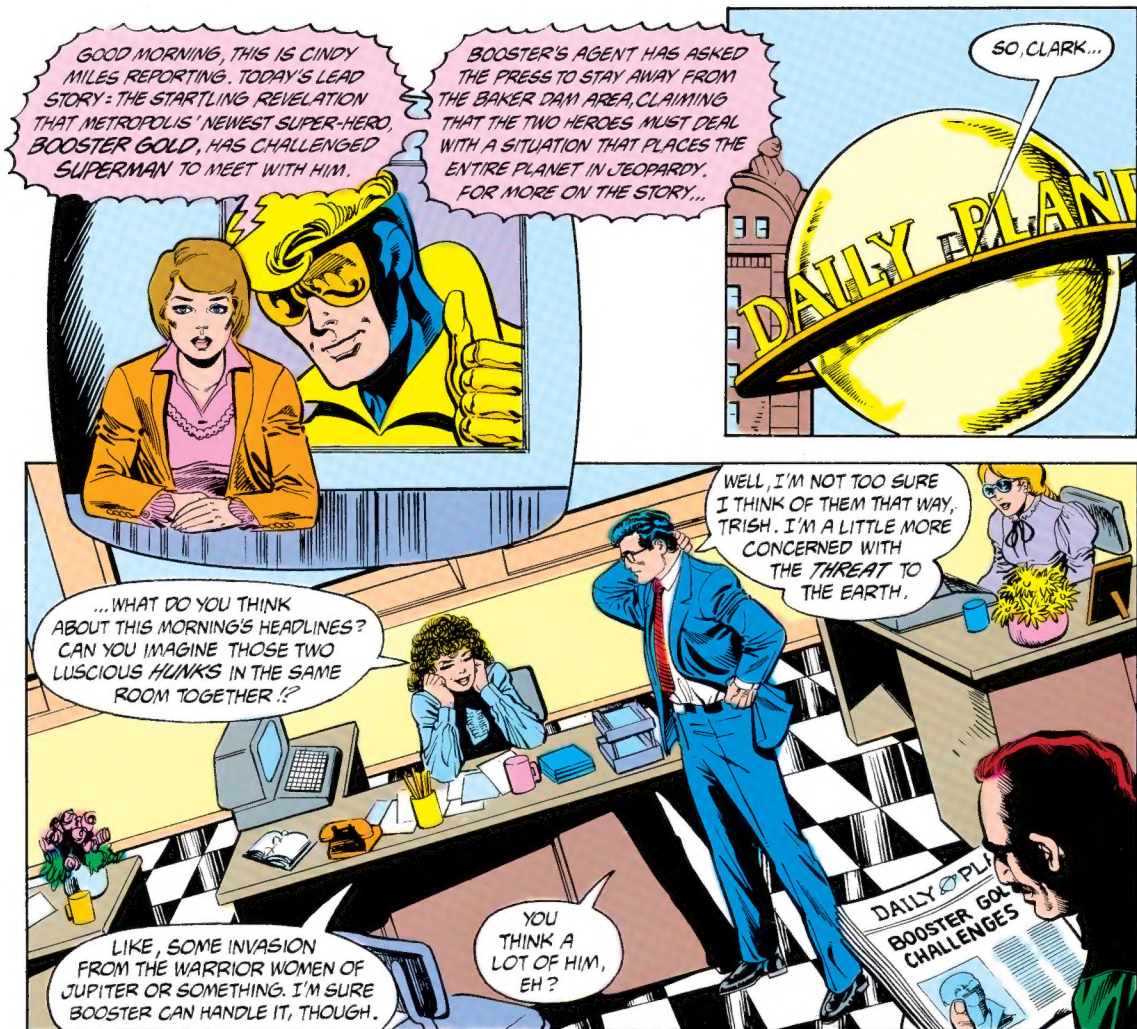
...AND TINY, POCKET-SIZED ALIENS.

?











BAKER DAM...

THIS
COSTUME IS REALLY
GREAT, BOOSTER!
THANKS!

DON'T FORGET THAT WE GOT IT FOR A REASON, FERN. CHANCES ARE
GOOD THAT WE MAY BE GOING ON A LITTLE *SPACE VOYAGE* TODAY--
THAT'S WHY I HAD *TRIXIE* ORDER YOU THIS LIFE-SUPPORT SUIT
FROM *STAR LABS*.

MY SENSORS REVEAL THAT
SUPERMAN IS NOT HERE,
BOOSTER. PERHAPS YOUR
PLAN DIDN'T WORK AFTER ALL.



YOU CAN QUIT
SWEATING, COACH.
HE'LL BE HERE
SOON ENOUGH.

I HARDLY
SWEAT,
BOOSTER.

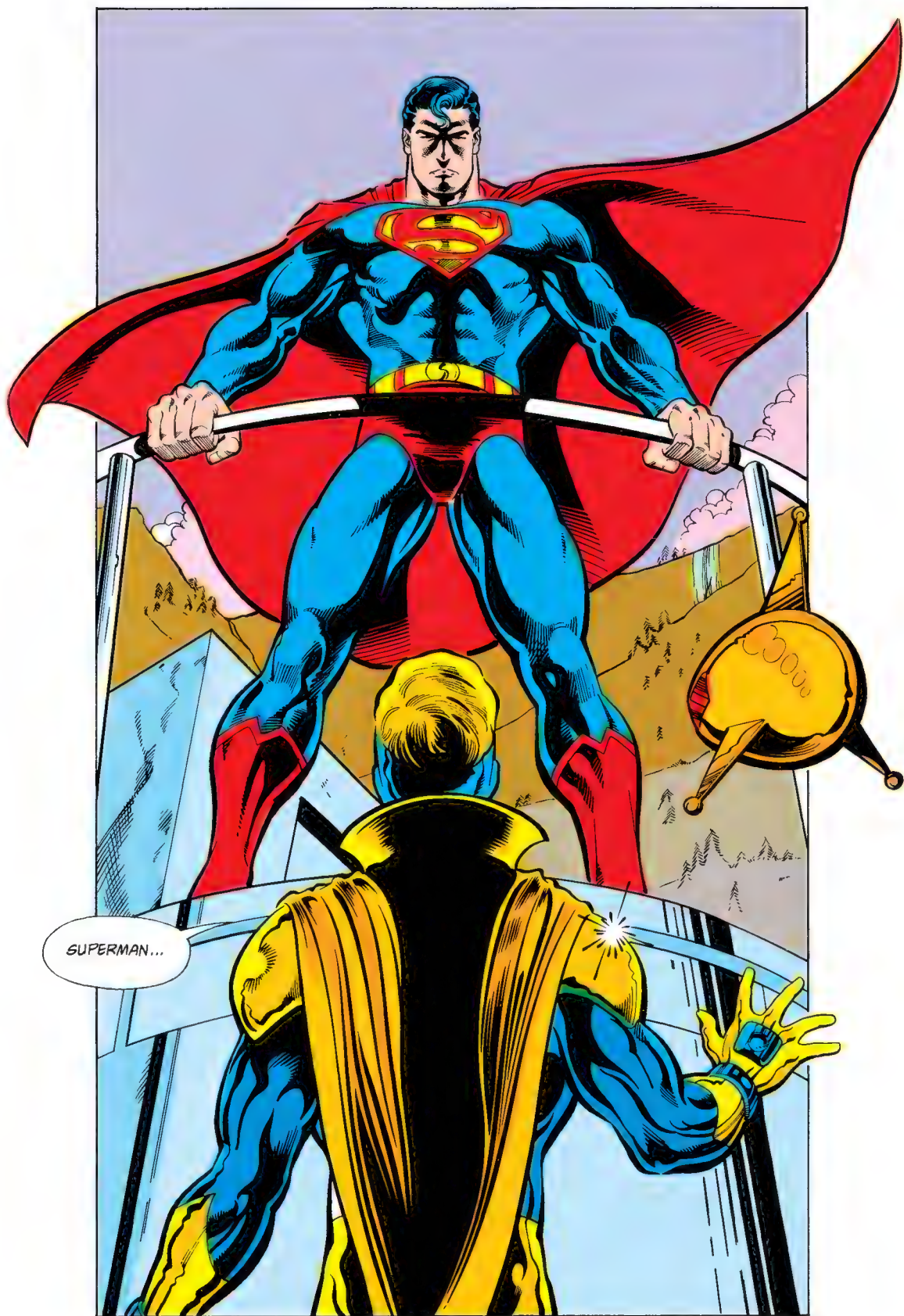
I HOPE HE
SHOWS SOON!
I CAN'T WAIT TO
MEET HIM!

I'M JUST AS EXCITED AS FERN IS. 500
YEARS FROM NOW, *SUPERMAN* WILL STAND
OUT AS ONE OF THE *GIANTS* OF HISTORY--
THE GREATEST HERO OF THEM ALL! TO
MEET HIM IS A GREAT *HONOR*!
AND ONCE I GET HIS
"STAMP OF APPROVAL!"
THE JUSTICE
LEAGUE WILL
BEG ME TO
JOIN!

WAITING FOR
SOMEONE?

ZEEEP!

IT'S HIM!



SO YOU'RE BOOSTER GOLD. ACCORDING TO THE PRESS, YOU THINK EARTH FACES SOME TERRIBLE MENACE THAT DESPERATELY NEEDS OUR ATTENTION.



UHH...YEAH.

BEFORE WE GET INTO THAT, THOUGH, I JUST WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT THIS REALLY IS AN HONOR! I'M SURE WE WILL MAKE A FORMIDABLE TEAM AND PERHAPS EVEN BE FRIENDS. AS FOR THE MENACE...



...LET'S JUST SAY I HAD TO STRETCH THINGS A LITTLE TO GET YOU HERE. YOU REALLY SHOULD GET AN ANSWERING SERVICE OR SOMETHING. IF YOU WANT ME TO, I COULD EVEN HAVE MY PERSONAL SECRETARY TAKE YOUR CALLS.



I GET BY WITHOUT ONE. I'VE SEEN YOUR BILL-BOARDS AND COMMERCIALS, GOLD, AND BELIEVE ME WHEN I SAY I DON'T LIKE YOUR STYLE. MY X-RAY VISION REVEALS THAT YOUR POWERS ARE MOSTLY MECHANICAL IN NATURE. YOUR RING IS PARTICULARLY COMPLEX--

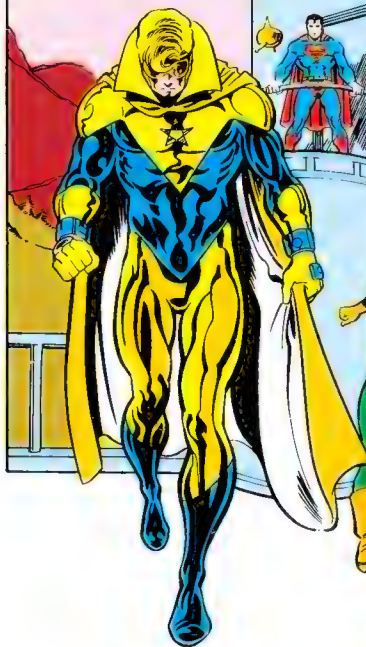


--OBVIOUSLY THE PRODUCT OF A SUPERIOR TECHNOLOGY.

WHERE ARE YOU FROM ANYWAY?



FORGET IT, SUPERMAN. THERE'S NO WAY ANYBODY CAN KNOW WHERE I'M FROM--NOT EVEN YOU!



HEY, WAIT UP, BOOSTER!

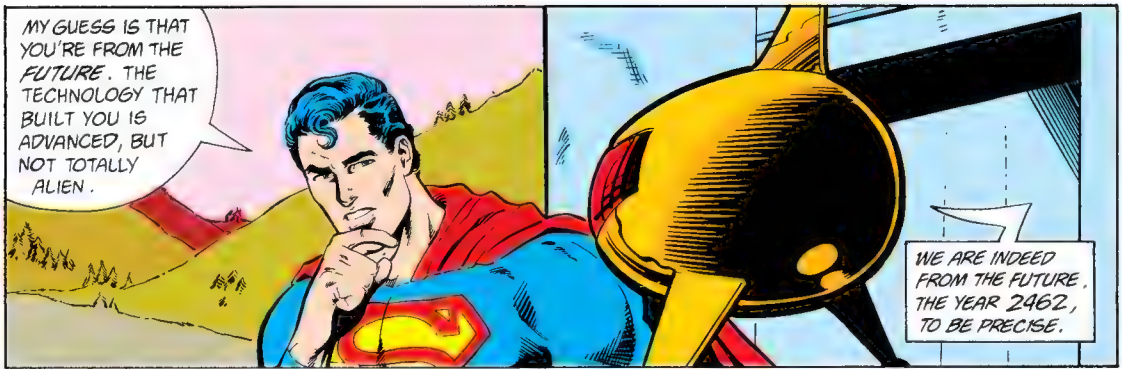
YOU'RE HIS SIDEKICK. SKEETS, I BELIEVE.

IT DOESN'T TAKE A GENIUS TO REALIZE THAT YOU TWO ARE FROM THE FUTURE--OR PERHAPS ANOTHER PLANET. YOU CAN TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT NOW, OR I CAN FIND OUT SOME OTHER WAY.

CORRECT.



CERTAINLY, SUPERMAN. SINCE WE ALL OPERATE IN METROPOLIS, IT IS TO OUR MUTUAL ADVANTAGE TO COOPERATE!



MY GUESS IS THAT YOU'RE FROM THE FUTURE. THE TECHNOLOGY THAT BUILT YOU IS ADVANCED, BUT NOT TOTALLY ALIEN.

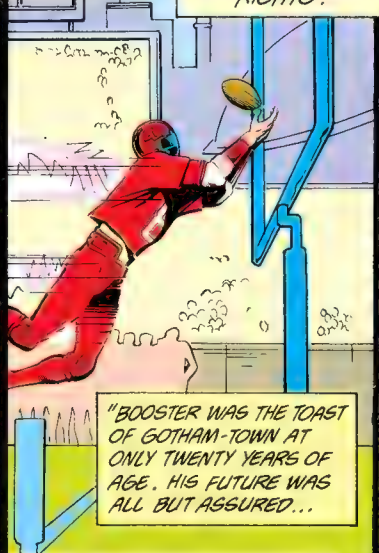
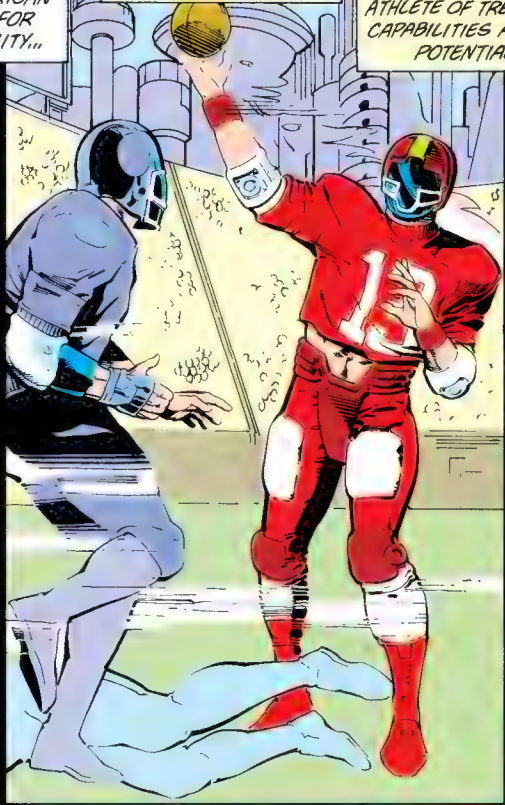
WE ARE INDEED FROM THE FUTURE, THE YEAR 2462, TO BE PRECISE.

BOOSTER'S REAL NAME IS MICHAEL JON CARTER. HE EARNED THE NICKNAME "BOOSTER" AS AN ALL-AMERICAN QUARTERBACK FOR GOTHAM UNIVERSITY...

"...WHERE EVEN AS A SOPHOMORE, BOOSTER WAS REWRITING THE RECORD BOOKS.

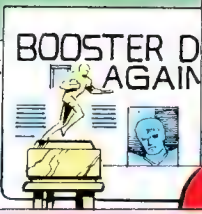
"EXPERTS PROCLAIMED HIM ONE OF THE GREATEST QUARTERBACKS EVER TO PLAY THE GAME; AN ATHLETE OF TREMENDOUS CAPABILITIES AND INFINITE POTENTIAL.

"PRO SCOUTS HOUNDED HIM WITH PROMISES OF WILD EXTRAVAGANCE AS THEY JOCKEYED TO SECURE HIS DRAFT RIGHTS.



"BOOSTER WAS THE TOAST OF GOTHAM-TOWN AT ONLY TWENTY YEARS OF AGE. HIS FUTURE WAS ALL BUT ASSURED...

"...FOR HE KNEW HIS INCOME FROM PRO FOOTBALL AND COMMERCIAL ENDORSEMENTS WOULD MAKE HIM A VERY RICH YOUNG MAN.



BOOSTER LEADS HISTORY



"BUT THAT WOULD ONLY HAPPEN WHEN HE TURNED PRO. UNTIL THEN, HE WAS JUST ANOTHER COLLEGE STUDENT, ALBEIT A FAMOUS ONE."

IN HIS INCREDIBLE ZEAL TO HAVE IT ALL -- NOW -- TO LIVE "THE GOOD LIFE" BOOSTER THREW AWAY HIS FUTURE!

...IN OUR TOP STORY TODAY, WE LEARN OF ALLEGATIONS THAT MICHAEL "BOOSTER" CARTER, AMERICA'S FINEST COLLEGE QUARTERBACK, HAS BEEN BETTING ON COLLEGE FOOTBALL GAMES...

...INCLUDING SOME OF THE GAMES IN WHICH HE'S PLAYED!

"THE SPORTS WORLD WAS, OF COURSE, SHOCKED."

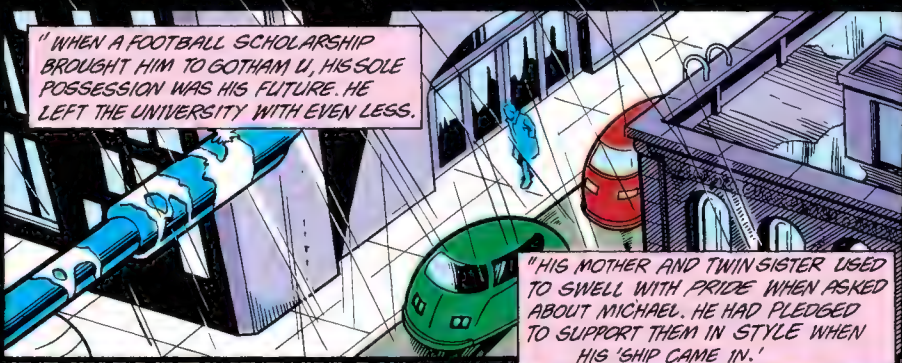
"BOOSTER WAS EXPELLED FROM GOTHAM UNIVERSITY BEFORE FORMAL CHARGES COULD EVEN BE FILED."

"THE PROFESSIONAL SCOUTS AND AGENTS WHO HAD EAGERLY COURTED HIM BEFORE, VANISHED."

"GOTHAM CITY, THE TOWN THAT LOVED HIM AS A WINNER, TURNED ON HIM. GONE WERE THE BENEFITS THAT CELEBRITY STATUS BRINGS -- THE HIGH LIFE TO WHICH BOOSTER HAD BECOME ACCUSTOMED."

"FOR MICHAEL CARTER, THE SPARKLING DREAM WAS EXTINGUISHED. LIFE ONCE AGAIN BECAME A DULL, HARSH REALITY."

MICHAEL HAD GROWN UP POOR IN A VERY DELAPIDATED SECTION OF GOTHAM.



"WHEN A FOOTBALL SCHOLARSHIP BROUGHT HIM TO GOTHAM U, HIS SOLE POSSESSION WAS HIS FUTURE. HE LEFT THE UNIVERSITY WITH EVEN LESS."

"HIS MOTHER AND TWIN SISTER USED TO SWELL WITH PRIDE WHEN ASKED ABOUT MICHAEL. HE HAD PLEDGED TO SUPPORT THEM IN STYLE WHEN HIS 'SHIP CAME IN.'

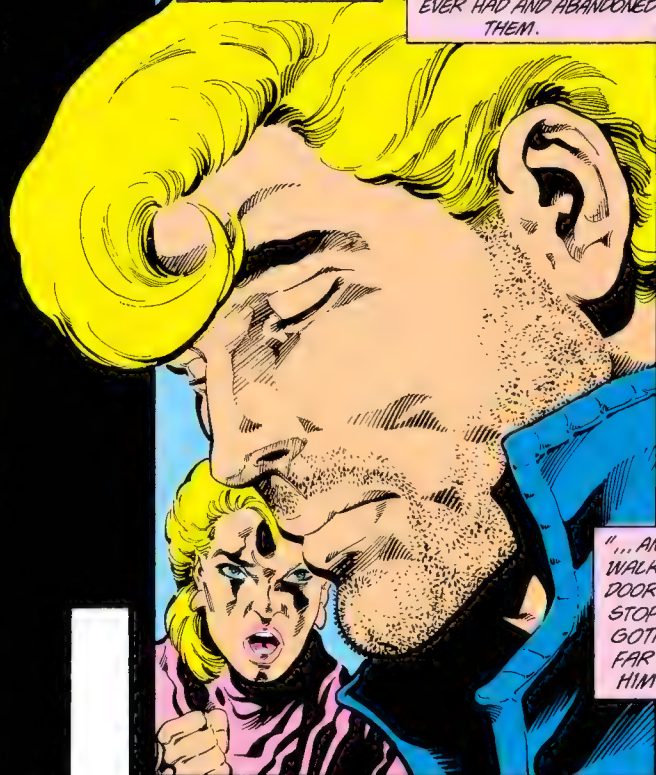


"TO THEM THE EXPLANATIONS MEANT NOTHING. THEY KNEW ONLY TOO WELL WHAT GAMBLING COULD DO TO A PERSON."

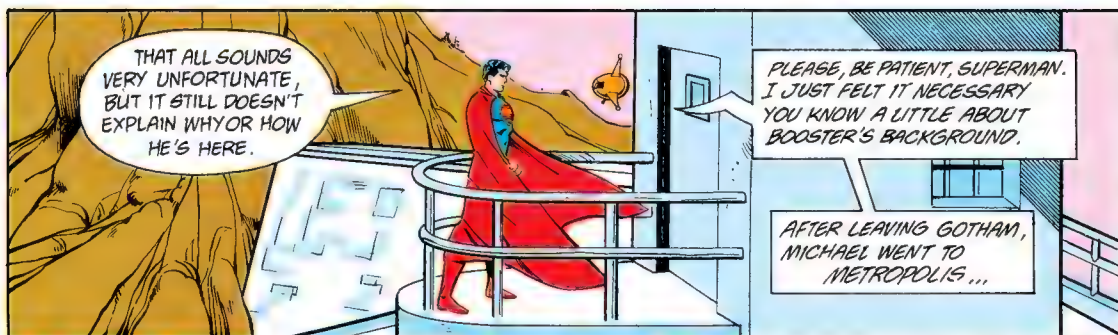
"THEY WERE DEVASTATED WHEN MICHAEL TRIED TO JUSTIFY HIS QUESTIONABLE ACTIVITIES."

"MICHAEL WAS ONLY FOUR WHEN HIS FATHER, A COMPULSIVE GAMBLER, LOST EVERYTHING HE'D EVER HAD AND ABANDONED THEM."

"NEITHER MICHELLE NOR HIS MOTHER COULD BEAR TO WATCH THAT HAPPEN AGAIN. HARSH WORDS WERE SPOKEN. MICHAEL EXPECTED NEVER TO RECEIVE FORGIVENESS..."



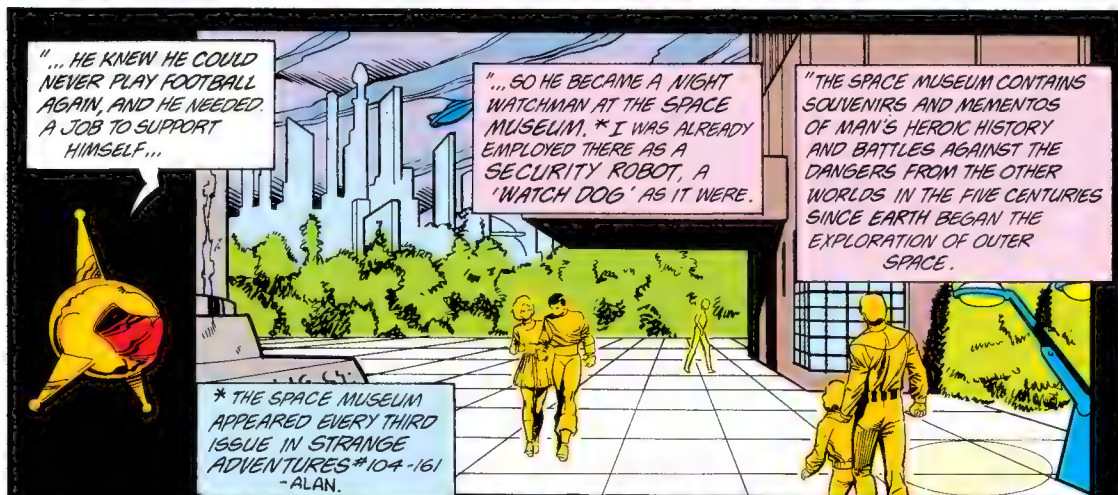
"... AND WHEN HE WALKED OUT THE DOOR, HE DIDN'T STOP UNTIL GOTHAM WAS FAR BEHIND HIM AS WELL."



THAT ALL SOUNDS VERY UNFORTUNATE, BUT IT STILL DOESN'T EXPLAIN WHY OR HOW HE'S HERE.

PLEASE, BE PATIENT, SUPERMAN. I JUST FELT IT NECESSARY YOU KNOW A LITTLE ABOUT BOOSTER'S BACKGROUND.

AFTER LEAVING GOTHAM, MICHAEL WENT TO METROPOLIS ...

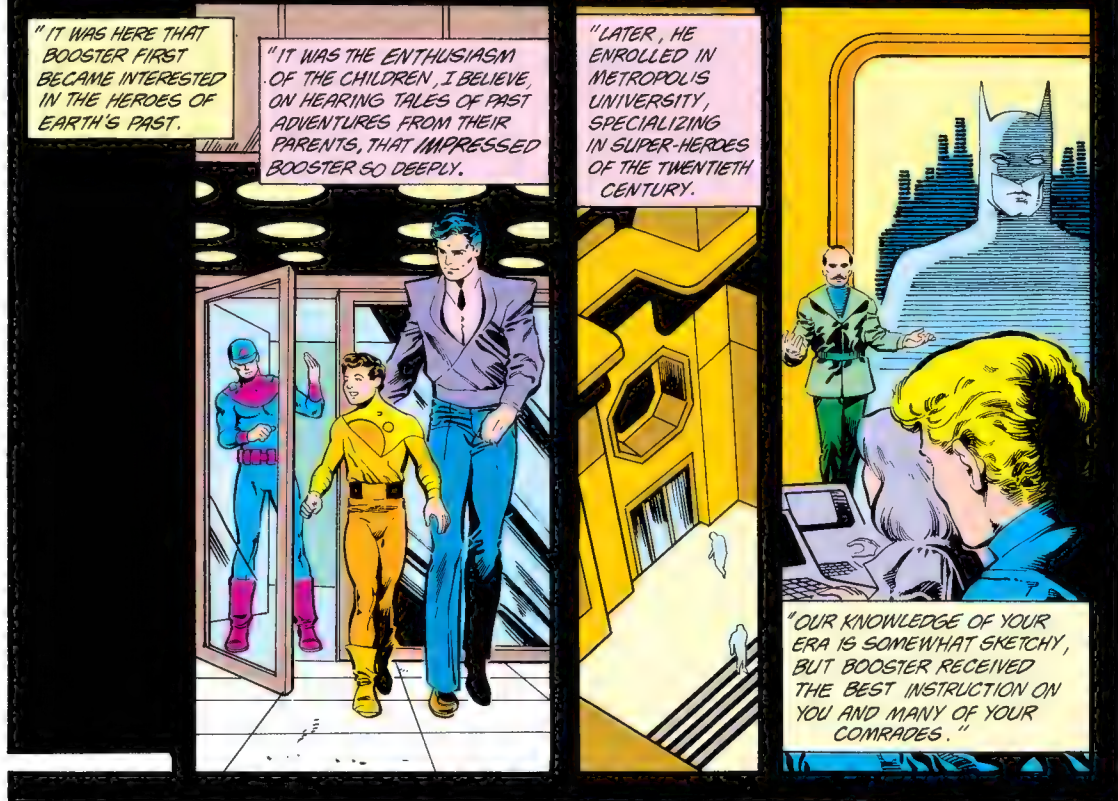


"... HE KNEW HE COULD NEVER PLAY FOOTBALL AGAIN, AND HE NEEDED A JOB TO SUPPORT HIMSELF...

"... SO HE BECAME A NIGHT WATCHMAN AT THE SPACE MUSEUM. * I WAS ALREADY EMPLOYED THERE AS A SECURITY ROBOT, A 'WATCH DOG' AS IT WERE.

"THE SPACE MUSEUM CONTAINS SOUVENIRS AND MEMENTOS OF MAN'S HEROIC HISTORY AND BATTLES AGAINST THE DANGERS FROM THE OTHER WORLDS IN THE FIVE CENTURIES SINCE EARTH BEGAN THE EXPLORATION OF OUTER SPACE.

* THE SPACE MUSEUM APPEARED EVERY THIRD ISSUE IN STRANGE ADVENTURES #104-161 -ALAN.



"IT WAS HERE THAT BOOSTER FIRST BECAME INTERESTED IN THE HEROES OF EARTH'S PAST.

"IT WAS THE ENTHUSIASM OF THE CHILDREN, I BELIEVE, ON HEARING TALES OF PAST ADVENTURES FROM THEIR PARENTS, THAT IMPRESSED BOOSTER SO DEEPLY.

"LATER, HE ENROLLED IN METROPOLIS UNIVERSITY, SPECIALIZING IN SUPER-HEROES OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

"OUR KNOWLEDGE OF YOUR ERA IS SOMEWHAT SKETCHY, BUT BOOSTER RECEIVED THE BEST INSTRUCTION ON YOU AND MANY OF YOUR COMRADES."

BUT, AS WITH EVERYTHING ELSE HE SAW, MICHAEL LOOKED AT SUPER-HEROES WITH OPPORTUNISTIC EYES.



"A SUPER-HERO IS A PUBLIC FIGURE AND A MODEL OF EXCELLENCE, HE REASONED. THEY SHOULD DO ENDORSEMENTS AND COMMERCIALS JUST LIKE ATHLETES AND OTHER MEDIA PERSONALITIES."

"MICHAEL TALKED OF THESE THINGS QUITE OFTEN DURING THOSE NIGHTS WE WORKED TOGETHER. BEING AROUND THE WEAPONS THAT REPRESENTED HISTORY'S GREATEST HEROES SEEMED TO STIMULATE HIM..."

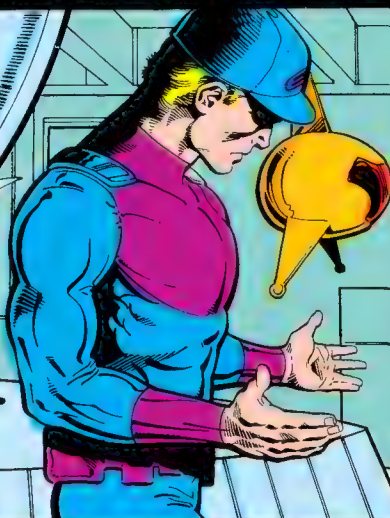


"...UNTIL ONE NIGHT, HE COULD TAKE IT NO LONGER. WE WERE WALKING PAST A TIME MACHINE, AND BOOSTER SEEMED EVEN MORE INTENSE THAN USUAL..."

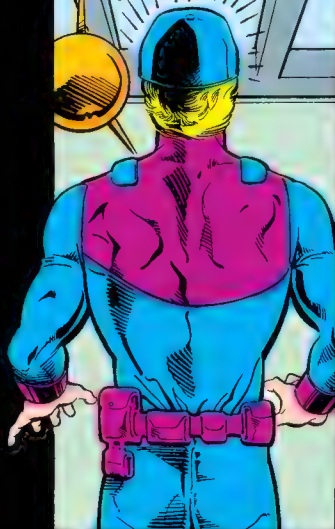
I TELL YOU, SKEETS, IT REALLY COULD WORK!

I COULD BE A SUPER-HERO, AND A RICH ONE AT THAT!

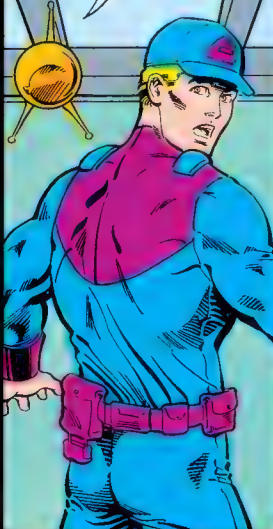
Rip Hunter's
Time Machine



YOU HAVE TWO VERY LARGE PROBLEMS, MICHAEL.



ONE: YOU HAVE NO SUPER-POWERS!



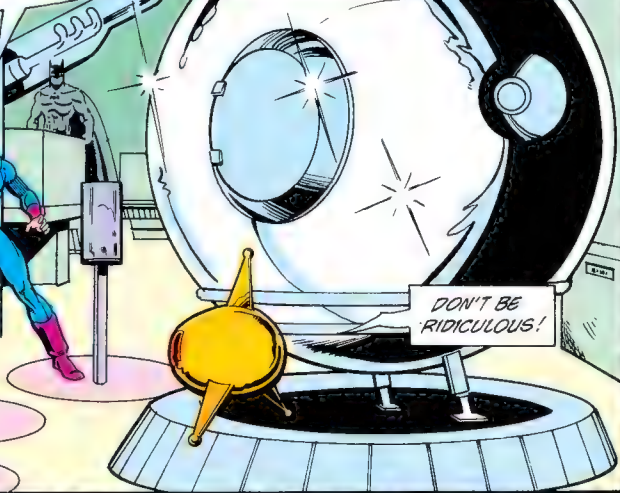
TWO: KNOWING AS MUCH AS THEY DO OF YOUR PAST, THE PEOPLE WILL NEVER ACCEPT YOU!



YOU'RE RIGHT! I WOULDN'T BE ACCEPTED NOW! BUT I CAN GO BACK IN TIME WITH RIP HUNTER'S TIME MACHINE! I CAN BE A SUPER-HERO WHERE NO ONE KNOWS WHO I AM!



I SHOULD'VE USED MY STUN BEAM ON HIM RIGHT AWAY, BUT INSTEAD I MADE THE MISTAKE OF TRYING TO REASON WITH HIM.



DON'T BE RIDICULOUS!

WHY SHOULDN'T I? I CAN HAVE BACK EVERYTHING THAT I'VE LOST--AND MORE!

BESIDES, THINK OF THE OPPORTUNITY TO LIVE IN THE PAST! THINK OF THE EVENTS WE'LL SEE...THE PEOPLE WE'LL MEET...!



BUT WHAT OF THE VOID IN TIME? THERE'S A TREMENDOUS GAP IN OUR HISTORICAL RECORDS!

I DON'T CARE! I'M GOING!



AND SINCE I'LL NEED HELP I'LL NEED HELP ONCE I GET THERE...

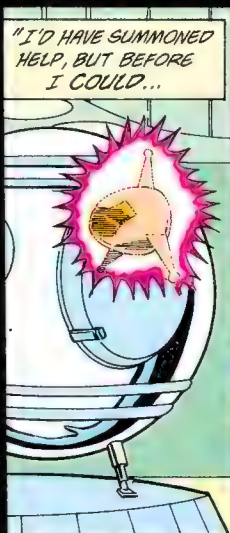


...I'LL BRING YOU ALONG WITH ME!

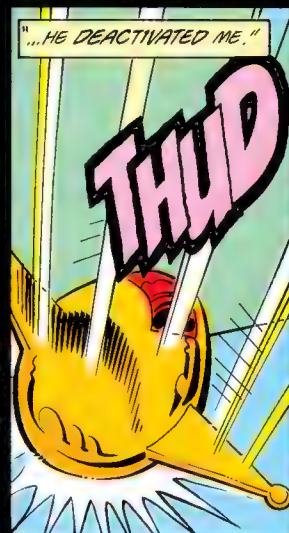


BZZZ

"I'D HAVE SUMMONED HELP, BUT BEFORE I COULD..."



"...HE DEACTIVATED ME."



THUD

"WITH ME OUT OF THE PICTURE, MICHAEL WAS ABLE TO WORK QUICKLY, MAKING THE ROUNDS OF THE MUSEUM TO STEAL THE EQUIPMENT HE WOULD LATER INCORPORATE INTO HIS UNIFORM."

"GLOVES AND CONTROL BANDS THAT WERE ONCE WORN BY AN ALIEN MENACE WHO THREATENED EARTH..."

"...ENERGY RODS, WHICH HE NOW USES TO POWER HIS UNIFORM ARSENAL..."

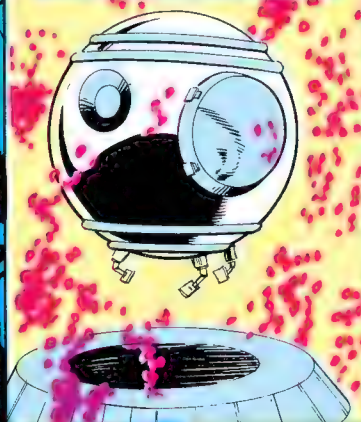
"...A RING THAT ENABLES ITS BEARER TO FLY AND A FORCE-FIELD BELT, BOTH OF WHICH WERE ONCE USED BY A GREEN-SKINNED INDIVIDUAL WHO HELPED SAVE A PRESIDENT'S LIFE..."

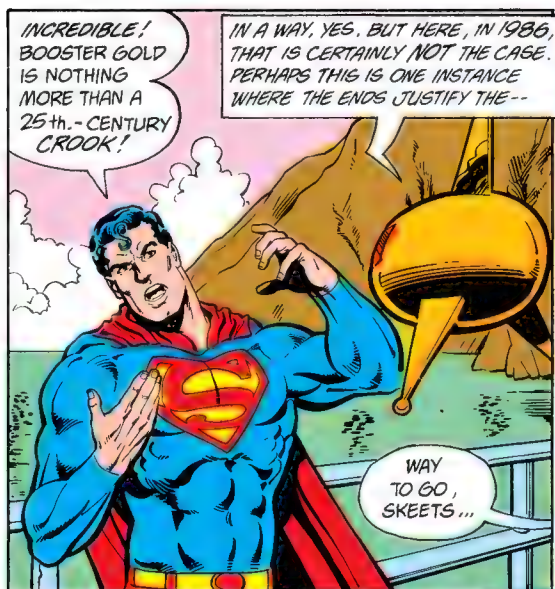
"...A POWER SUIT, WHICH USES A SPECIAL FABRIC/MICROCIRCUIT WEAVE TO SUPPLY THE WEARER WITH INCREDIBLE STRENGTH... AND A TWENTIETH-CENTURY CREDIT CARD TO HELP HIM SURVIVE IN ORDINARY SITUATIONS."

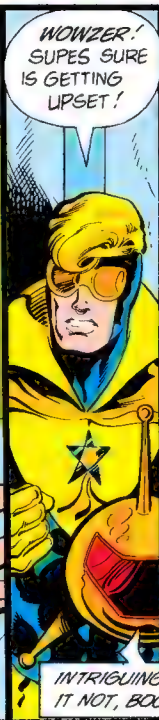
"AFTER TAKING THOSE AND A FEW OTHER ITEMS, INCLUDING ME, IT WAS SIMPLY A MATTER OF HIS LEARNING TO OPERATE HUNTER'S TIME MACHINE..."

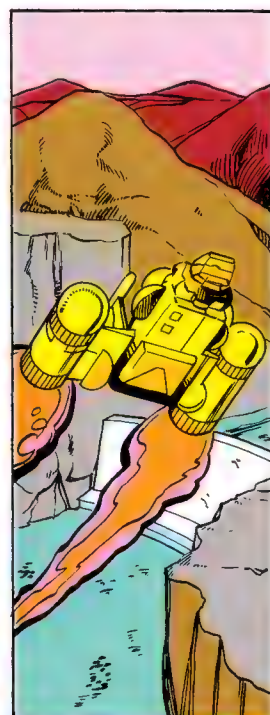
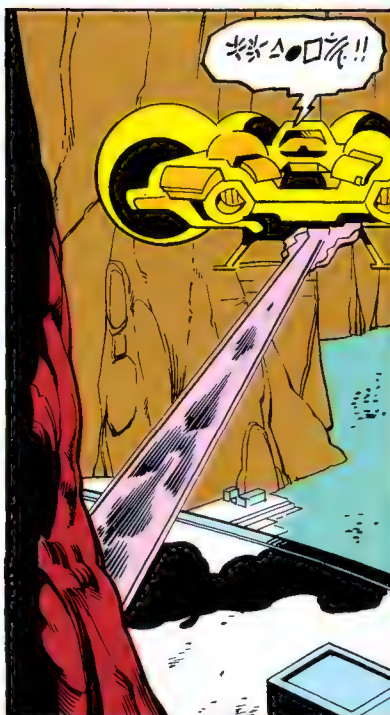
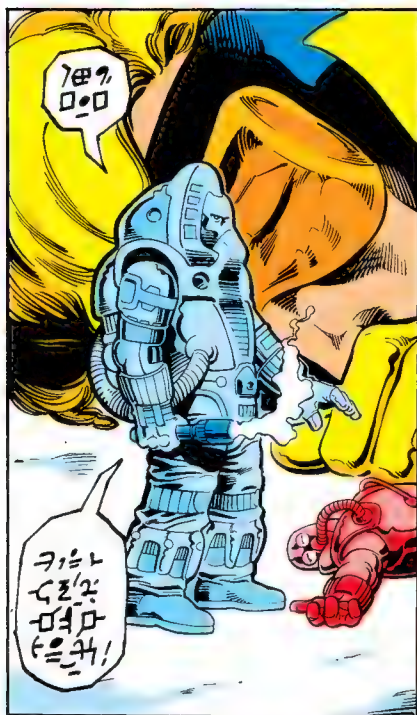
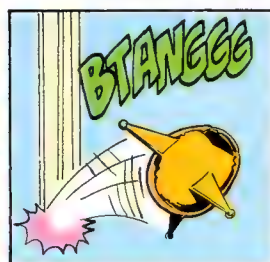
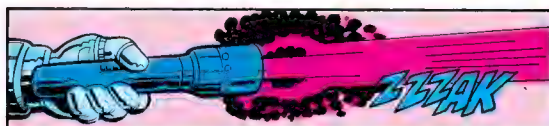
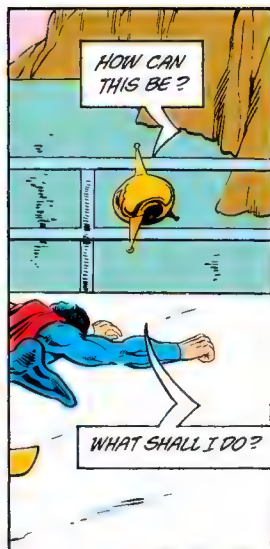
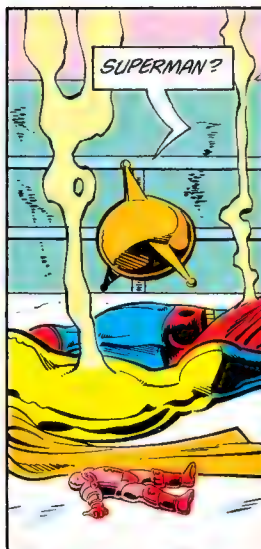
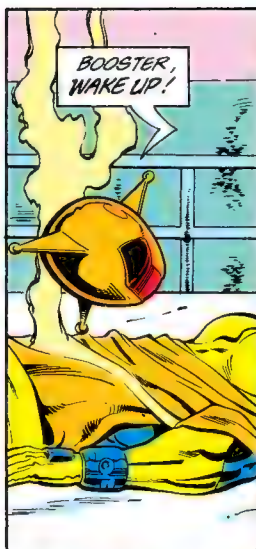
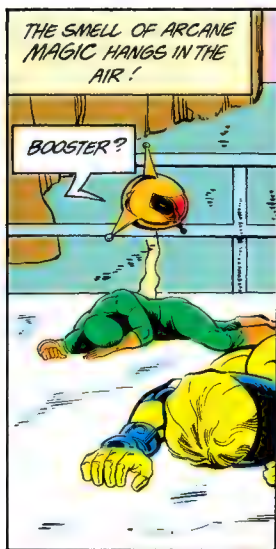
"...SELECTING HIS DESTINATION, AND TAKING OFF."

"MICHAEL 'BOOSTER' CARTER HAD CROSSED THE RUBICON. THERE WAS NO TURNING BACK!"









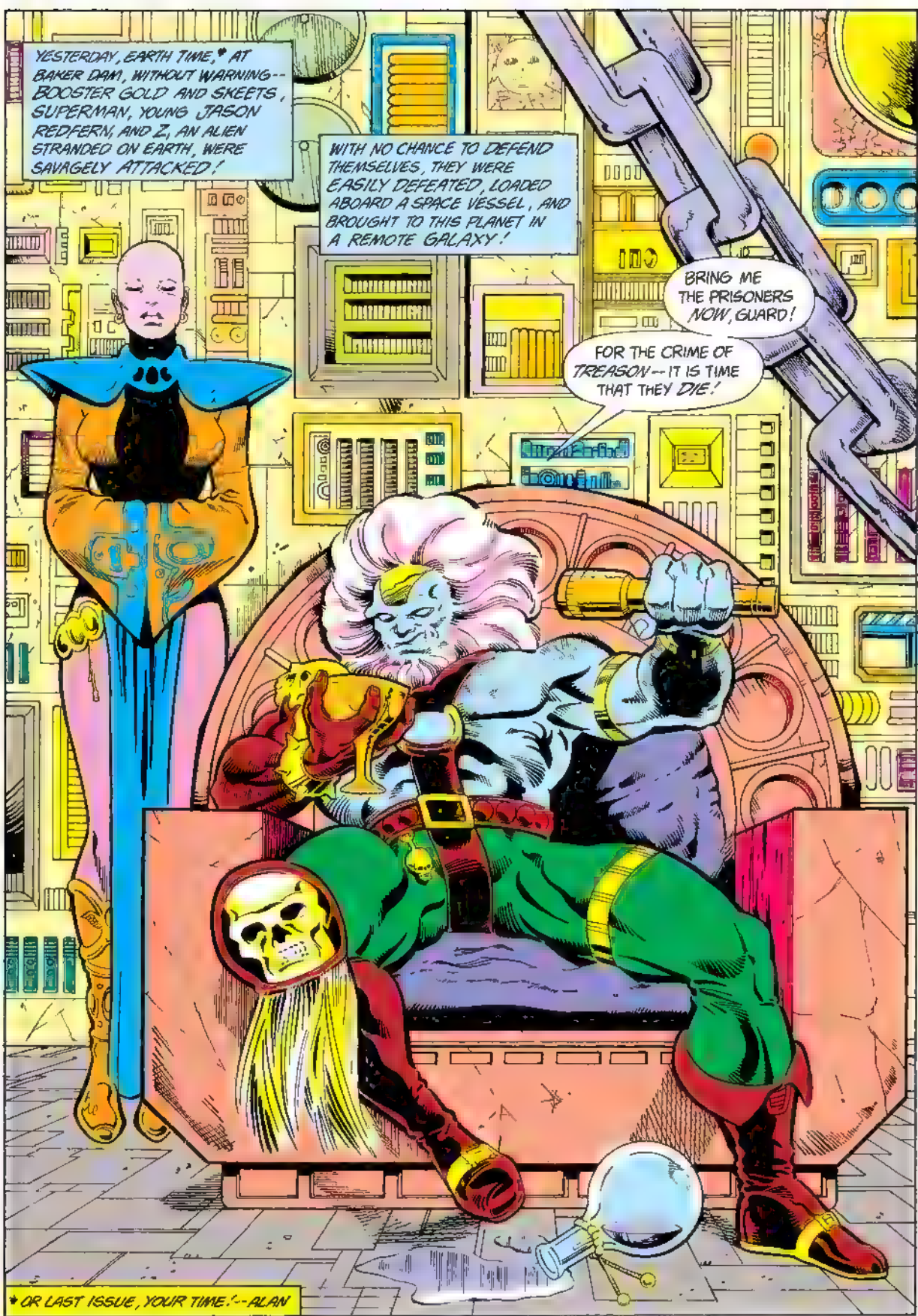
NEXT! BE HERE, AS BOOSTER, SUPERMAN, SKEETS, AND JASON FIND THEMSELVES IMPRISONED ON A STRANGE PLANET IN A STORY WE COULD ONLY CALL **THE HARDEST LESSON OF ALL!**

YESTERDAY, EARTH TIME,* AT
BAKER DAM, WITHOUT WARNING--
BOOSTER GOLD AND SKEETS,
SUPERMAN, YOUNG JASON
REDFERN, AND Z, AN ALIEN
STRANDED ON EARTH, WERE
SAVAGELY ATTACKED!

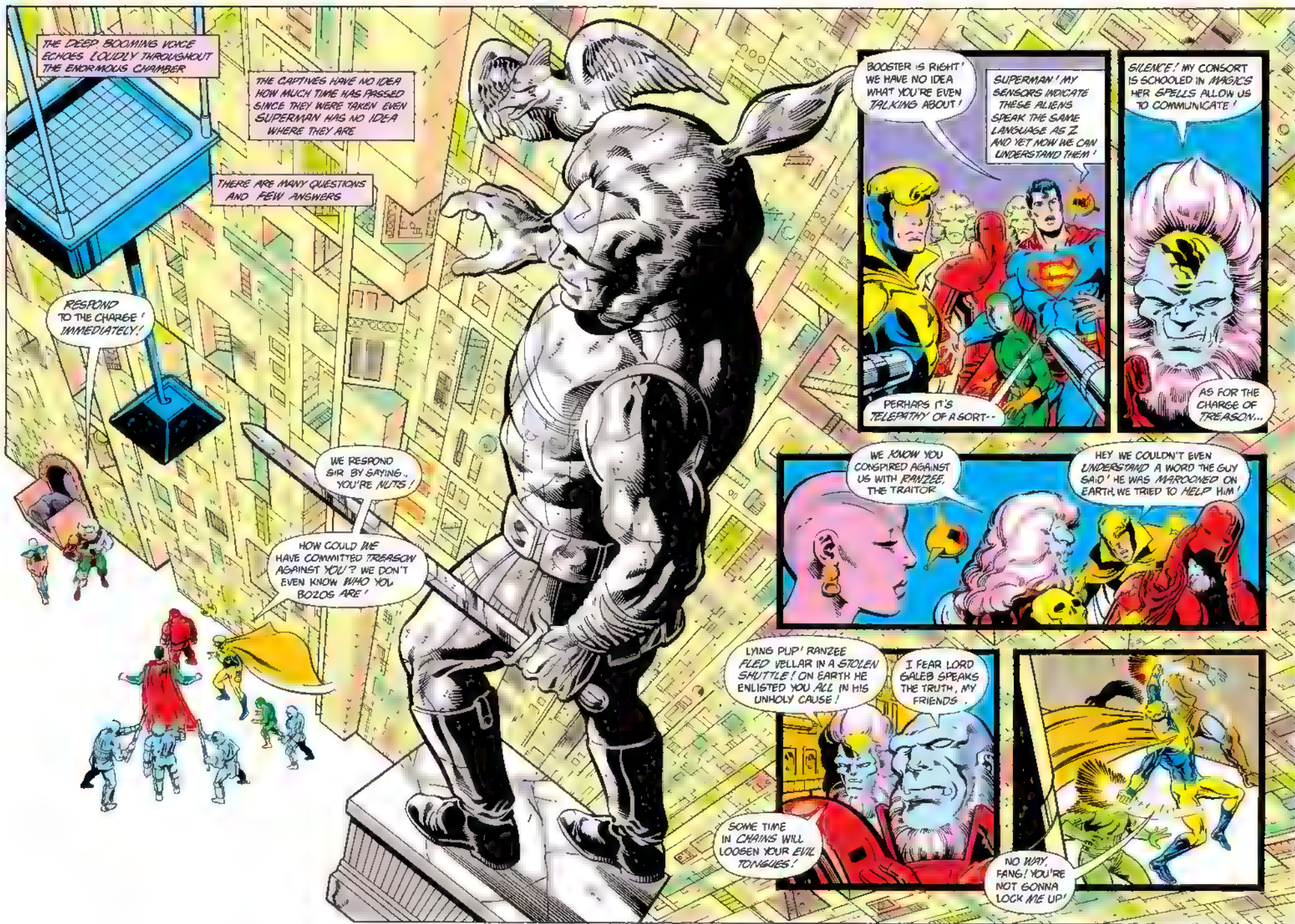
WITH NO CHANCE TO DEFEND
THEMSELVES, THEY WERE
EASILY DEFEATED, LOADED
ABOARD A SPACE VESSEL, AND
BROUGHT TO THIS PLANET IN
A REMOTE GALAXY!

BRING ME
THE PRISONERS
NOW, GUARD!

FOR THE CRIME OF
TREASON--IT IS TIME
THAT THEY DIE!



*OR LAST ISSUE, YOUR TIME!--ALAN



THE DEEP BOOMING VOICE
ECHOES LOUDLY THROUGHOUT
THE ENORMOUS CHAMBER

THE CAPTIVES HAVE NO IDEA
HOW MUCH TIME HAS PASSED
SINCE THEY WERE TAKEN EVEN
SUPERMAN HAS NO IDEA
WHERE THEY ARE

THERE ARE MANY QUESTIONS
AND FEW ANSWERS

RESPOND
TO THE CHARGE!
IMMEDIATELY!

WE RESPOND
SIR BY SAYING...
YOU'RE NUTS!

HOW COULD WE
HAVE COMMITTED TREASON
AGAINST YOU? WE DON'T
EVEN KNOW WHO YOU
BOZOS ARE!

BOOSTER IS RIGHT!
WE HAVE NO IDEA
WHAT YOU'RE EVEN
TALKING ABOUT!

SUPERMAN! MY
SENSORS INDICATE
THESE ALIENS
SPEAK THE SAME
LANGUAGE AS Z
AND YET NOW WE CAN
UNDERSTAND THEM!

SILENCE! MY CONSORT
IS SCHOoled IN MAGIC'S
HER SPELLS ALLOW US
TO COMMUNICATE!

PERHAPS IT'S
TELEPATHY OF A SORT--

AS FOR THE
CHARGE OF
TREASON...

WE KNOW YOU
CONSPIRED AGAINST
US WITH RANZEE,
THE TRAITOR

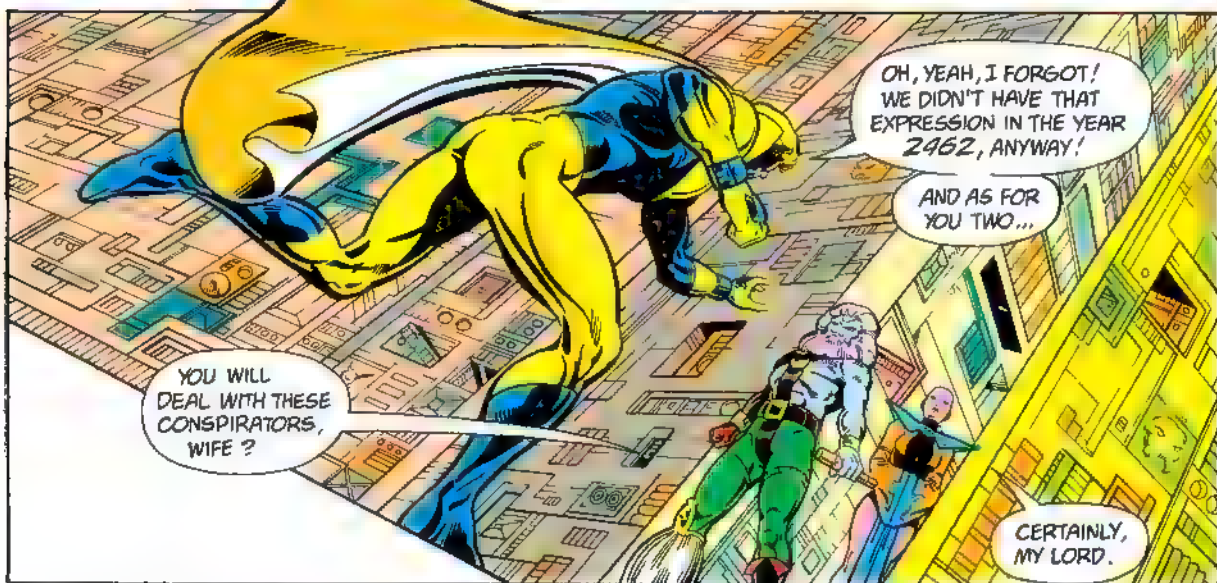
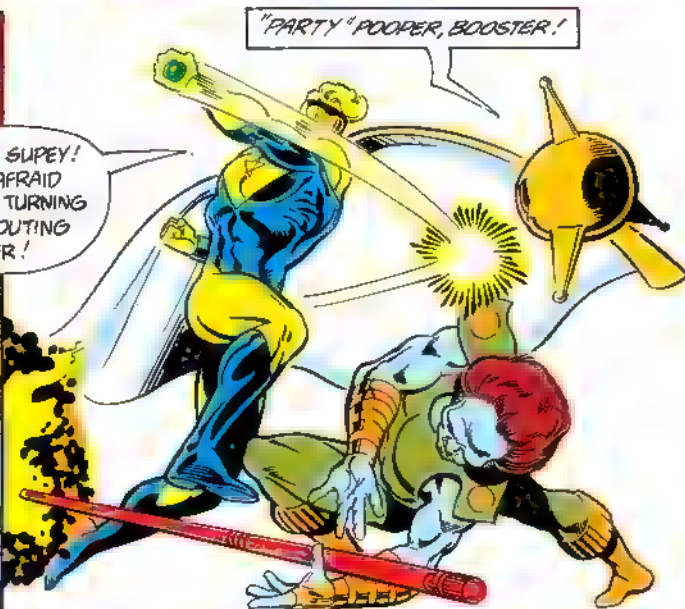
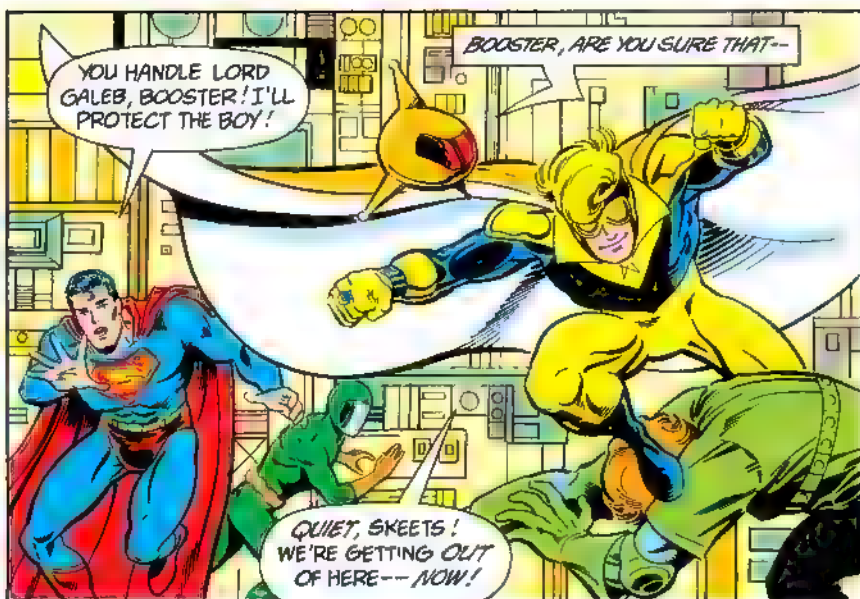
HEY WE COULDN'T EVEN
UNDERSTAND A WORD THE GUY
SAID! HE WAS MARoonED ON
EARTH, WE TRIED TO HELP HIM!

LYING PUP! RANZEE
FLED VELLAR IN A STOLEN
SHUTTLE! ON EARTH HE
ENLISTED YOU ALL IN HIS
UNHOLY CAUSE!

I FEAR LORD
GALEB SPEAKS
THE TRUTH, MY
FRIENDS.

SOME TIME
IN CHAINS WILL
LOOSEN YOUR EVIL
TONGUES!

NO WAY,
FANG! YOU'RE
NOT GONNA
LOCK ME UP!





THE MYSTIC'S EYES OPEN SLOWLY...

...AS IF THEY ALONE HAD THE POWER TO SUBDUCE HER TARGETS.



THE MYSTIC'S EYES OPEN SLOWLY...

...AS IF THEY ALONE HAD THE POWER TO SUBDUCE HER TARGETS.

DARK SECRETS THAT HAVE BEEN PASSED FROM MOTHER TO DAUGHTER FOR CENTURIES ARE LOOSED.

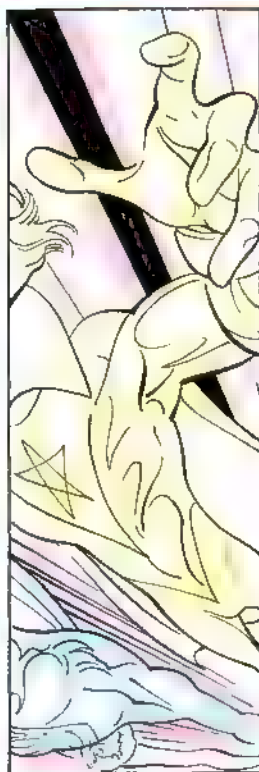
OCCULT ENERGIES ASSAULT HER TARGETS' CEREBRAL CORTEX.

DARK SECRETS THAT HAVE BEEN PASSED FROM MOTHER TO DAUGHTER FOR CENTURIES ARE LOOSED.

OCCULT ENERGIES ASSAULT HER TARGETS' CEREBRAL CORTEX.

ALL SENSES ARE EXTINGUISHED.
ALL FORM, BALANCE, AND
GRAVITY DISAPPEAR.

THEIR MINDS SEEM TO EXPLODE WITH COLOR AS THEY FIND THEMSELVES DROWNING IN FEAR, VERTIGO, AND NAUSEA



A MERE TEN SECONDS SEEM TO LAST A LIFETIME, UNTIL CONSCIOUSNESS IS FINALLY LOST.

FIENDS! THEY'D BETTER STILL BE ALIVE!

THEY ARE FOR NOW, MACHINE. BE STILL OR THAT SITUATION WILL CHANGE!

YOUR CHAMPIONS HAVE FAILED YOU, RANZEE! YOU HAVE LOST-- FOREVER!

A MERE TEN SECONDS SEEM TO LAST A LIFETIME, UNTIL CONSCIOUSNESS IS FINALLY LOST.

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THEY ARE FOR NOW, MACHINE. BE STILL OR THAT SITUATION WILL CHANGE!

YOUR CHAMPIONS HAVE FAILED YOU, RANZEE! YOU HAVE LOST-- FOREVER!

METROPOLIS, THE
PLUSH OFFICES
OF GOLDSTAR, INC. ...

I'M SORRY,
GENTLEMEN, BUT
BOOSTER ISN'T HERE!
TO TELL THE TRUTH, WE
HAVE NO IDEA
WHERE HE IS!

BUMMER! LIKE, WE REALLY WANTED
TO SHOW HIM THE FIRST ISSUE OF THE
BOOSTER GOLD COMIC BOOK!
HE'LL GO APE WHEN HE SEES
IT-- RIGHT, MARTY?

I SURE HOPE SO, BENNY! IT'S
REALLY IMPORTANT TO US AT
BLAZE COMICS THAT YOU
GUYS LIKE OUR WORK!

OH, I'M SURE WE WILL!
AND AS SOON AS BOOSTER
RETURNS, I'LL SEE TO IT THAT
HE GETS YOUR COPIES!

WELL, WE WERE
HOPING HE WOULD
AUTOGRAPH THEM
FOR US. AND YOU,
TOO! AFTER ALL...

...IT WAS A
REAL PLEASURE
DRAWING YOU!

WHY, THANK YOU!

HEY, BABE,
I WANT YOU TO
KNOW THAT IT WAS A
GAS PUTTIN' WORDS IN
THAT GORGEOUS MOUTH
OF YOURS, TOO

SO, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO SPEND
A LONG, MEMORABLE EVENING IN
THE COMPANY OF AN EXTREMELY
CHARMING, WITTY, DYNAMITE
COMIC BOOK WRITER?

OH, BROTHER! WHAT A JERK--
AND HE HAD ONIONS FOR
LUNCH, TOO!

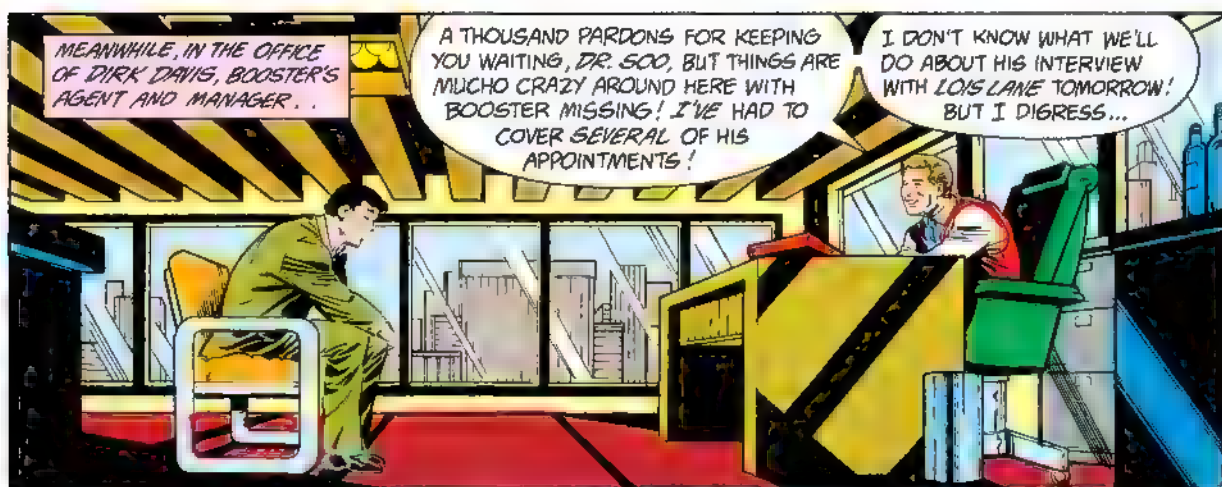
NO, I'M...
INVOLVED WITH
SOMEONE...

REALLY?
YOUR BIO DIDN'T
MENTION THAT!

LIKE, AFTER
WRITING YOU,
I FEEL AS IF I
REALLY KNOW
YOU, AND I
THINK YOU AND
I COULD REALLY
COOK, HON!

HI, THERE,
GUYS! HOW ARE
YOU?

WRRROW?



MEANWHILE, IN THE OFFICE OF DIRK DAVIS, BOOSTER'S AGENT AND MANAGER...

A THOUSAND PARDONS FOR KEEPING YOU WAITING, DR. SGO, BUT THINGS ARE MUCHO CRAZY AROUND HERE WITH BOOSTER MISSING! I'VE HAD TO COVER SEVERAL OF HIS APPOINTMENTS!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'LL DO ABOUT HIS INTERVIEW WITH LOIS LANE TOMORROW! BUT I DIGRESS...



ARE YOU BOWLED OVER WITH MY PROPOSAL? HOW SOON CAN YOU TAKE A STAB AT IT?

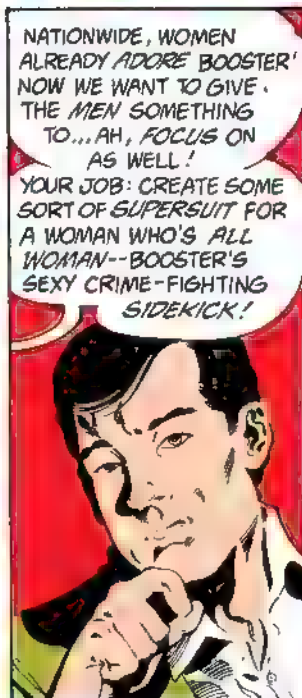


WELL, MR. DAVIS, AS I SAID ON THE PHONE YESTERDAY, I'M CERTAINLY INTRIGUED! MY POSITION AT S.T.A.R.* LABS KEEPS ME VERY BUSY, THOUGH!

*SCIENTIFIC AND TECHNOLOGICAL ADVANCED RESEARCH--ALAN.



I HEAR YOU! BUT LOOK--BATMAN HAS HIS ROBIN, THE LONE RANGER HAS HIS TONTO-- AND NOW THE BOOSTER NEEDS A PARTNER, TOO.



NATIONWIDE, WOMEN ALREADY ADORE BOOSTER! NOW WE WANT TO GIVE THE MEN SOMETHING TO... AH, FOCUS ON AS WELL!

YOUR JOB: CREATE SOME SORT OF SUPERSUIT FOR A WOMAN--BOOSTER'S SEXY CRIME-FIGHTING SIDEKICK!



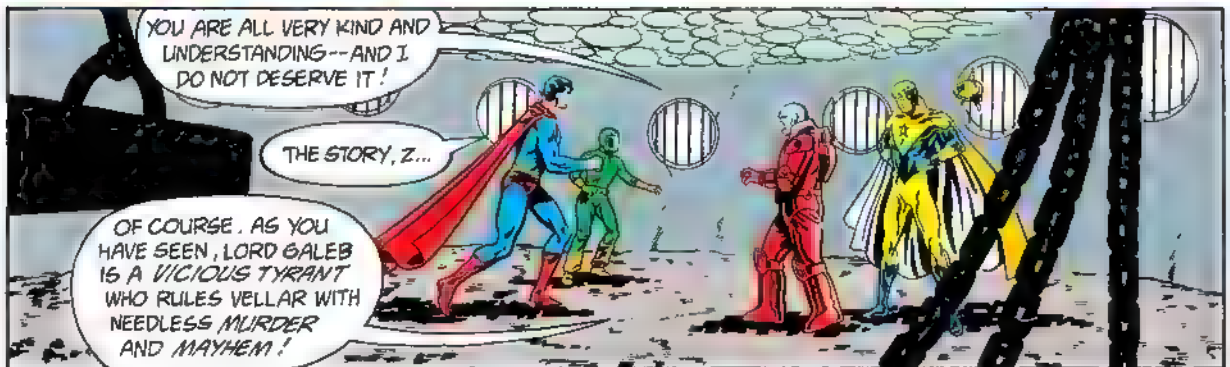
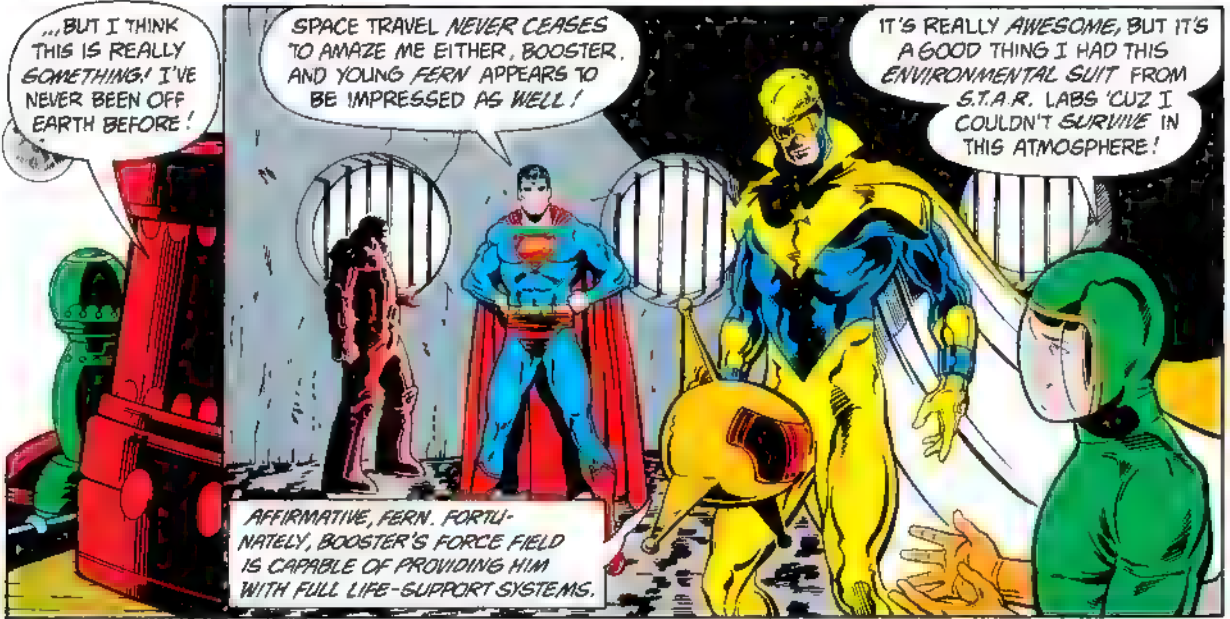
YOU'RE THE BEST YOUNG INVENTOR S.T.A.R. HAS TO OFFER AND WE INTEND TO TREAT YOU RIGHT!

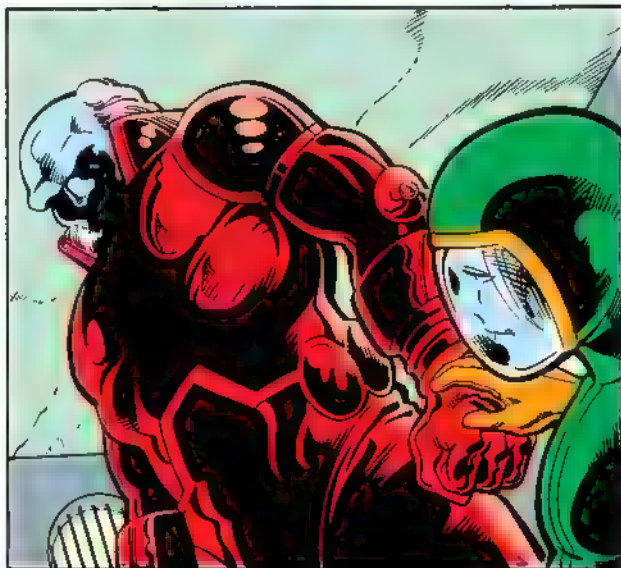
FOR STARTERS, A HUNDRED AND FIFTY BIG ONES! THAT'S JUST AN ADVANCE! YOU'D HAVE TO SWEAT A LONG TIME IN THE LABS TO SEE THAT KIND OF MONEY AT S.T.A.R.!

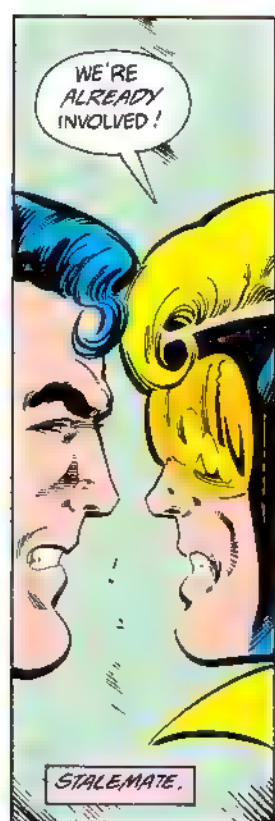
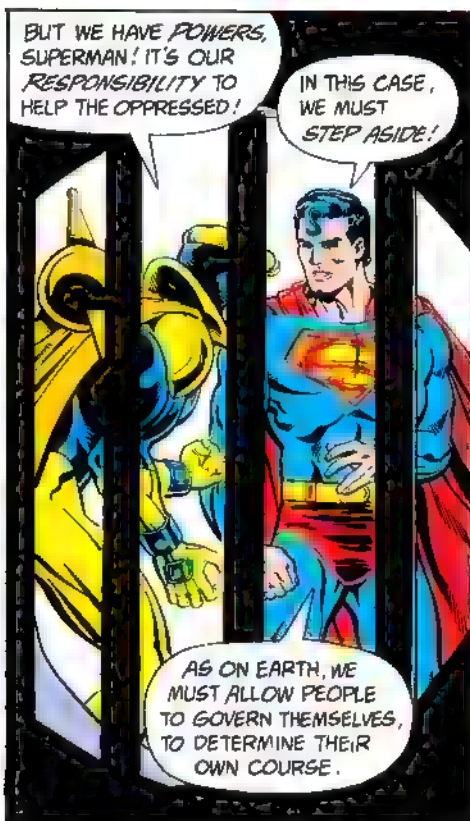
MR. DAVIS, YOUR OFFER IS BOTH TEMPTING AND GENEROUS!

HOW COULD I EVER REFUSE?

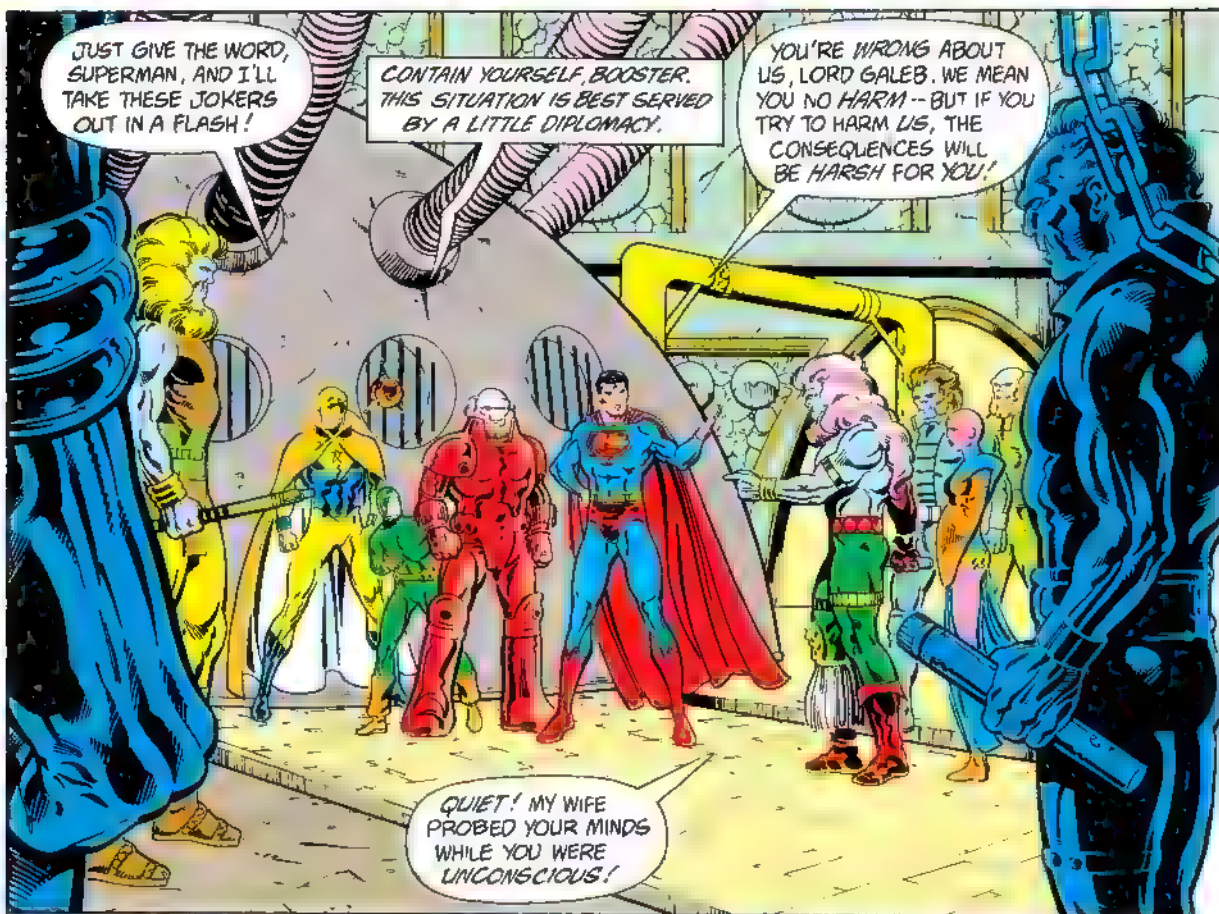
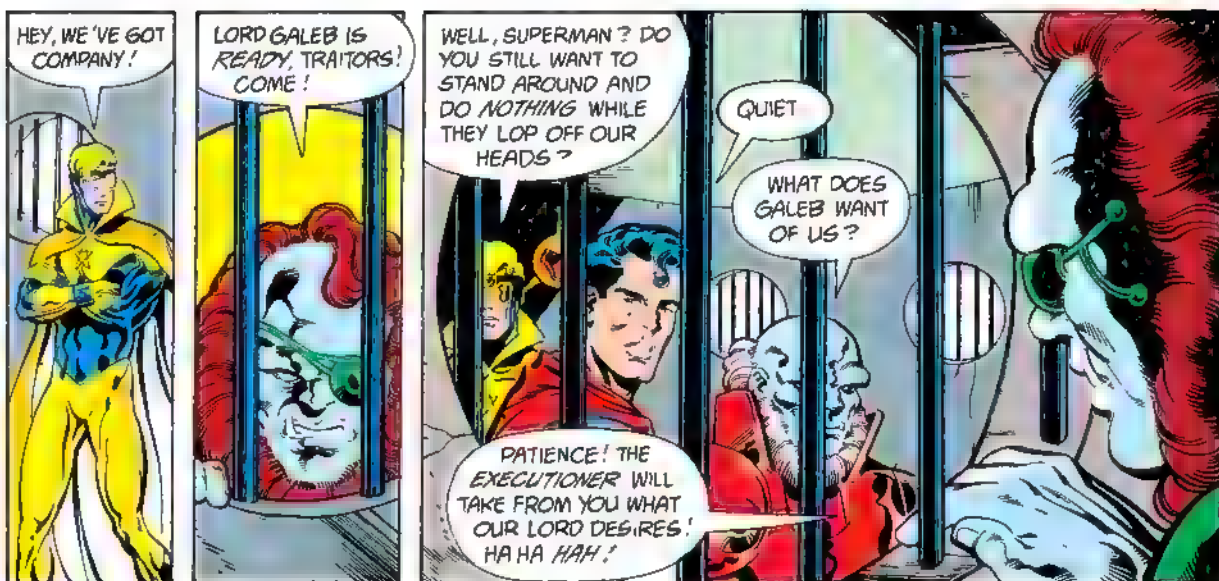
GOLDSTAR, INC. N° 2860
666 SIXTH AVE., METROPOLIS, O. 41015
\$ 150,000.00
PAY TO THE ORDER OF
DR. SGO
ONE HUNDRED FIFTY THOUSAND AND 00/100
DIRK DAVIS
BY THE AUTHORITY OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS
EX-101-101-101

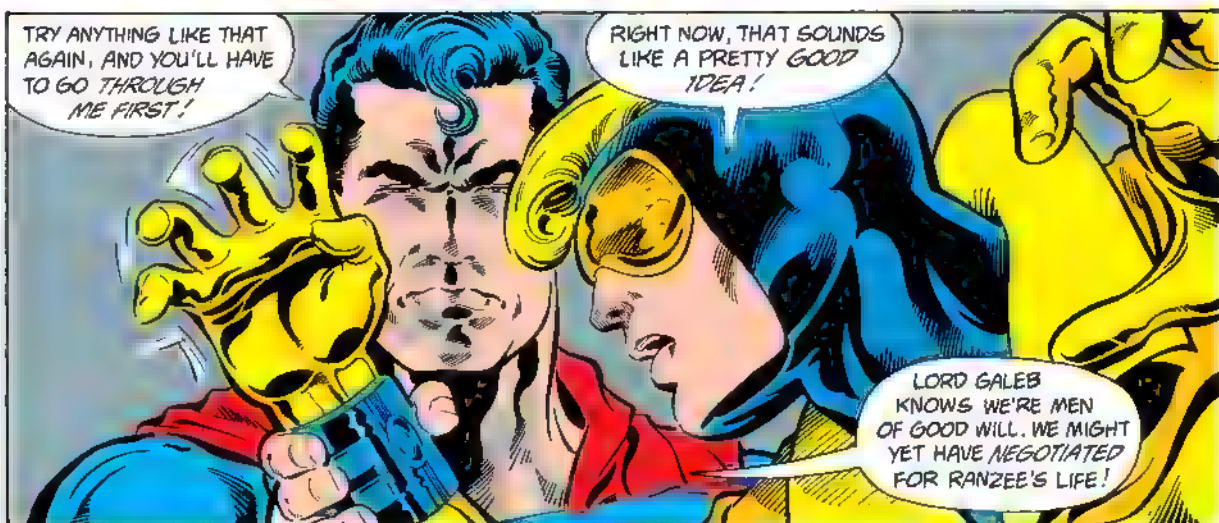


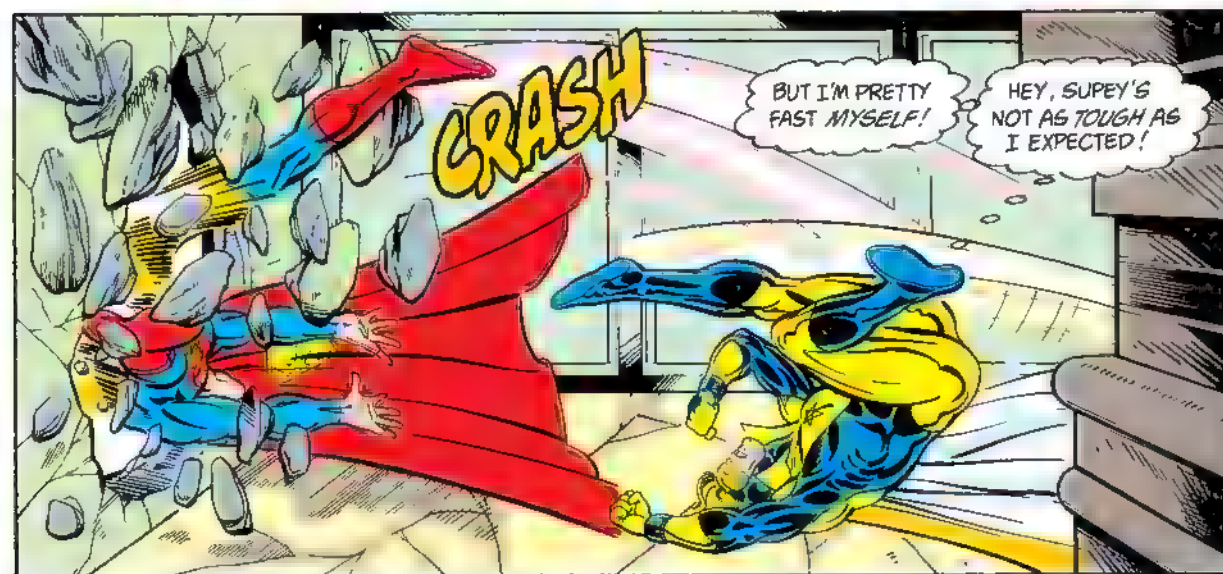
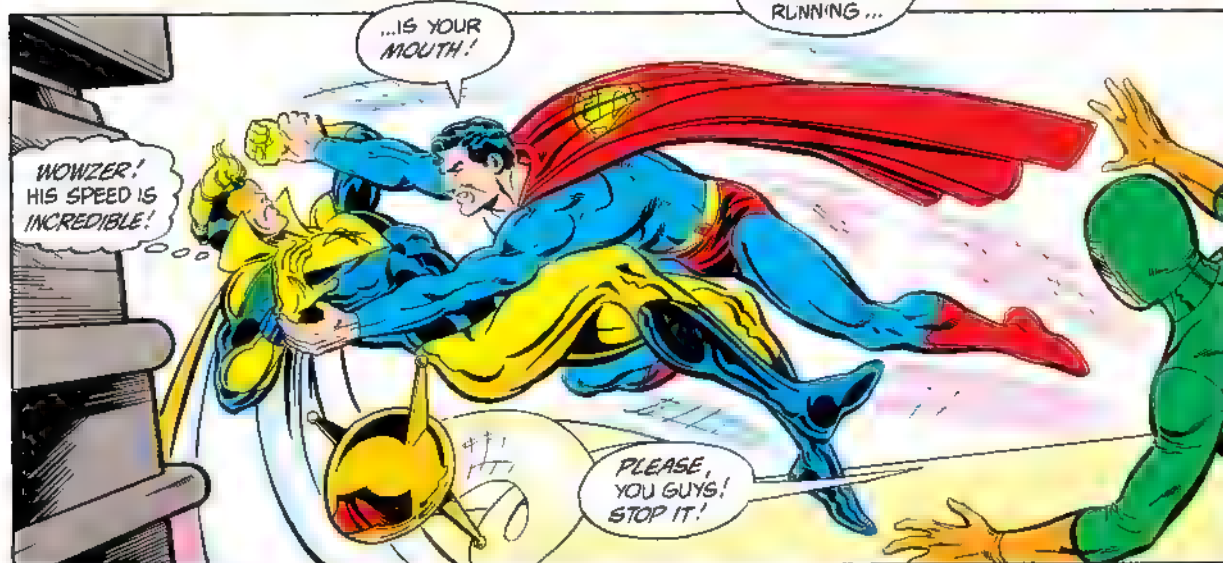
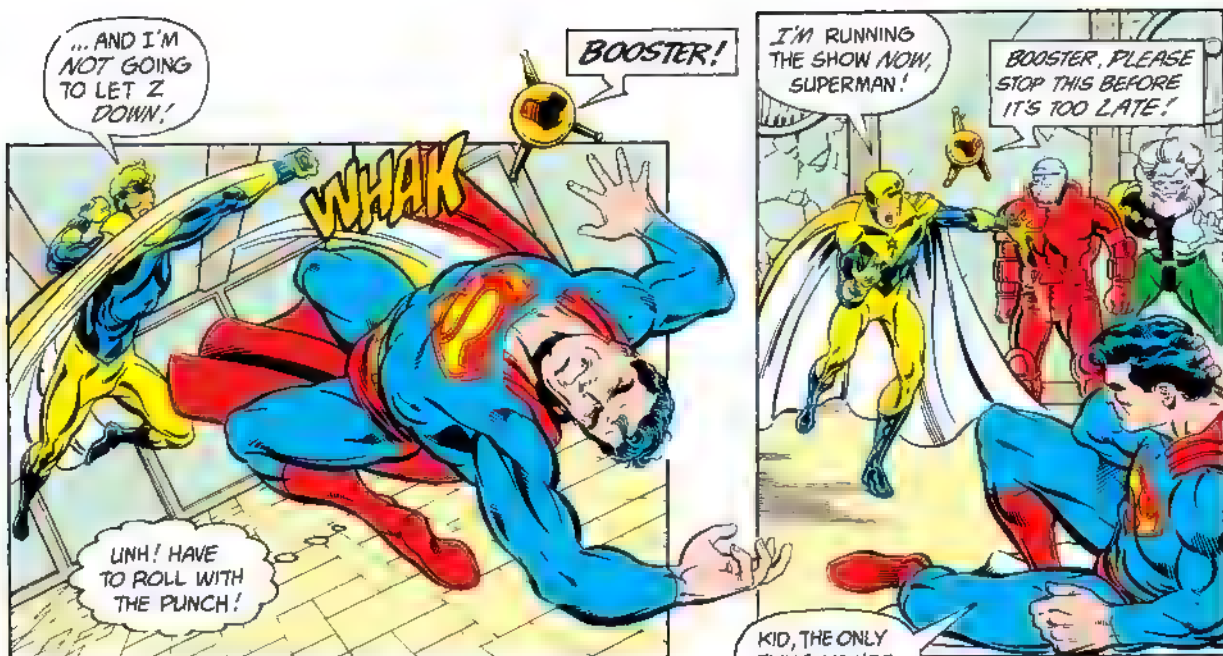


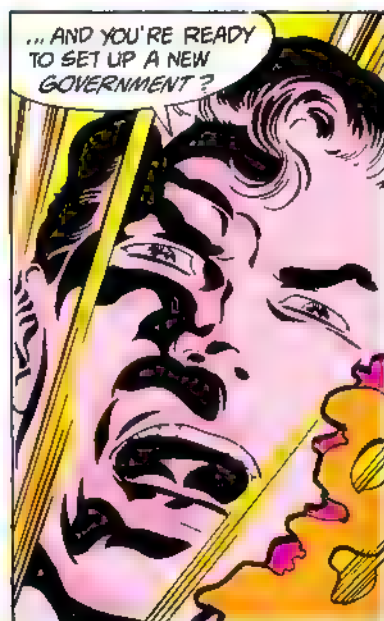
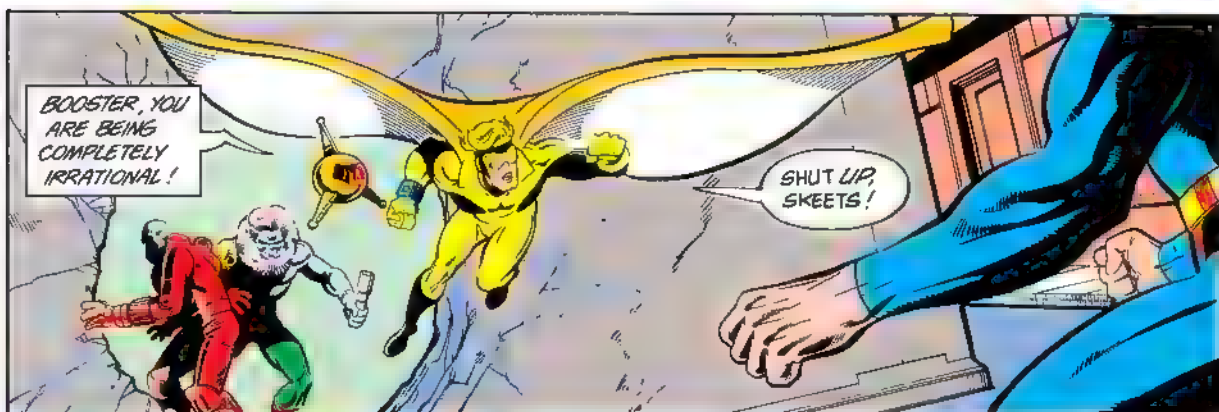
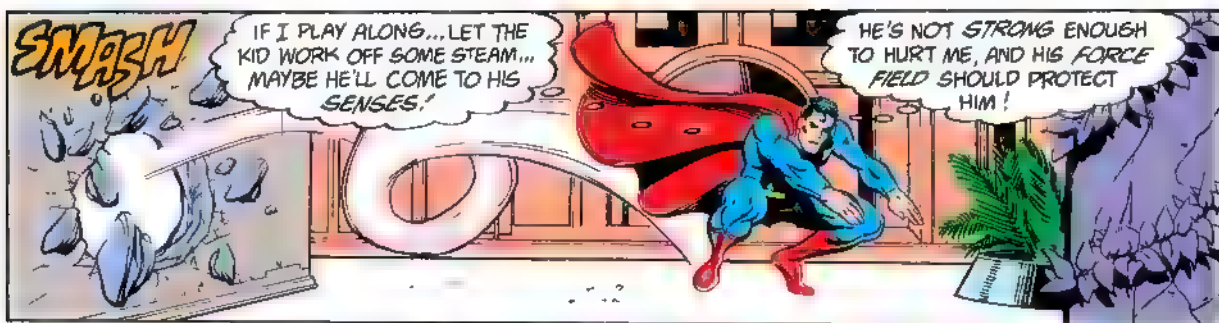








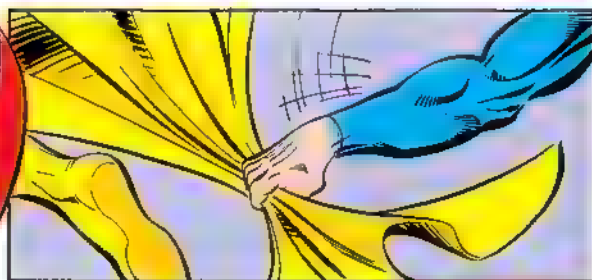




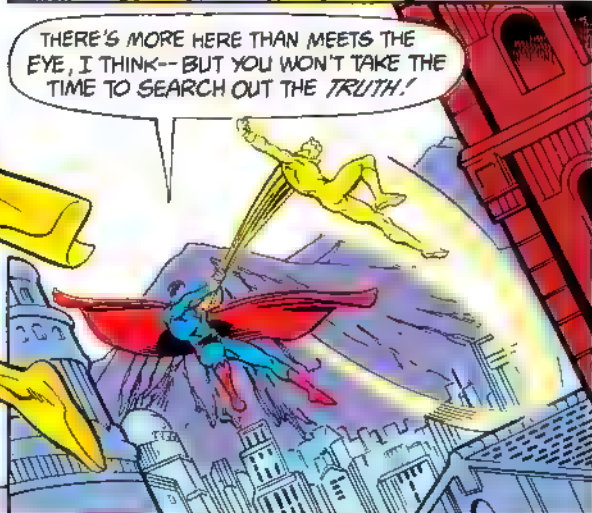


WELL, YOU'RE
WRONG, HOT
SHOT!

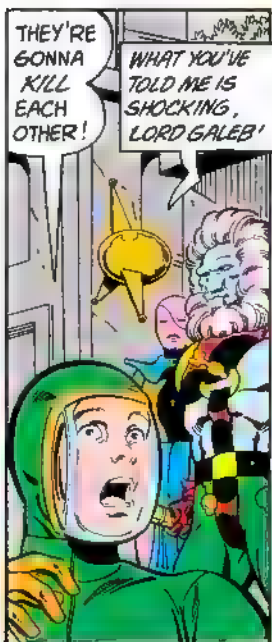
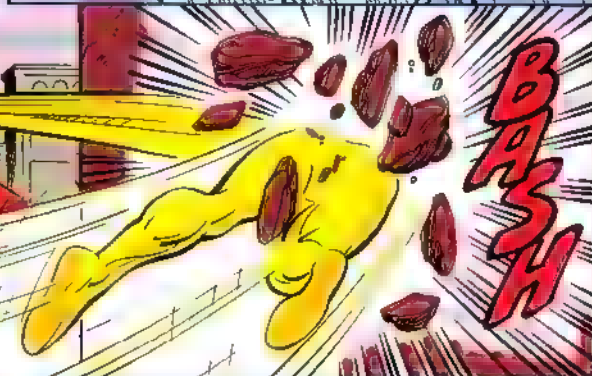
IF YOU'RE GOING
TO BE ANY KIND OF
SUPER-HERO
YOU'D BETTER LEARN
TO LOOK BEFORE
YOU LEAP!



THERE'S MORE HERE THAN MEETS THE
EYE, I THINK-- BUT YOU WON'T TAKE THE
TIME TO SEARCH OUT THE TRUTH!

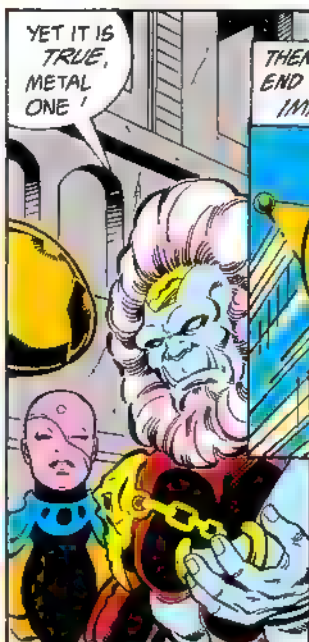


MAYBE YOU'RE
NOTHING MORE THAN
A MODEL--A GLAMOUR
BOY, AFTER ALL!



THEY'RE
GONNA
KILL
EACH
OTHER!

WHAT YOU'VE
TOLD ME IS
SHOCKING,
LORD GALEB!



YET IT IS
TRUE,
METAL
ONE!

THEN I MUST PUT AN
END TO THIS CONFLICT!
IMMEDIATELY!



I AM A HERO,
SUPERMAN! THAT'S
WHY I WANT TO HELP
THESE PEOPLE!



HELP THEM-- YES! BUT DON'T DICTATE THEIR LIVES FOR THEM!

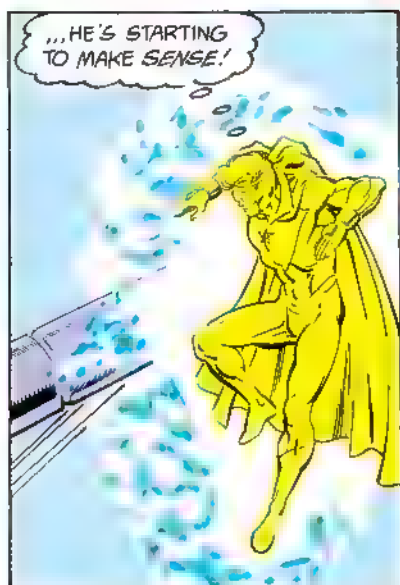
WOULD YOU BEHAVE THIS WAY BACK ON EARTH?



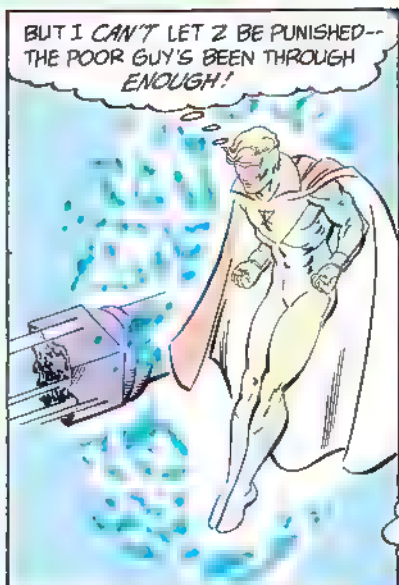
IF YOU PLAN TO USE YOUR POWERS, SON, YOU'D BETTER LEARN TO RESPECT THE FREEDOM OF OTHERS! PLAY BY THE RULES-- OR GET OFF THE FIELD!



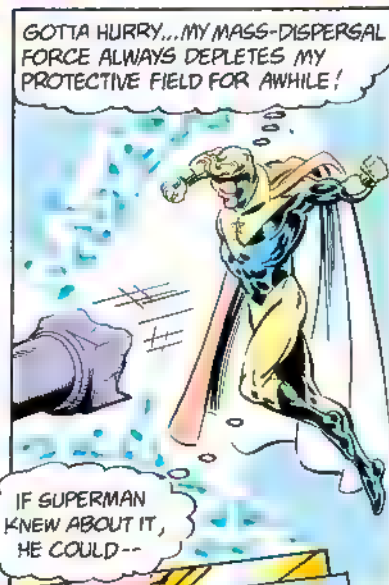
MUCH AS I HATE TO ADMIT IT...



...HE'S STARTING TO MAKE SENSE!

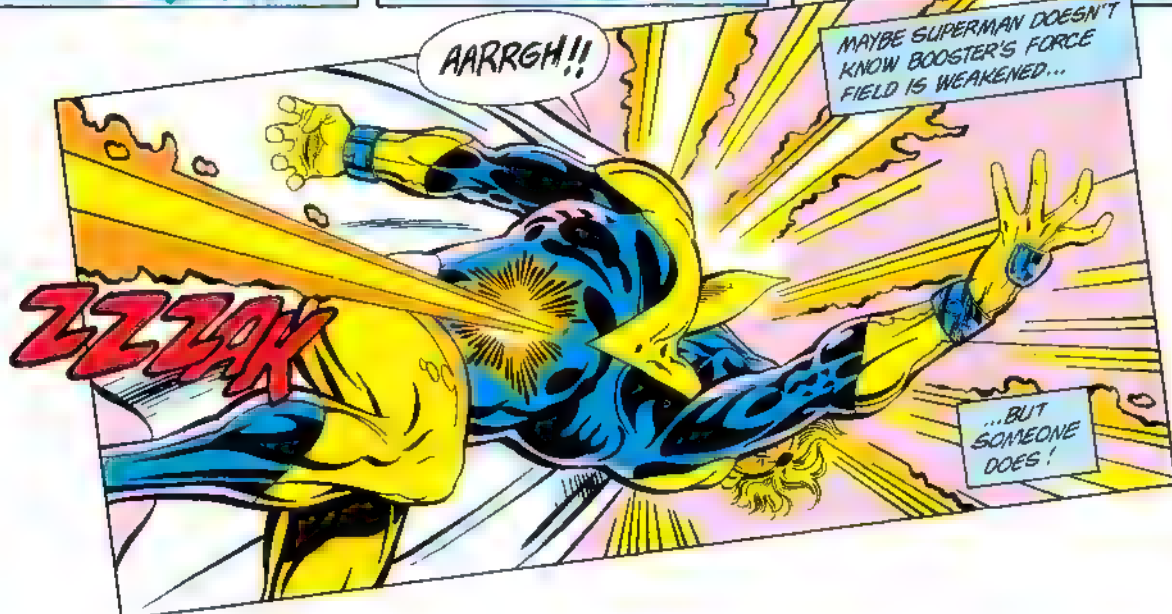


BUT I CAN'T LET Z BE PUNISHED-- THE POOR GUY'S BEEN THROUGH ENOUGH!



GOTTA HURRY...MY MASS-DISPERSAL FORCE ALWAYS DEPLETES MY PROTECTIVE FIELD FOR AWHILE!

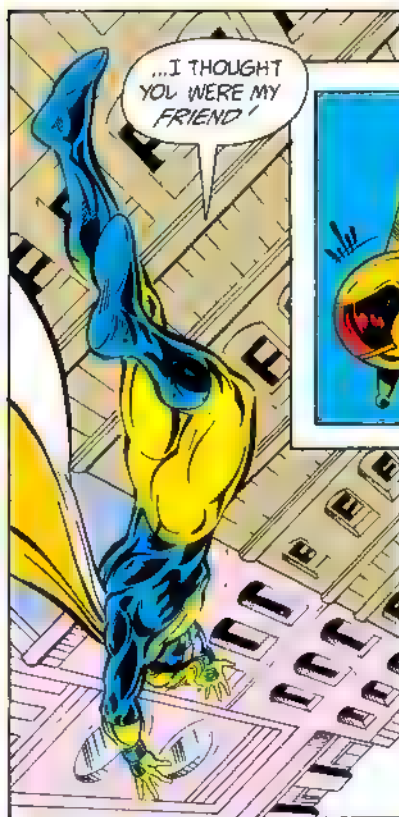
IF SUPERMAN KNEW ABOUT IT, HE COULD--

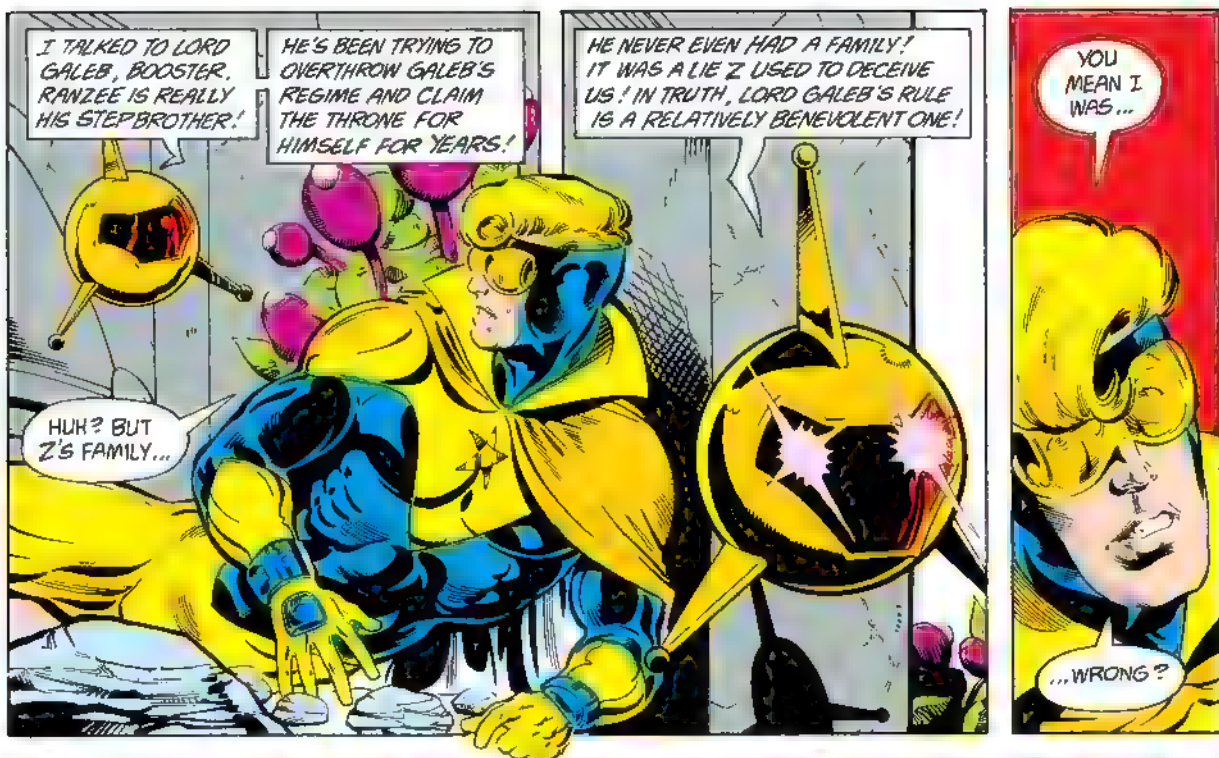


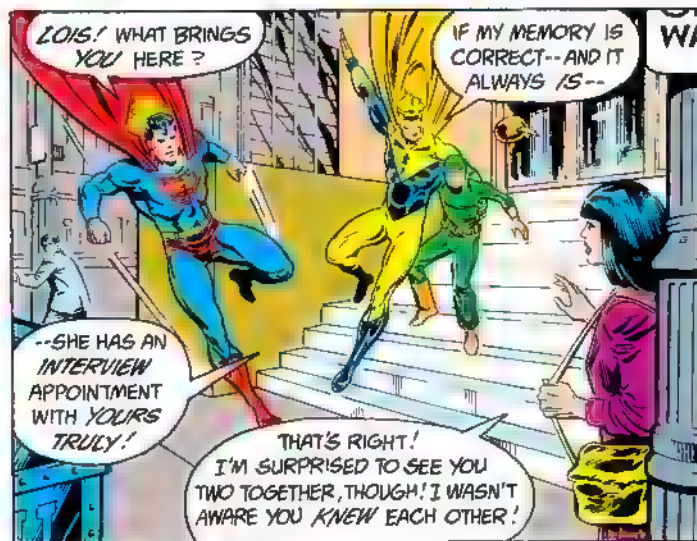
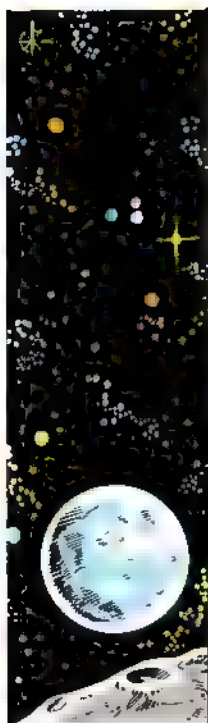
AARRGH!!

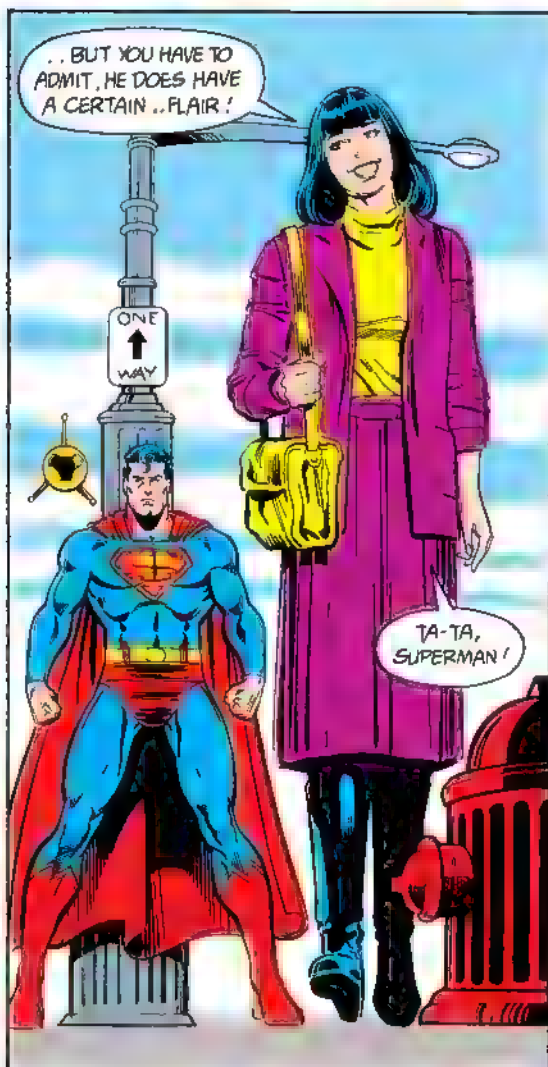
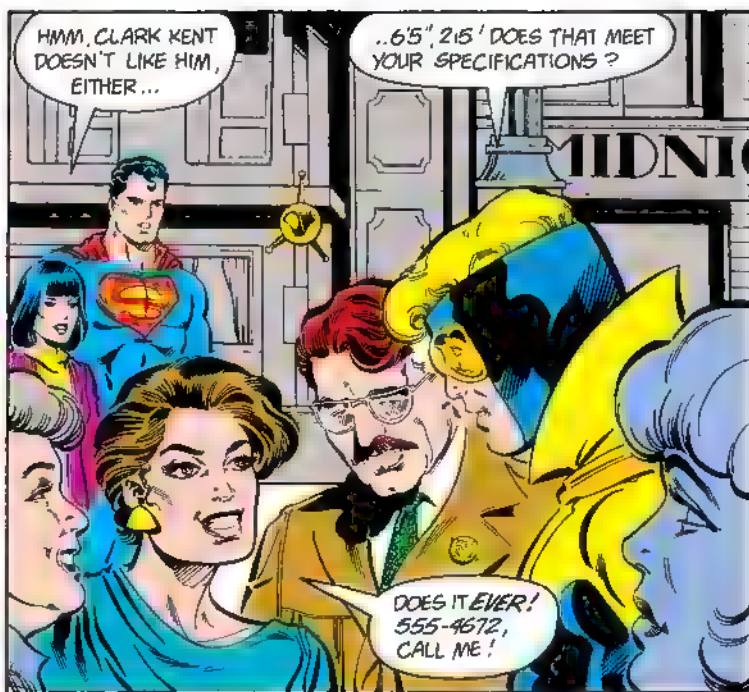
MAYBE SUPERMAN DOESN'T KNOW BOOSTER'S FORCE FIELD IS WEAKENED...

...BUT SOMEONE DOES!











AFFIRMATIVE. MY HISTORY RECORDS SHOW A BOOSTER GOLD WHO OPERATED IN METROPOLIS. I KNOW VERY LITTLE, THOUGH, DUE TO THE GREAT TIME VOID THAT BEGINS IN 1986.

FIGURES DOES BOOSTER KNOW THIS?

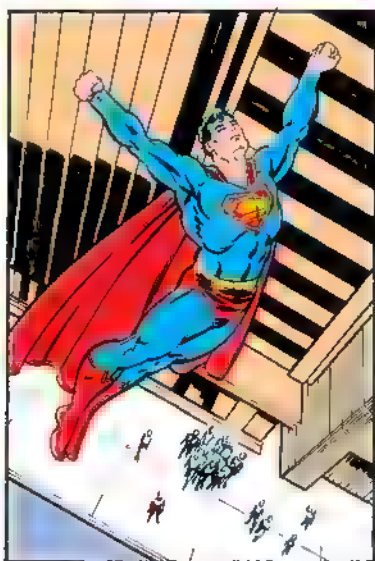
NEGATIVE. EACH MAN MUST FEEL THAT HE CONTROLS HIS DESTINY...



... THAT HE IS CREATING HISTORY, NOT FULFILLING IT.

JUST DO ME A FAVOR. PROMISE ME THAT YOU WON'T USE YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF THE FUTURE DESTRUCTIVELY...

... AND KEEP HIM OUT OF MY WAY!



HEY, COULDN'T HE EVEN SAY GOOD-BYE?



YOU THINK HE DOESN'T LIKE ME?

END

THE LESSON

DAN JURGENS / CREATOR-WRITER-ARTIST
MIKE DE CARLO / INKER AGUSTIN MAS / LETTERER
GENE D'ANGELO / COLORIST ALAN GOLD / EDITOR

NEXT ISSUE: THE LEGION OF SUPER-HEROES!!!

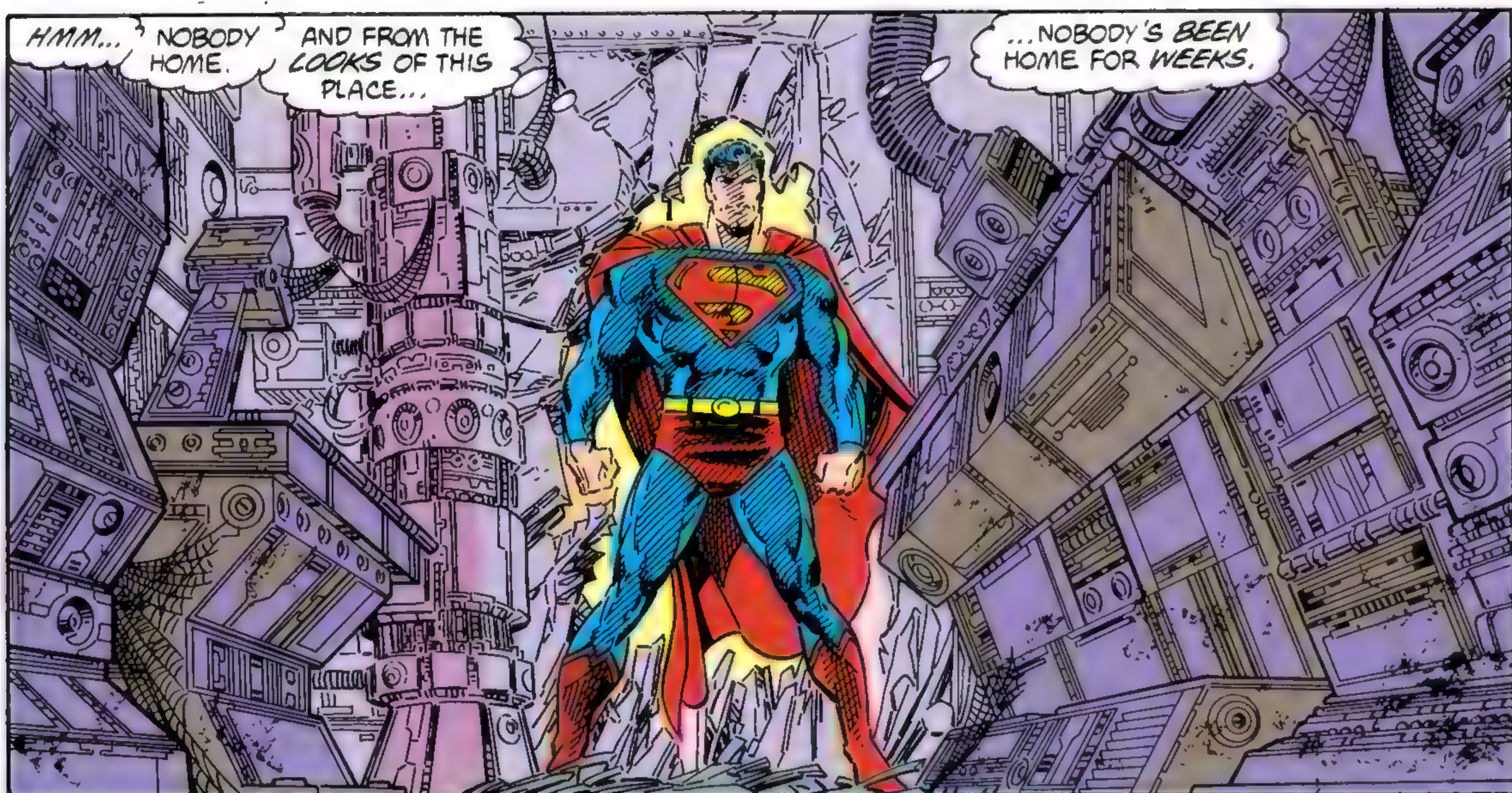
SUPERMAN

Created by
JERRY SIEGEL &
JOE SHUSTER

HEART OF STONE

COME OUT,
COME OUT
WHOEVER
YOU ARE!

John Byrne: story & pencils
Terry Austin: guest inker
John Costanza: letterer
Tom Ziuko: colorist
Andrew Helfer: Editor



HMM...

NOBODY HOME.

AND FROM THE LOOKS OF THIS PLACE...

...NOBODY'S BEEN HOME FOR WEEKS.

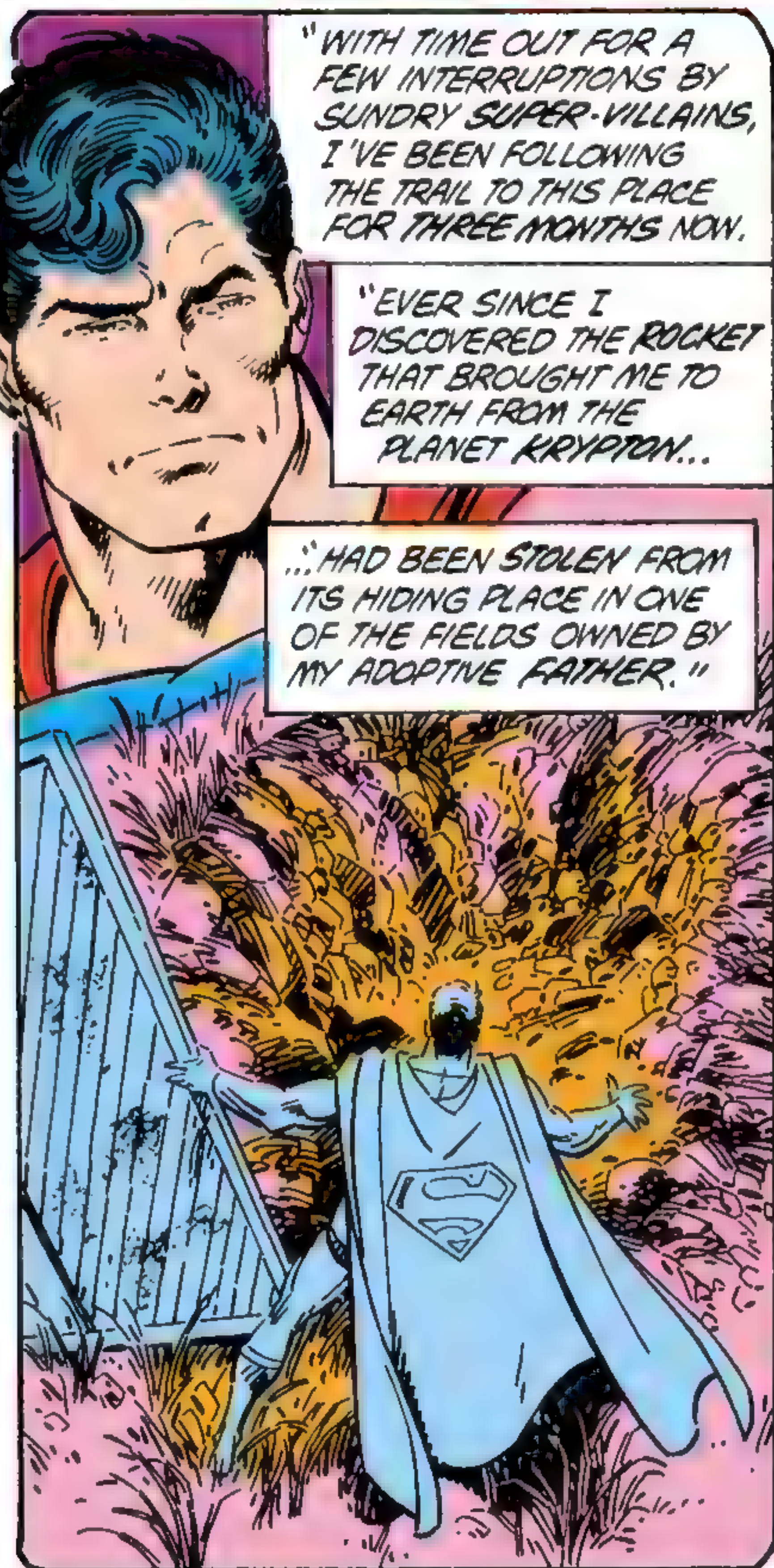


CURIOUS...

WHY WOULD ANYONE ABANDON SUCH A FULLY EQUIPPED LABORATORY?

ESPECIALLY AFTER GOING TO ALL THE TROUBLE OF LINING THE WALLS WITH LEAD.

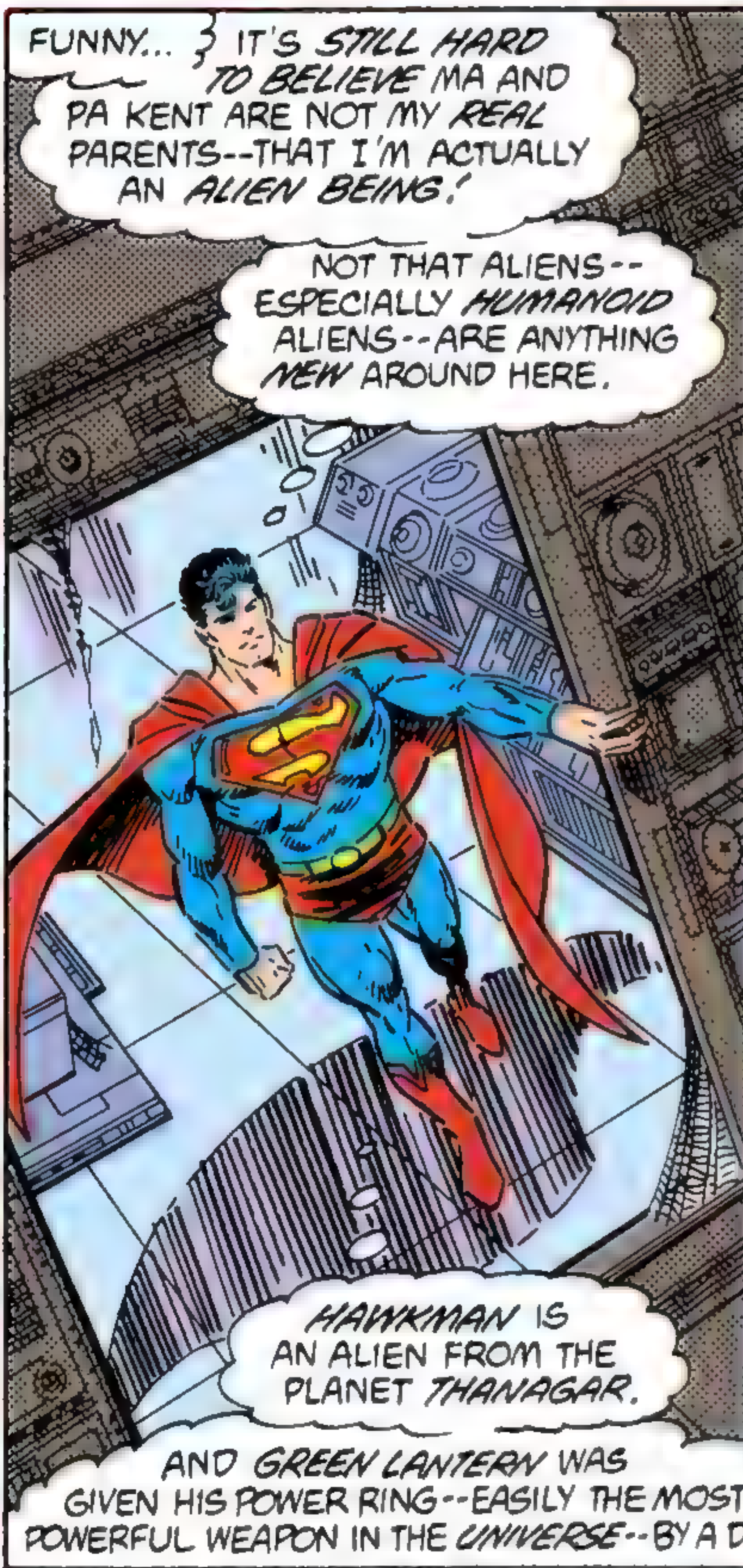
PRESUMABLY, THAT WAS INTENDED TO BLOCK MY X-RAY VISION.



"WITH TIME OUT FOR A FEW INTERRUPTIONS BY SUNDRY SUPER-VILLAINS, I'VE BEEN FOLLOWING THE TRAIL TO THIS PLACE FOR THREE MONTHS NOW.

"EVER SINCE I DISCOVERED THE ROCKET THAT BROUGHT ME TO EARTH FROM THE PLANET KRYPTON...

...HAD BEEN STOLEN FROM ITS HIDING PLACE IN ONE OF THE FIELDS OWNED BY MY ADOPTIVE FATHER."

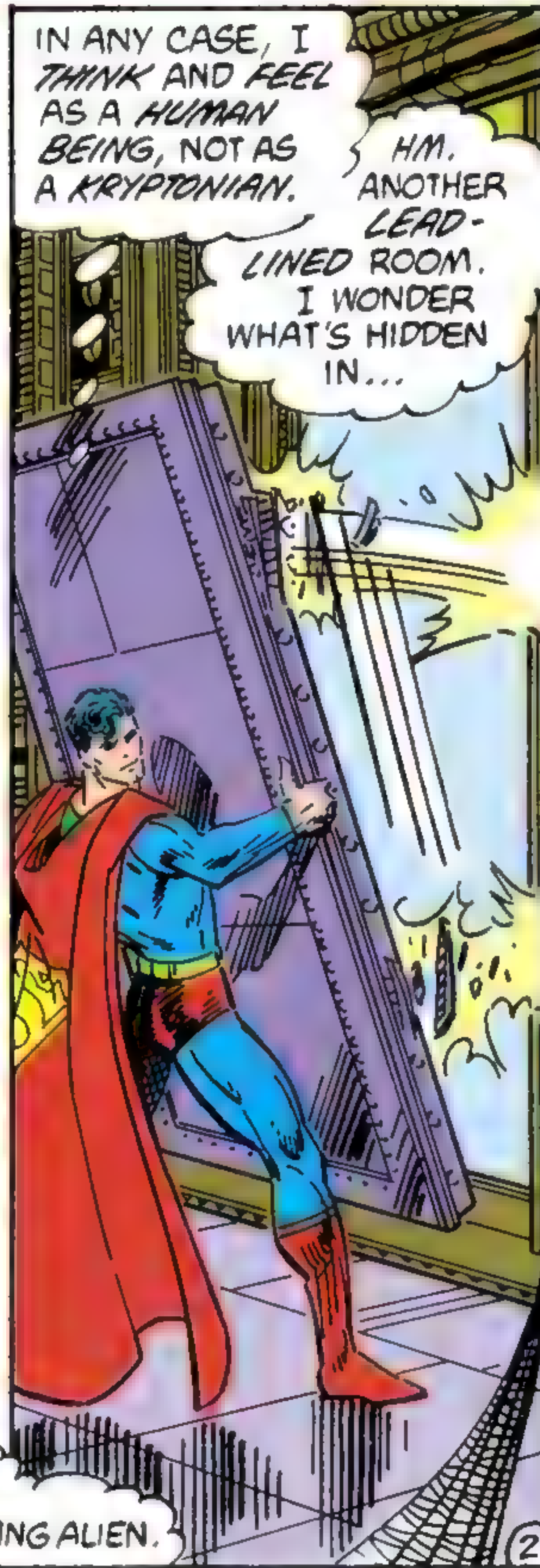


FUNNY... IT'S STILL HARD TO BELIEVE MA AND PA KENT ARE NOT MY REAL PARENTS--THAT I'M ACTUALLY AN ALIEN BEING.

NOT THAT ALIENS--ESPECIALLY HUMANOID ALIENS--ARE ANYTHING NEW AROUND HERE.

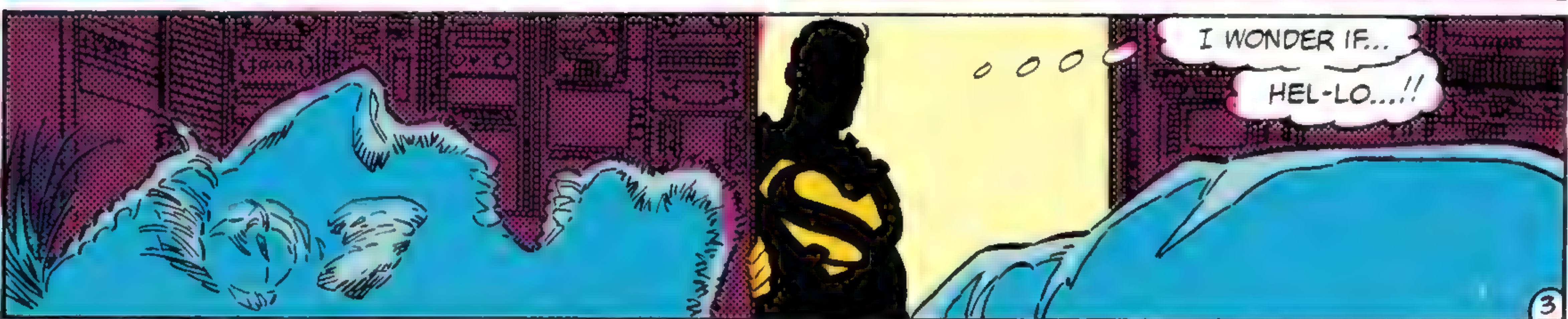
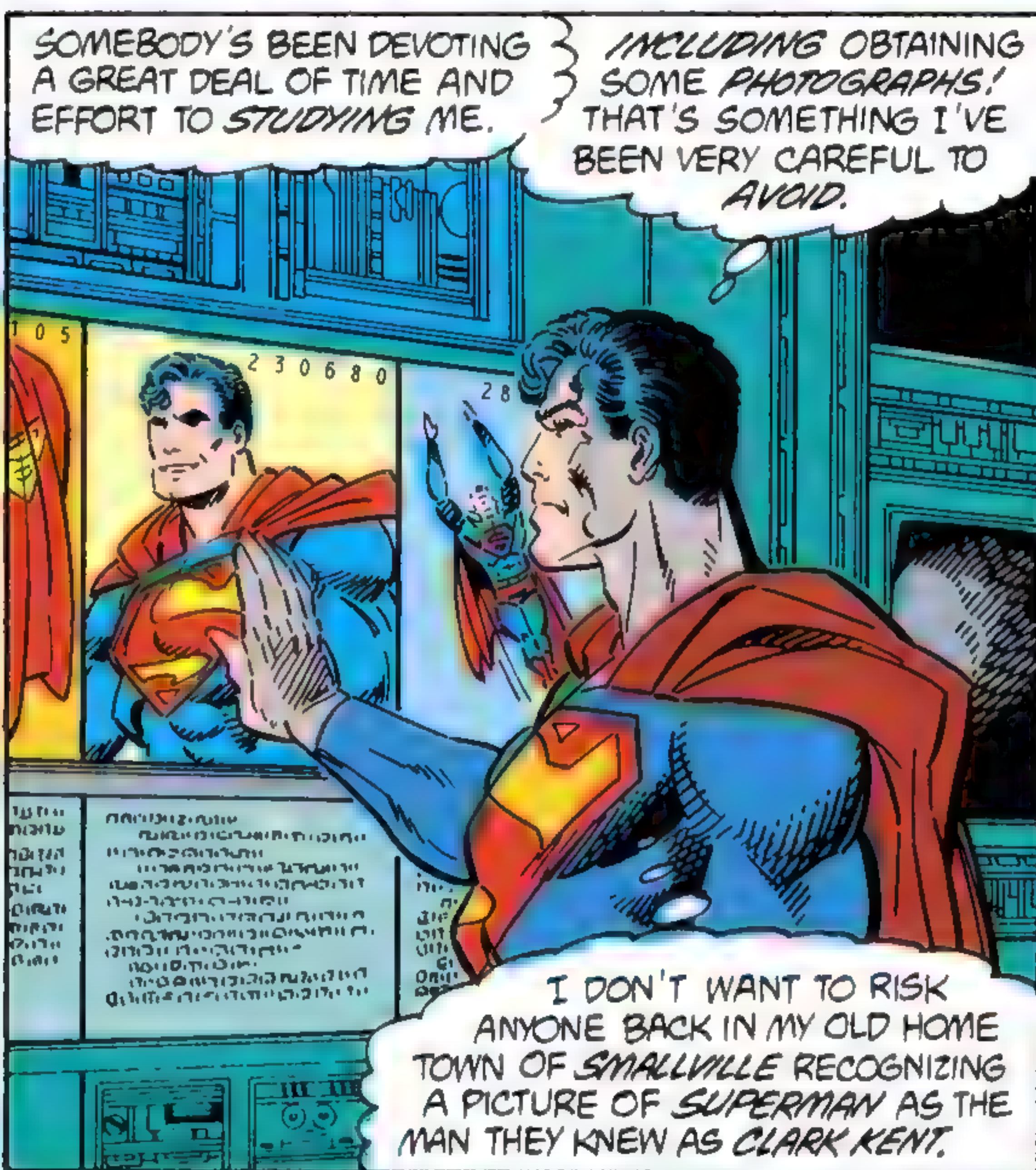
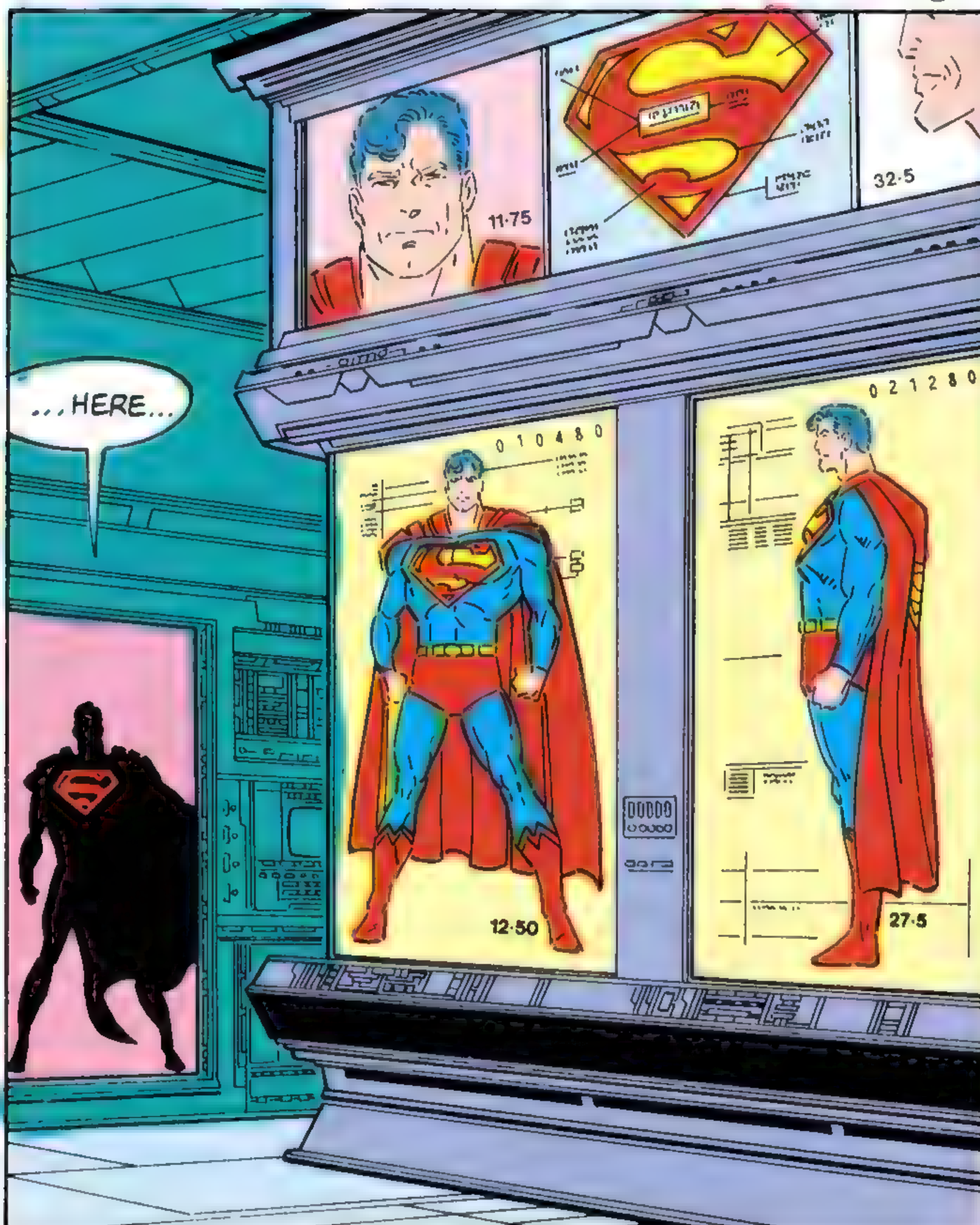
HAWKMAN IS AN ALIEN FROM THE PLANET THANAGAR.

AND GREEN LANTERN WAS GIVEN HIS POWER RING--EASILY THE MOST POWERFUL WEAPON IN THE UNIVERSE--BY A DYING ALIEN.



IN ANY CASE, I THINK AND FEEL AS A HUMAN BEING, NOT AS A KRYPTONIAN.

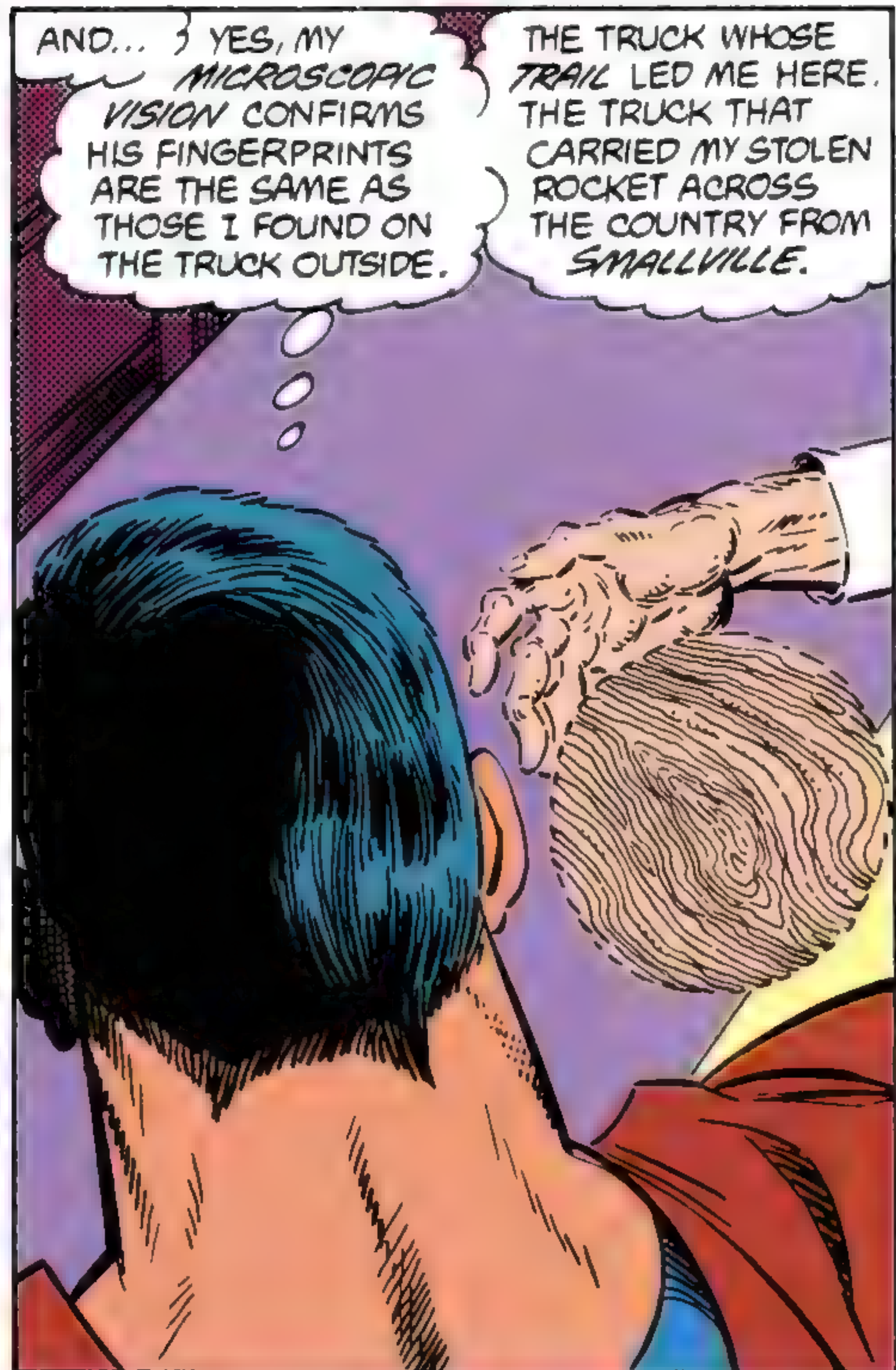
HM. ANOTHER LEAD-LINED ROOM. I WONDER WHAT'S HIDDEN IN...





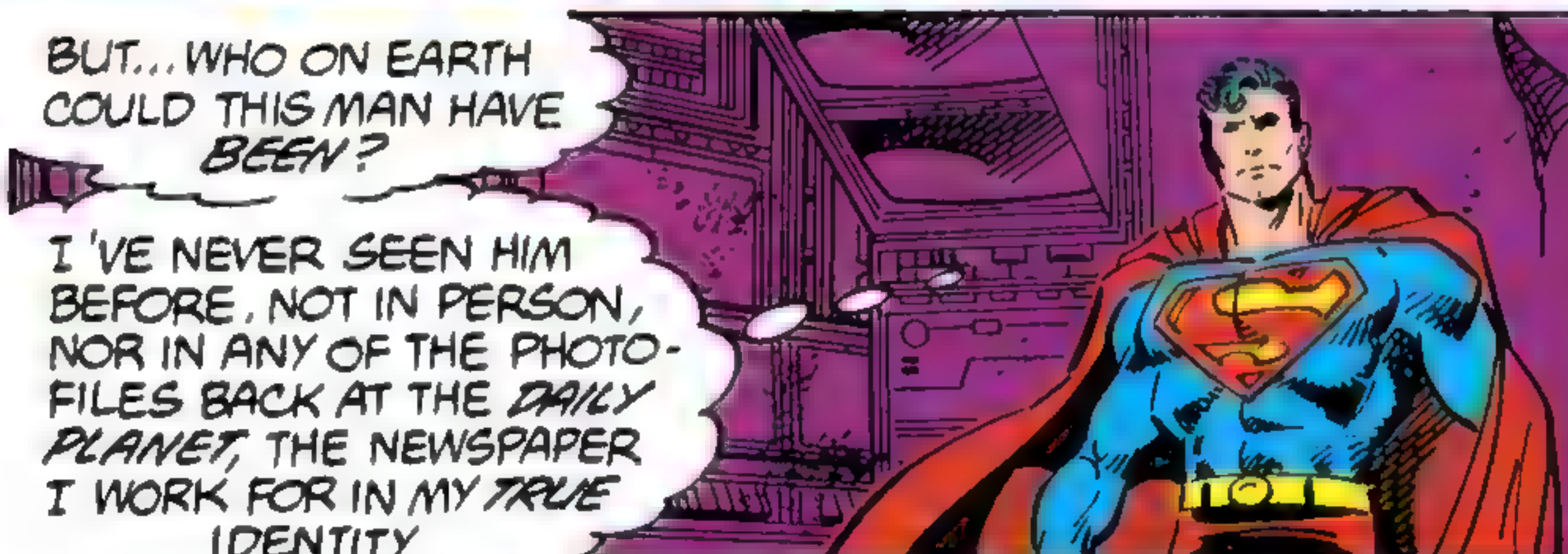
DEAD. *BEEN DEAD FOR ABOUT SIX WEEKS, I'D GUESS.*

NECK'S BEEN *BROKEN--* SNAPPED CLEAN THROUGH BY SOME ENORMOUSLY POWERFUL FORCE.



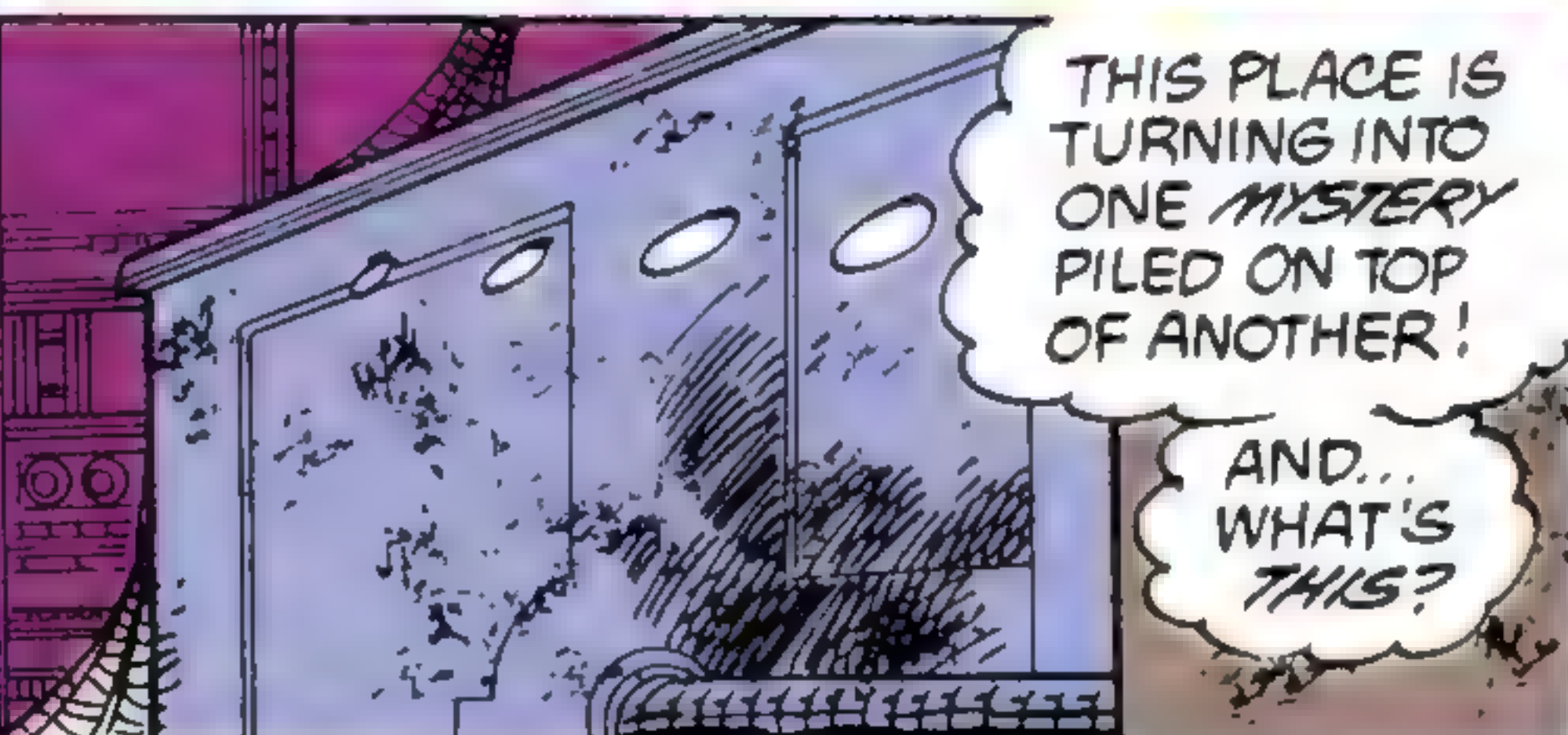
AND... *YES, MY MICROSCOPIC VISION CONFIRMS HIS FINGERPRINTS ARE THE SAME AS THOSE I FOUND ON THE TRUCK OUTSIDE.*

THE TRUCK WHOSE *TRAIL* LED ME HERE. THE TRUCK THAT CARRIED MY STOLEN ROCKET ACROSS THE COUNTRY FROM *SMALLVILLE.*



BUT...WHO ON EARTH COULD THIS MAN HAVE *BEEN?*

I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM BEFORE, NOT IN PERSON, NOR IN ANY OF THE PHOTO-FILES BACK AT THE *DAILY PLANET*, THE NEWSPAPER I WORK FOR IN MY *TRUE* IDENTITY.



THIS PLACE IS TURNING INTO ONE *MYSTERY* PILED ON TOP OF ANOTHER!

AND...WHAT'S *THIS?*



A LARGE VAT OF *ACID!!*

NOT A STRONG ENOUGH CORRO-SIVE TO EAT THROUGH THE METAL WALLS OF THE CONTAINER...

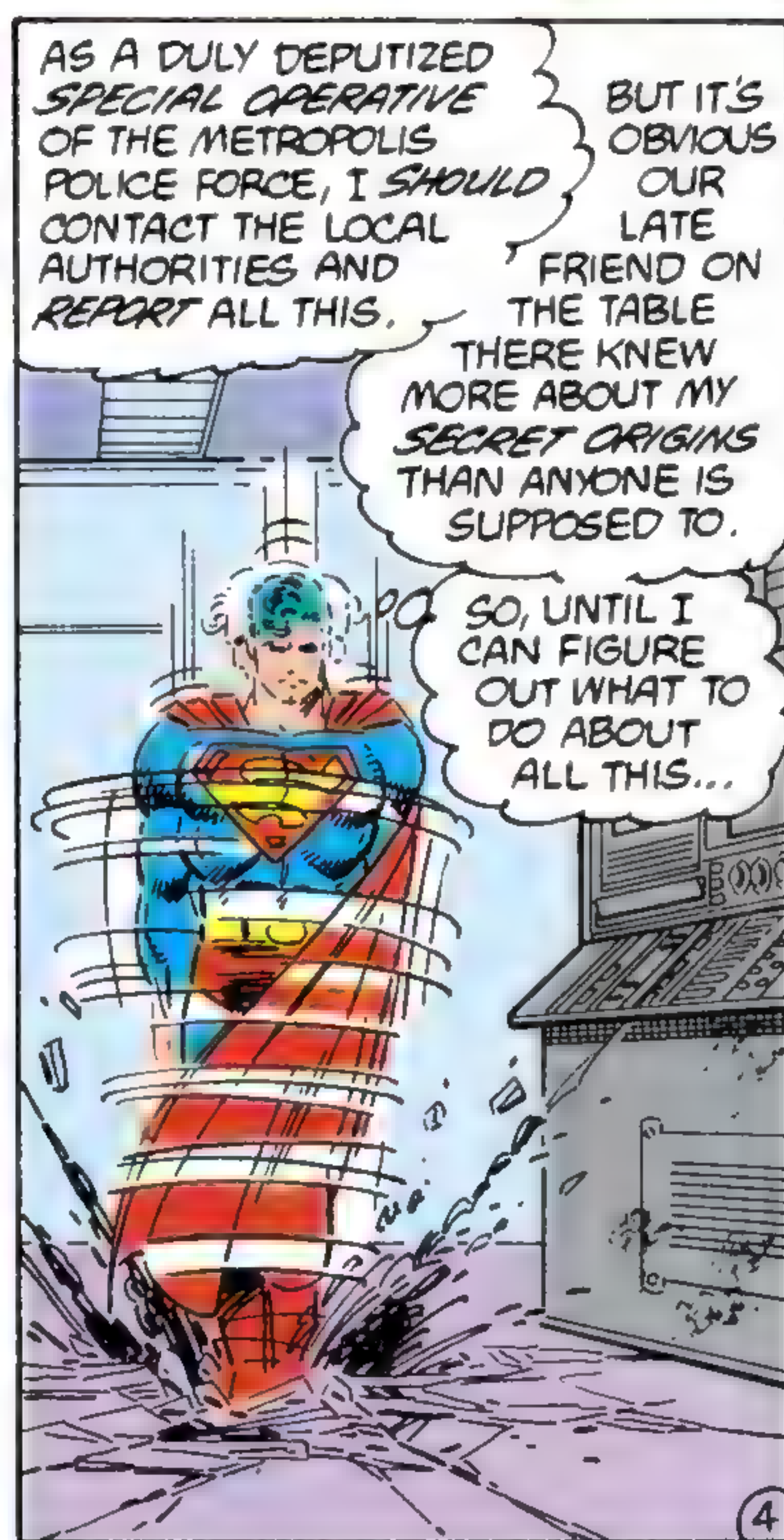
...OR TO HARM ME.



BUT ENOUGH TO HAVE *DISSOLVED AWAY* MOST OF WHAT--MAKE THAT *WHOEVER--* WAS DROPPED INTO IT.

THESE ARE FRAGMENTS OF *HUMAN BONE!!*

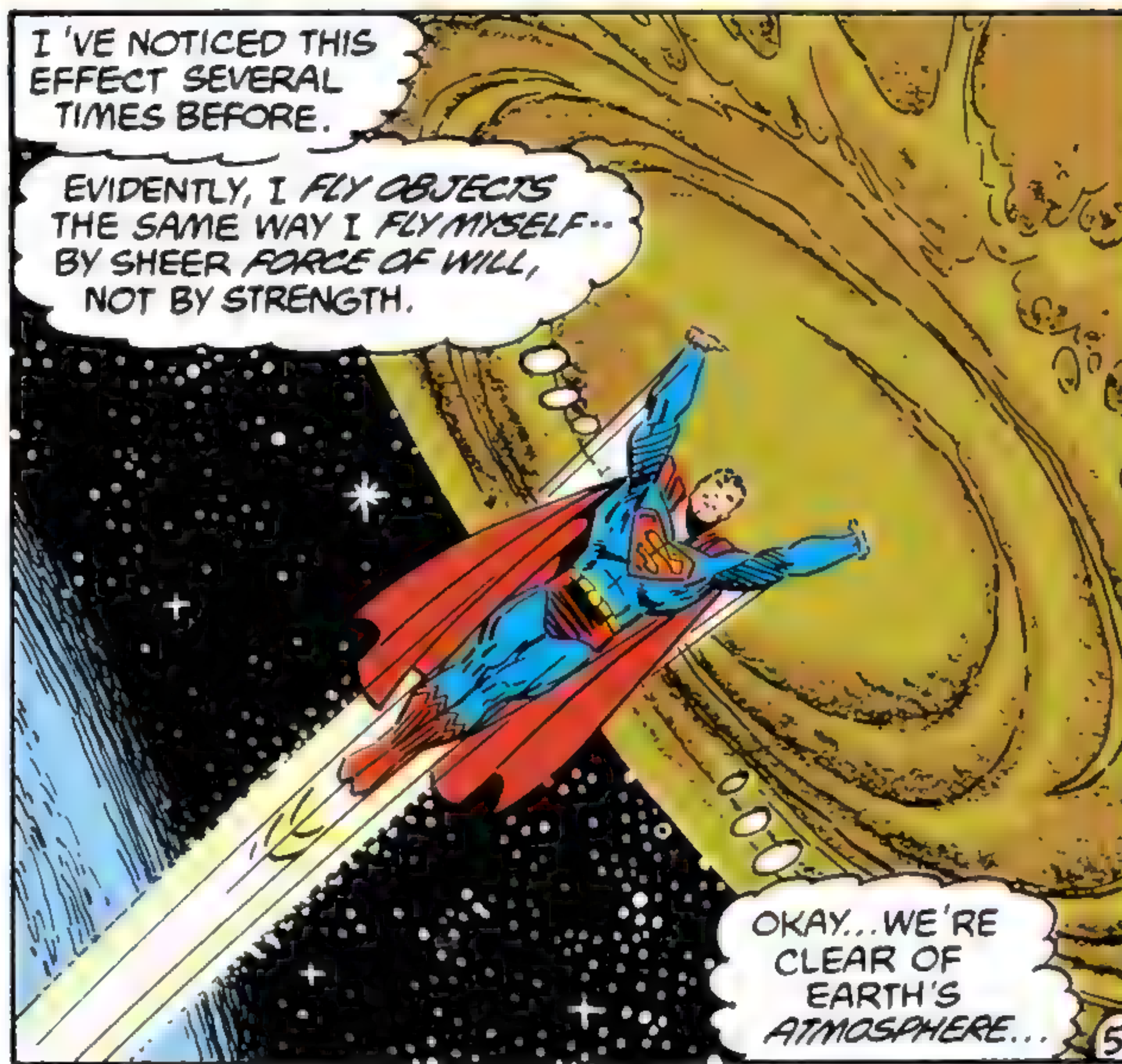
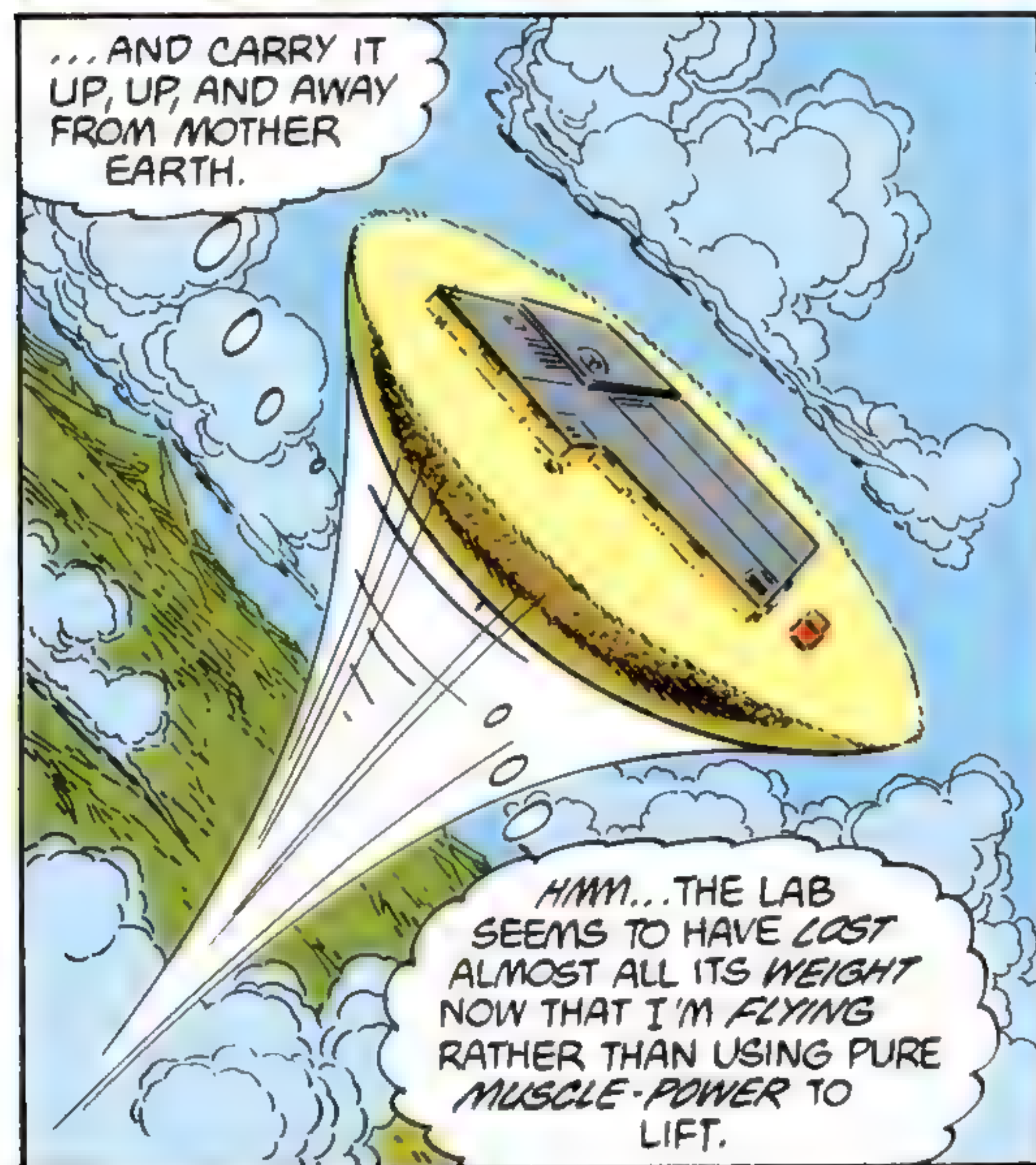
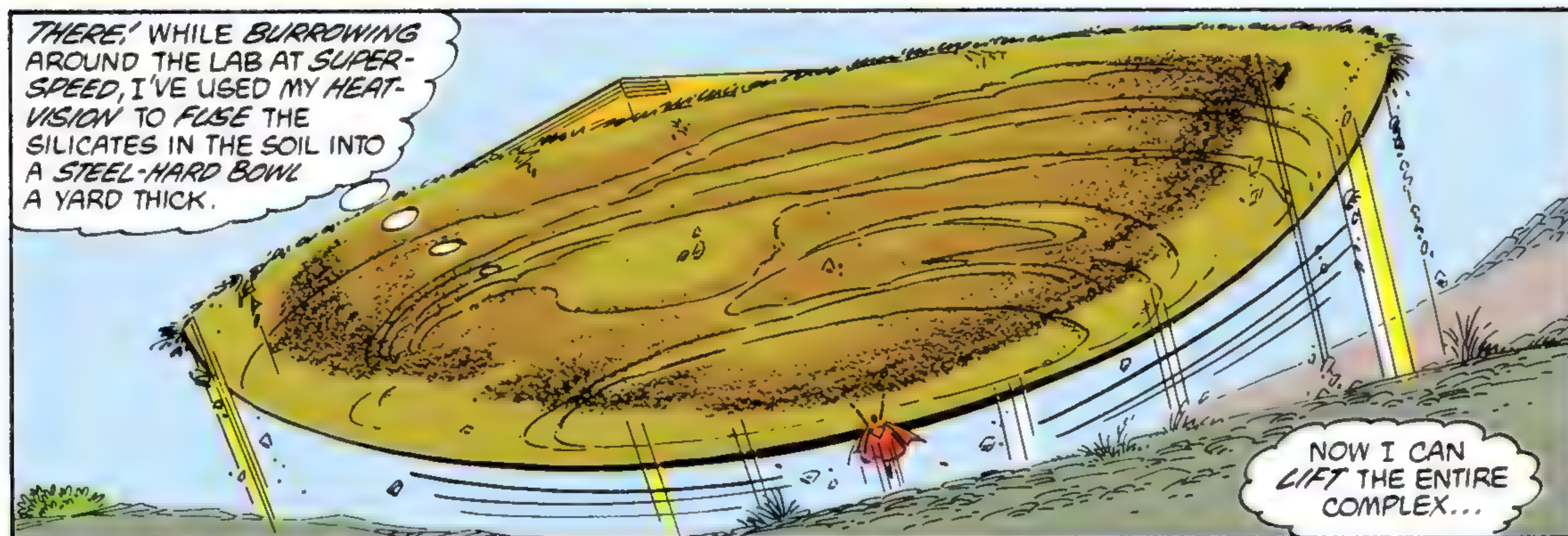
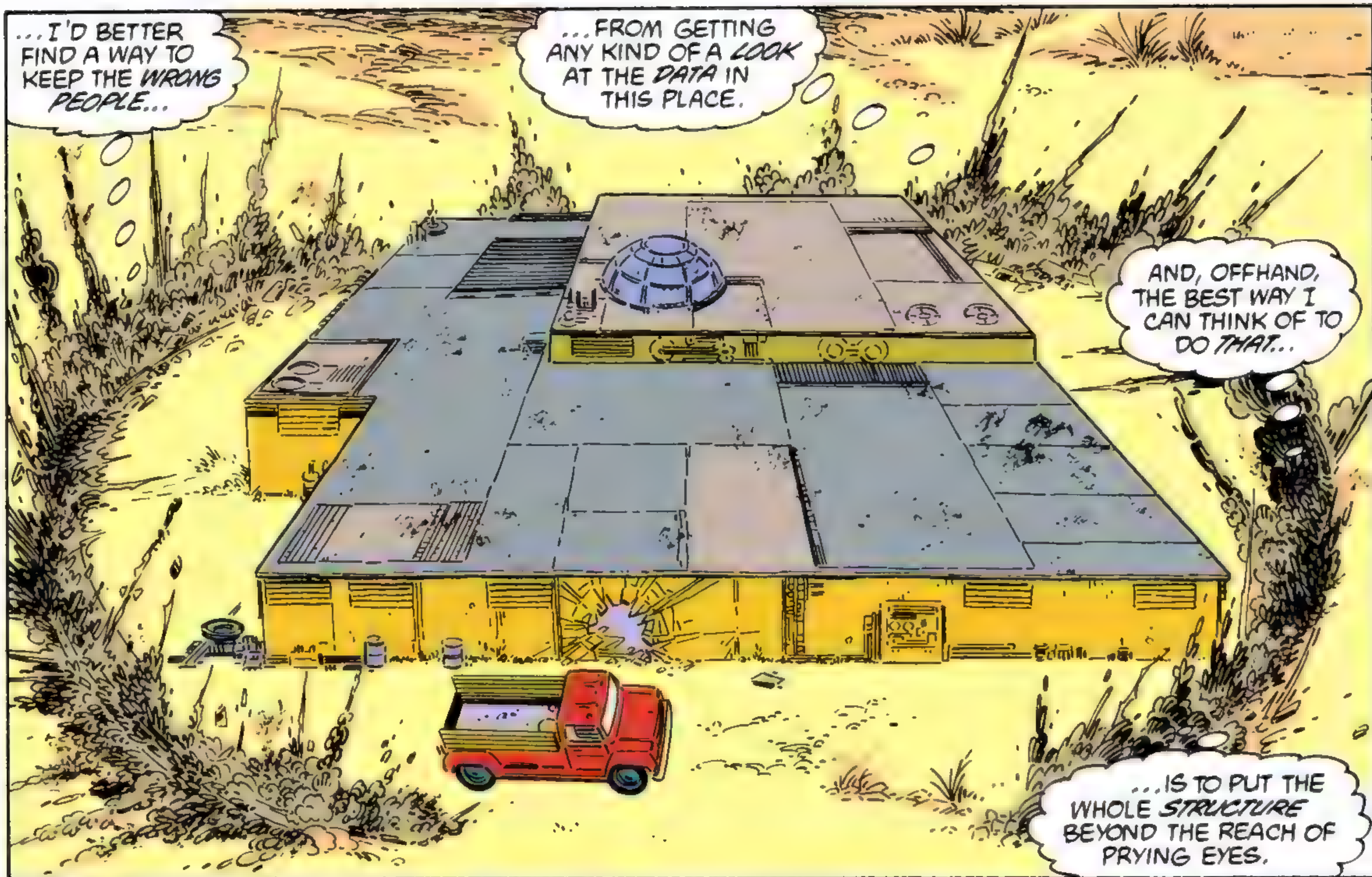
THIS IS GETTING VERY *NASTY*. AND VERY *AWKWARD.*

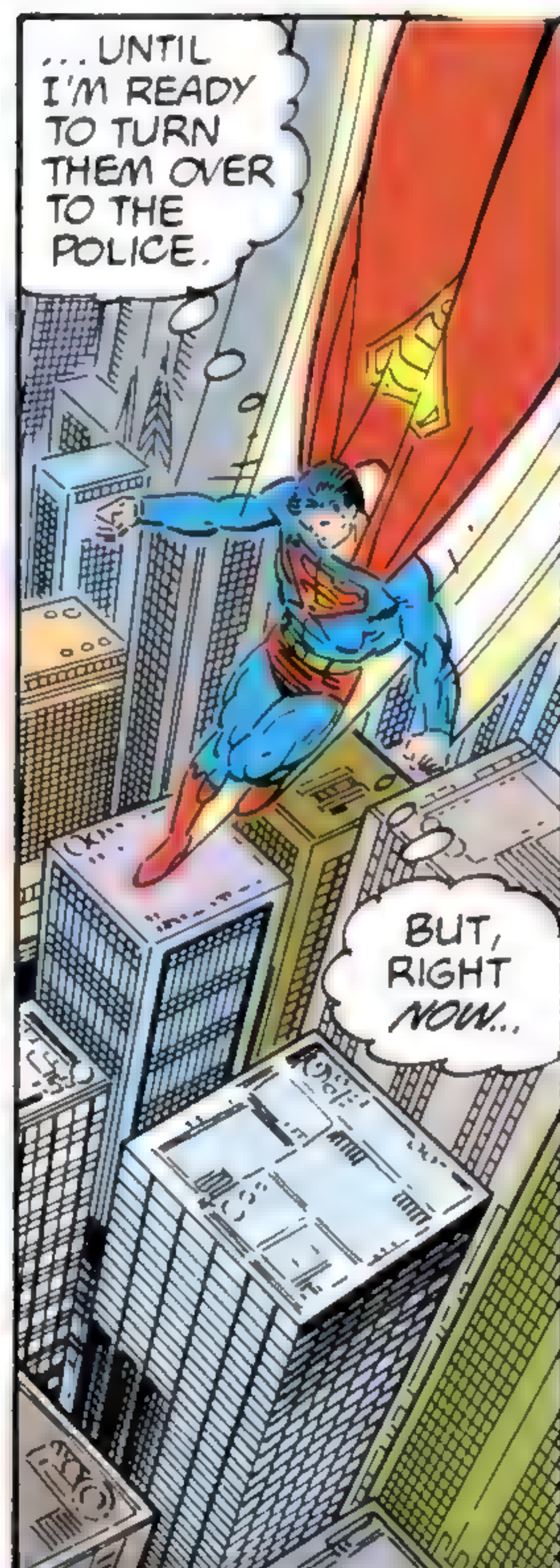
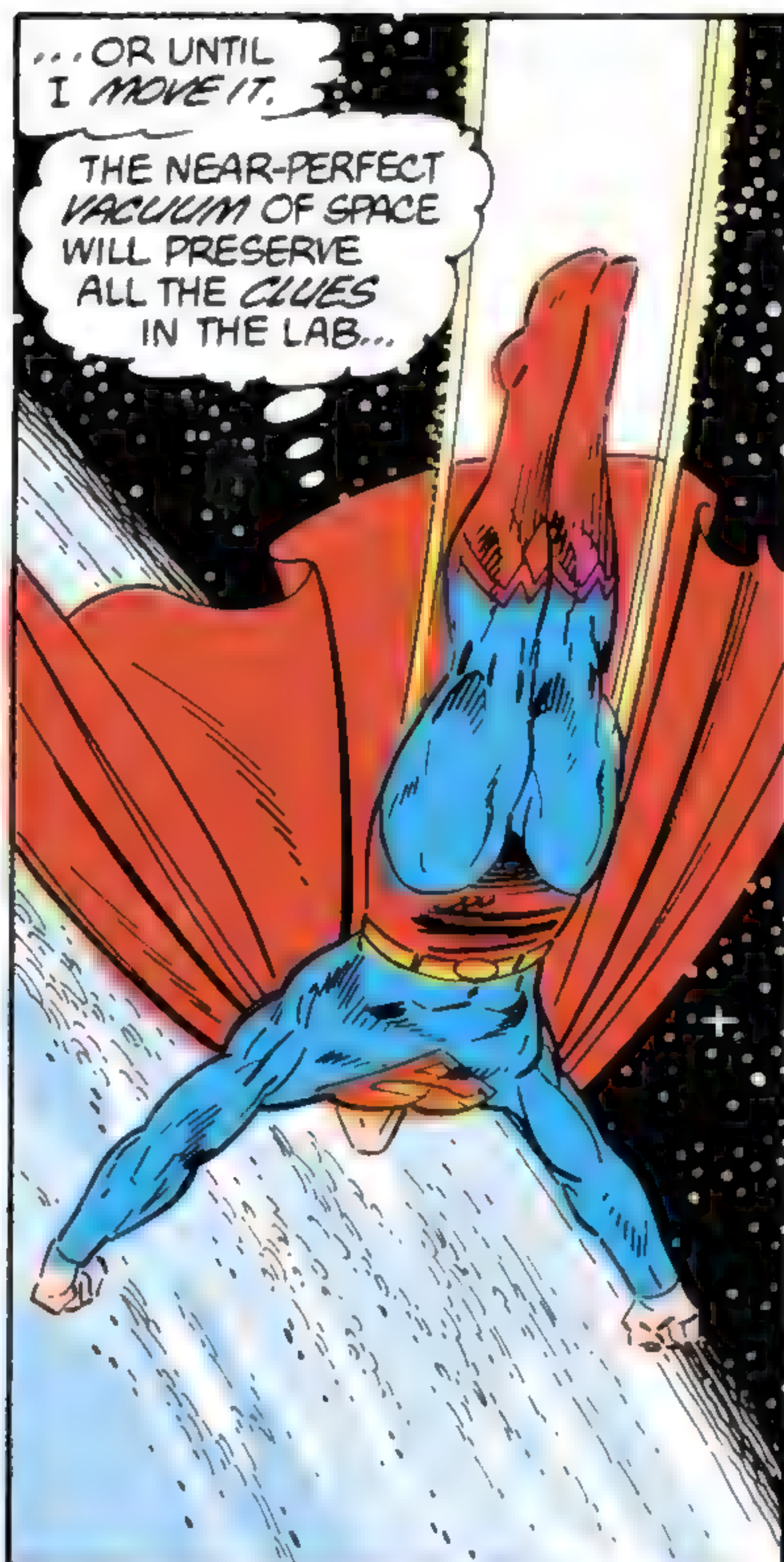
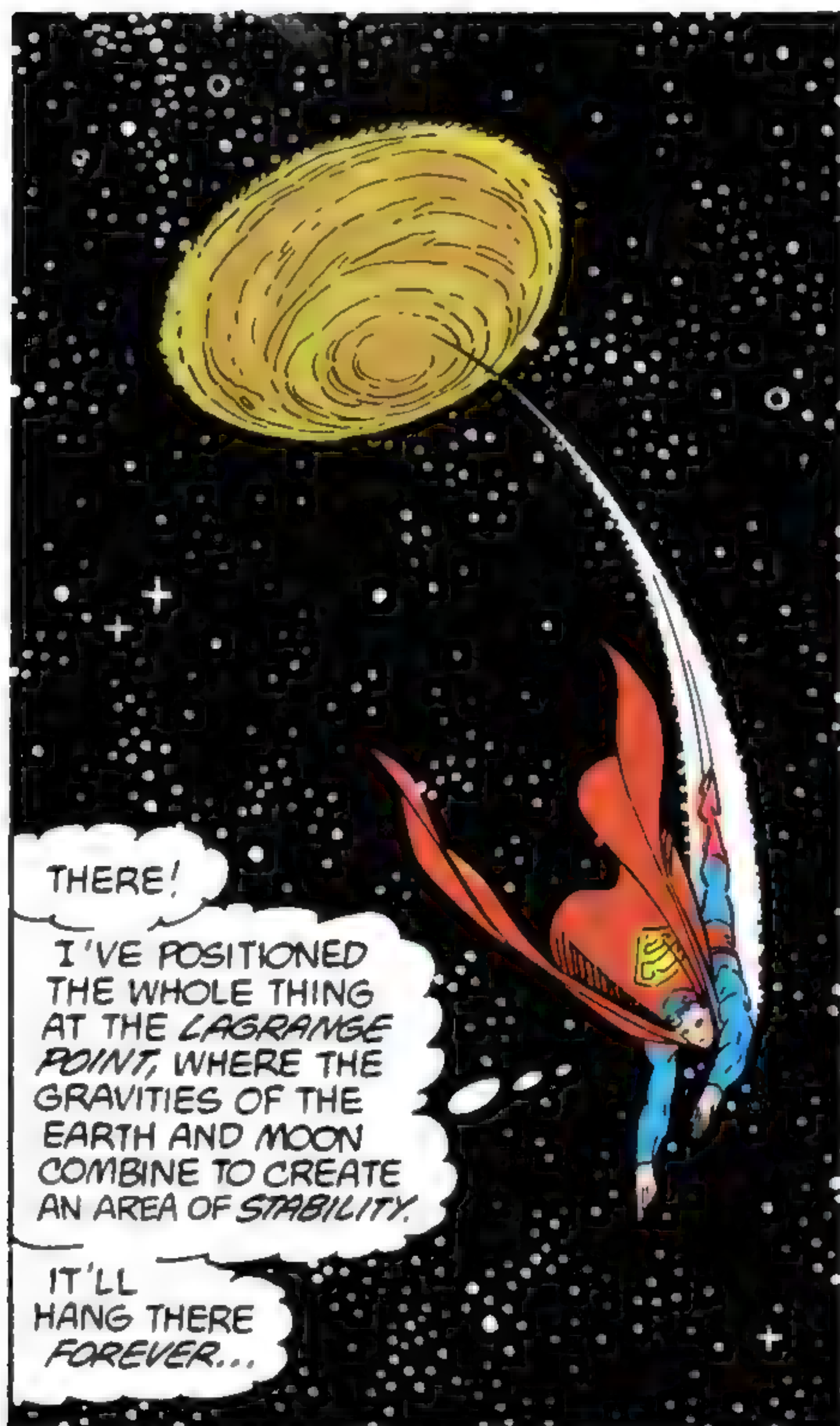


AS A DULY DEPUTIZED *SPECIAL OPERATIVE* OF THE METROPOLIS POLICE FORCE, I *SHOULD* CONTACT THE LOCAL AUTHORITIES AND *REPORT* ALL THIS.

BUT IT'S OBVIOUS OUR LATE FRIEND ON THE TABLE THERE KNEW MORE ABOUT MY *SECRET ORIGINS* THAN ANYONE IS SUPPOSED TO.

SO, UNTIL I CAN FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO ABOUT ALL THIS...



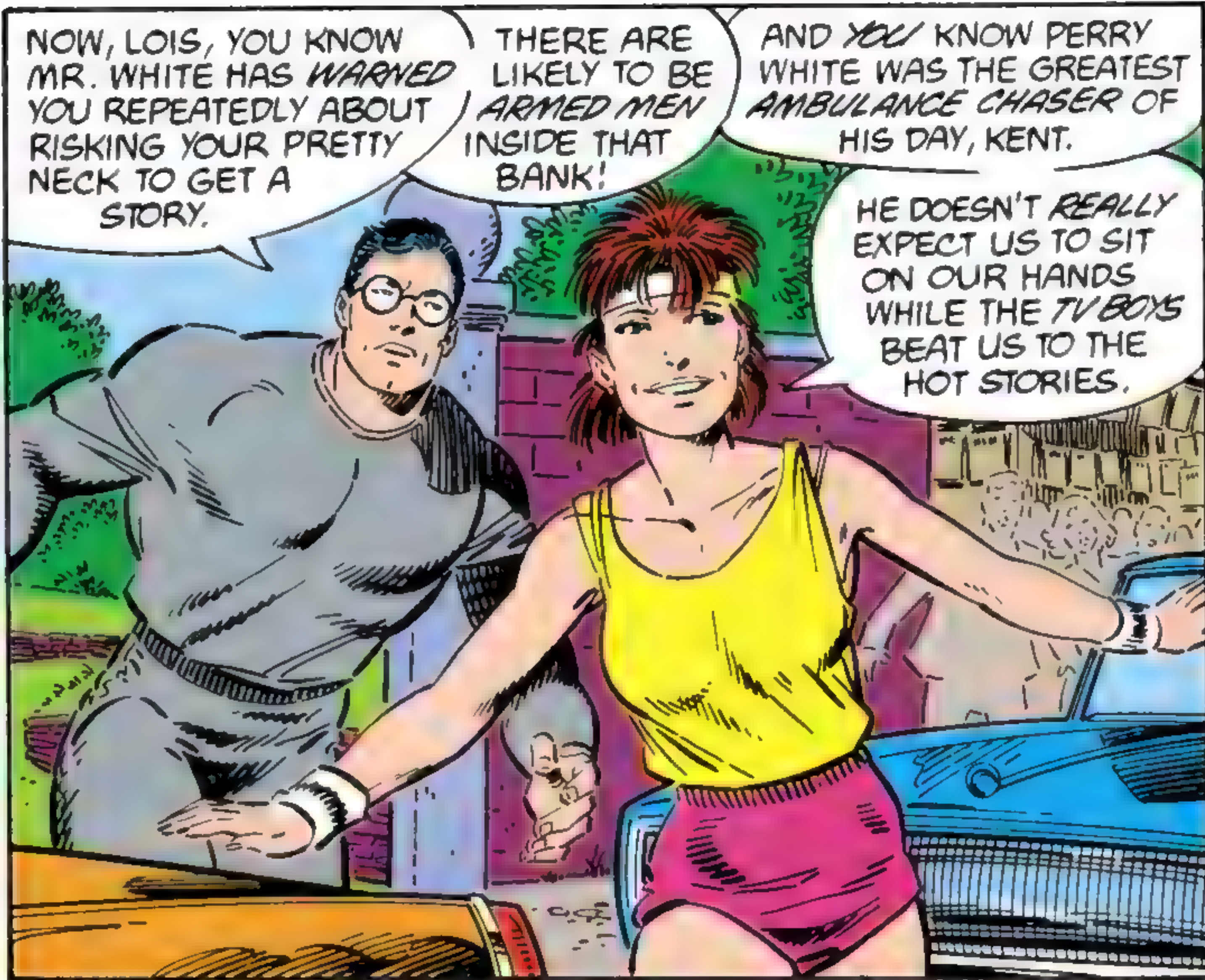






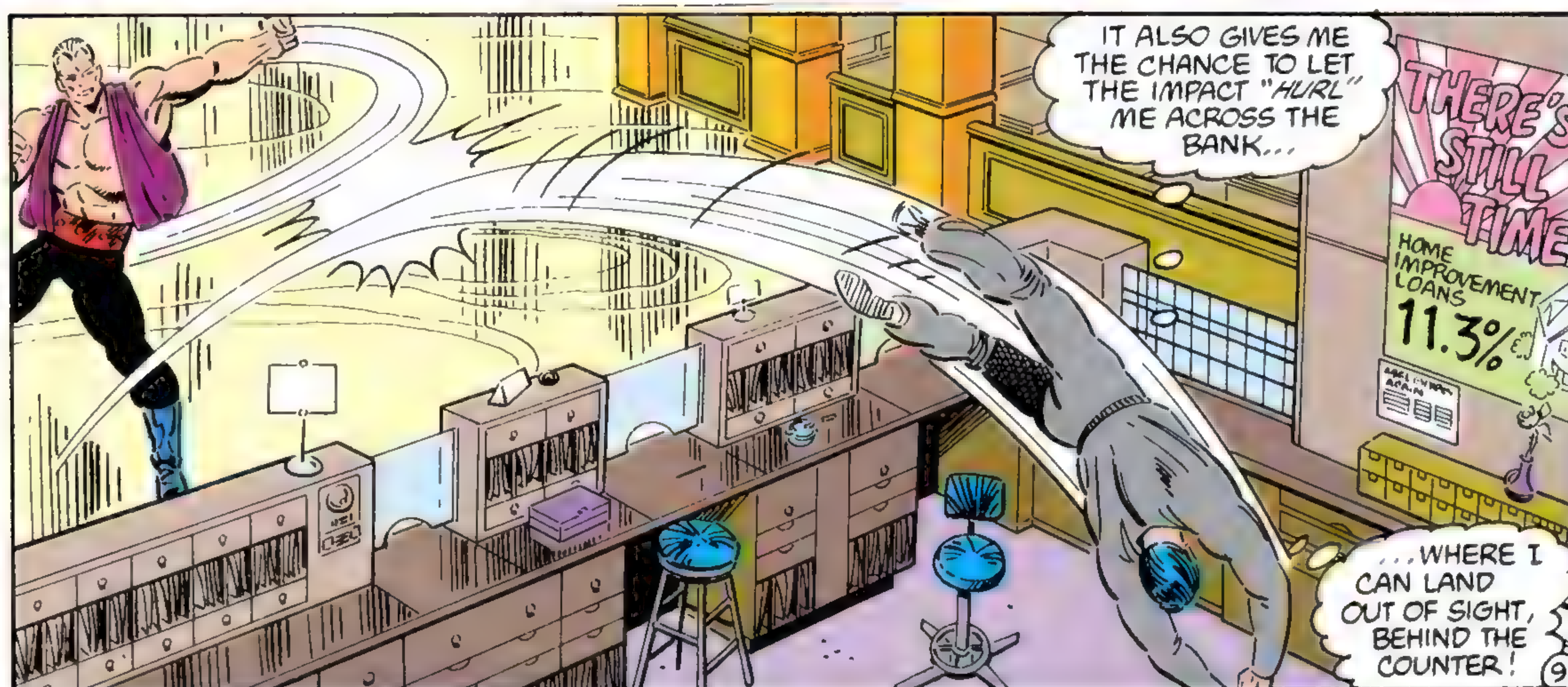
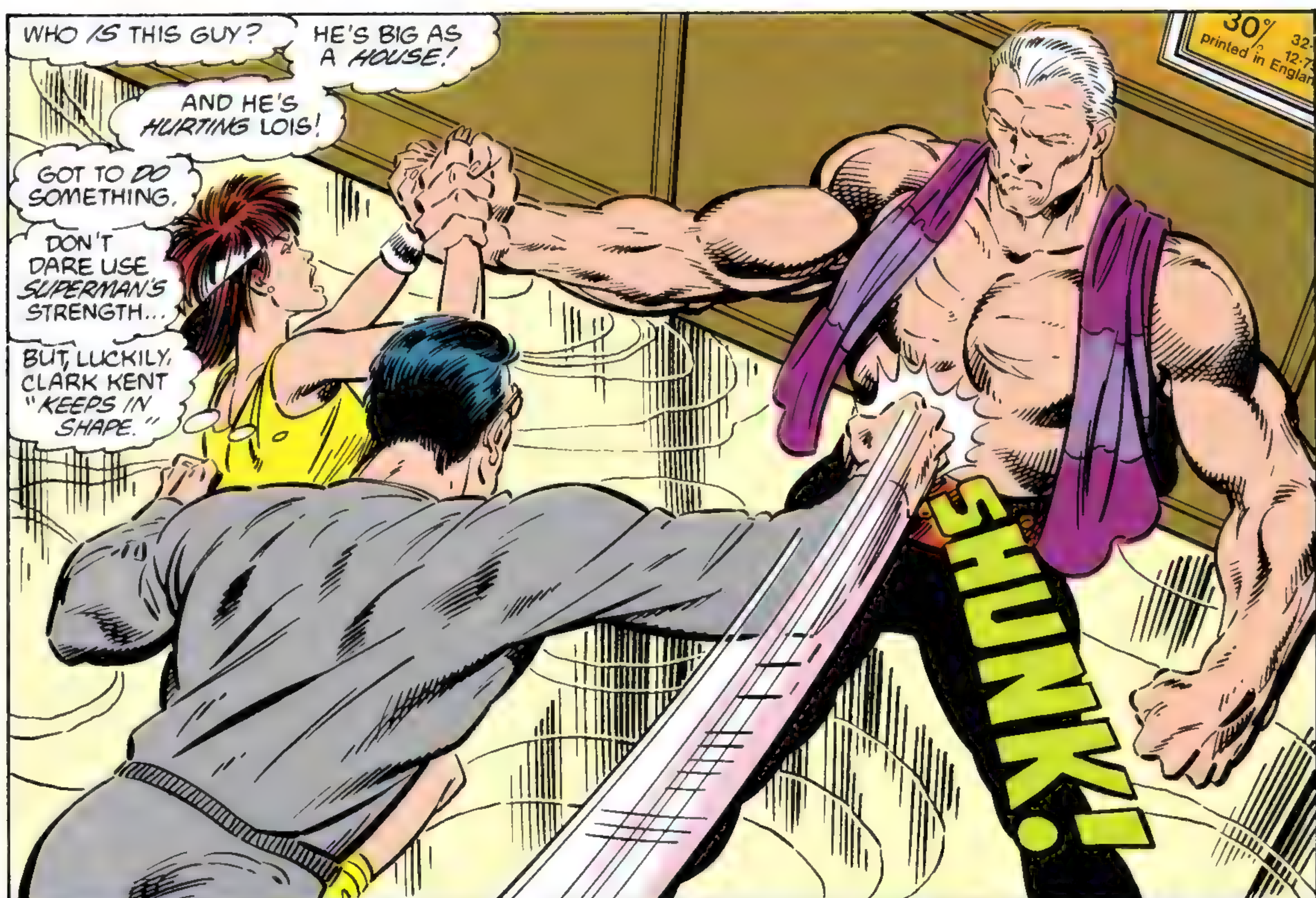
LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY COULDN'T WAIT 'TIL MONDAY TO MAKE A WITHDRAWAL.

C'MON, KENT!



MORE POWERFUL!
MUCH, MUCH MORE POWERFUL!

HEY!!





DIDN'T YOU
HEAR WHAT I
SAID, KENT?

OH, YES. I KNOW
WHO YOU ARE. LOIS
LANE AND CLARK
KENT. CRUSADING
WRITERS FOR THE
DAILY PLANET.

WELL, YOU'VE
BOTH LUCKED
INTO THE ULTIMATE
STORY, THIS TIME.

THE STORY OF
METALLO!

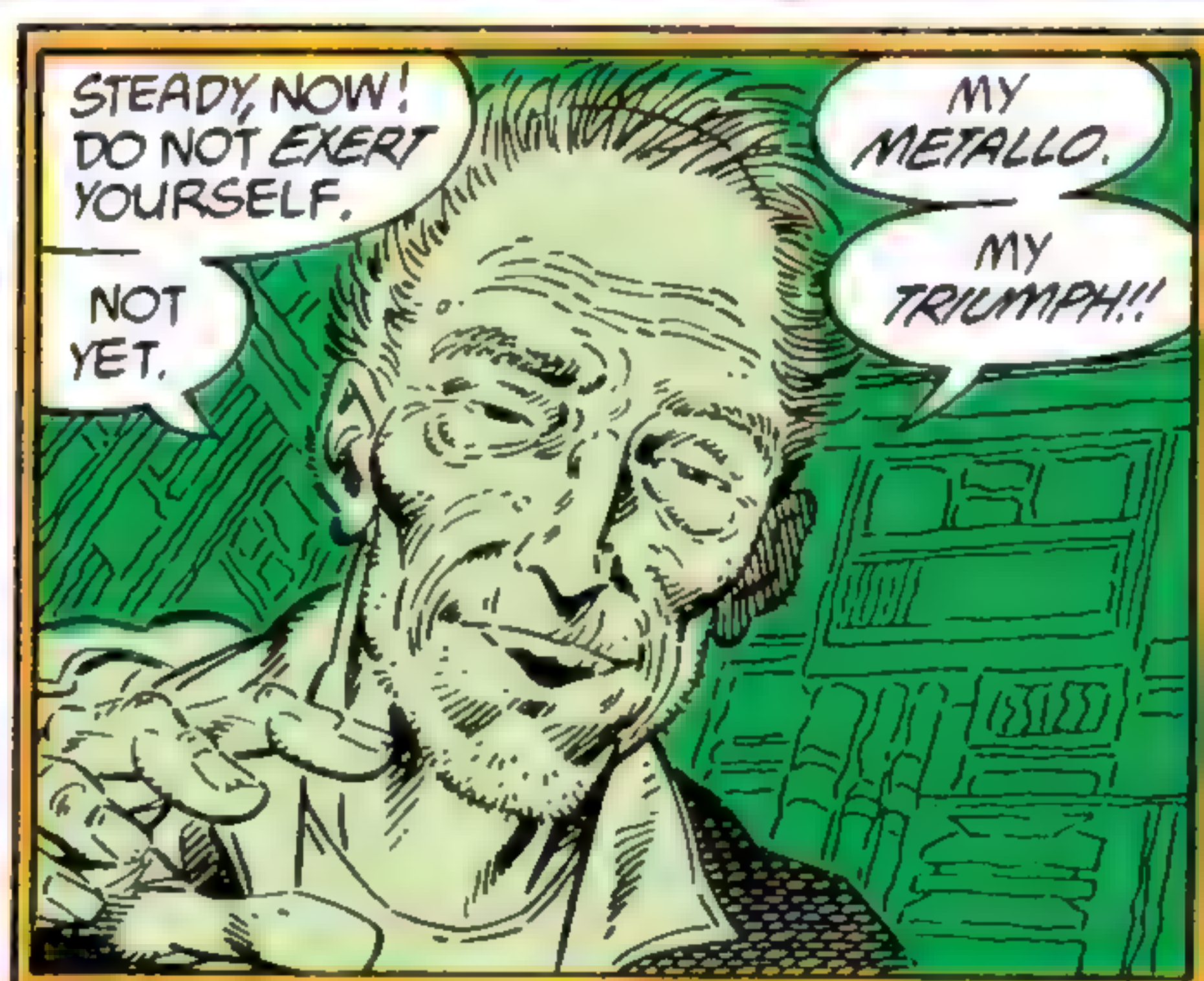
THE MAN
WHO'S GONNA
KILL
SUPERMAN!!



"METALLO"?

YOU HAVE GOT
TO BE KIDDING!

WHERE THE
HECK DID YOU
PICK UP A
CORNBALL
NAME LIKE
THAT?

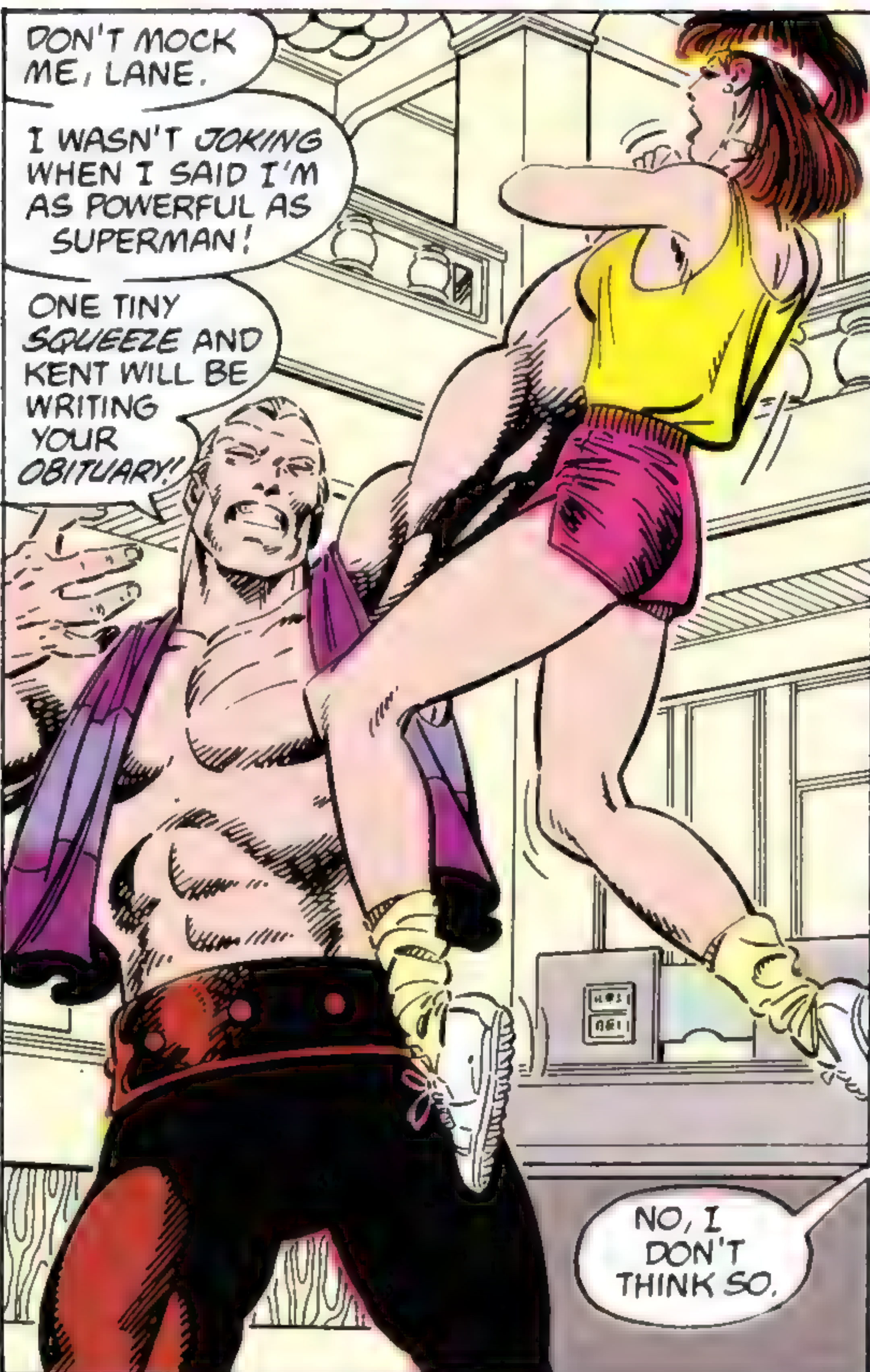


STEADY, NOW!
DO NOT EXERT
YOURSELF.

NOT
YET.

MY
METALLO.

MY
TRIUMPH!!

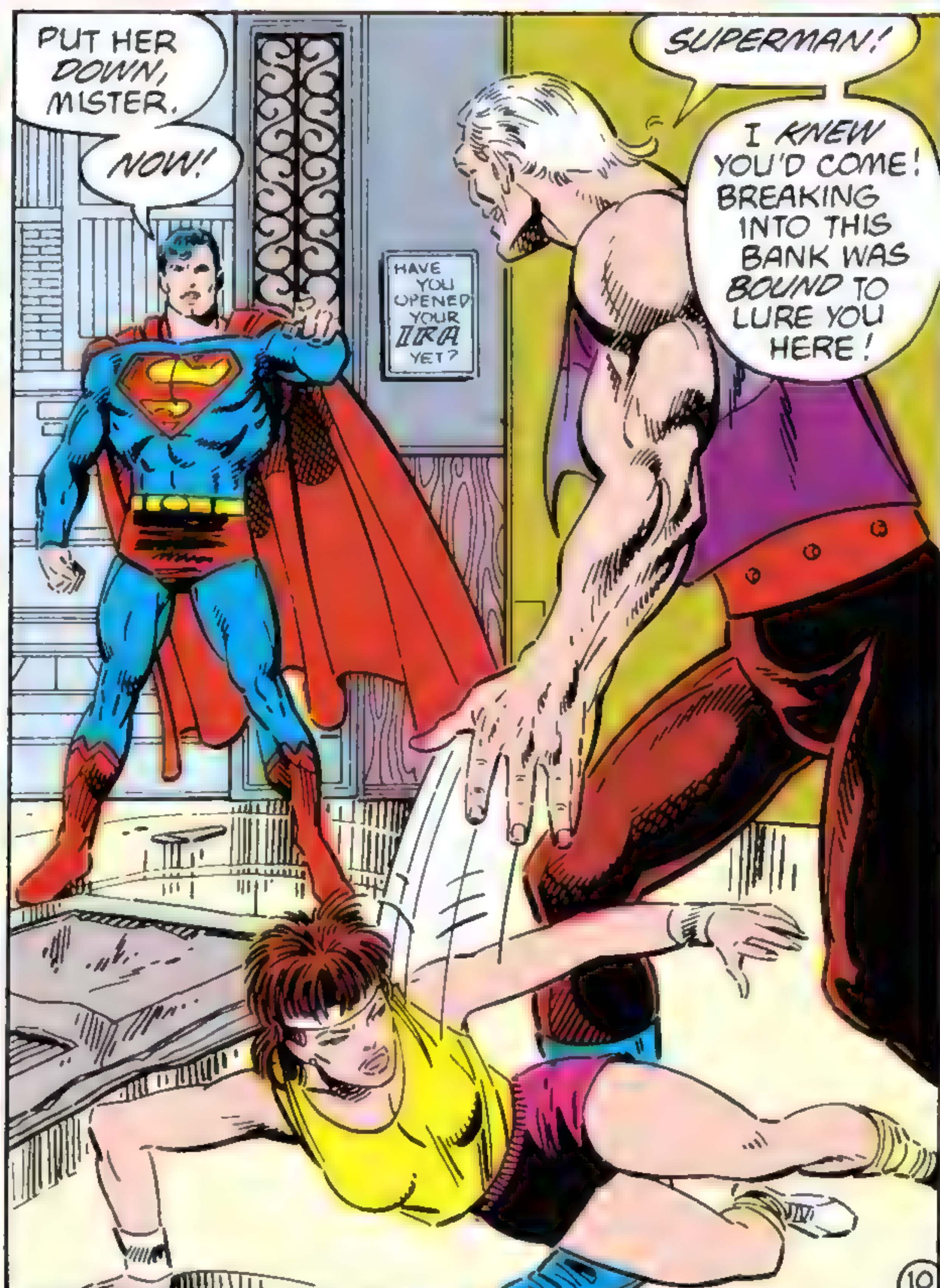


DON'T MOCK
ME, LANE.

I WASN'T JOKING
WHEN I SAID I'M
AS POWERFUL AS
SUPERMAN!

ONE TINY
SQUEEZE AND
KENT WILL BE
WRITING
YOUR
OBITUARY!

NO, I
DON'T
THINK SO.



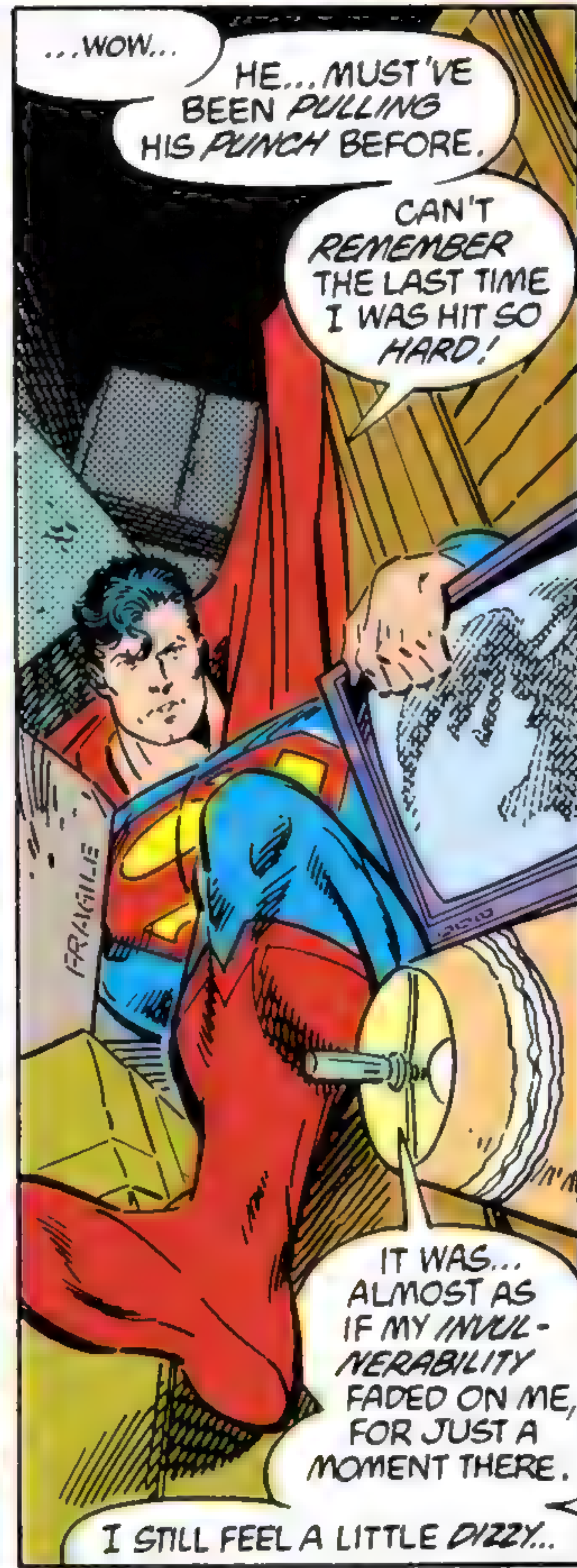
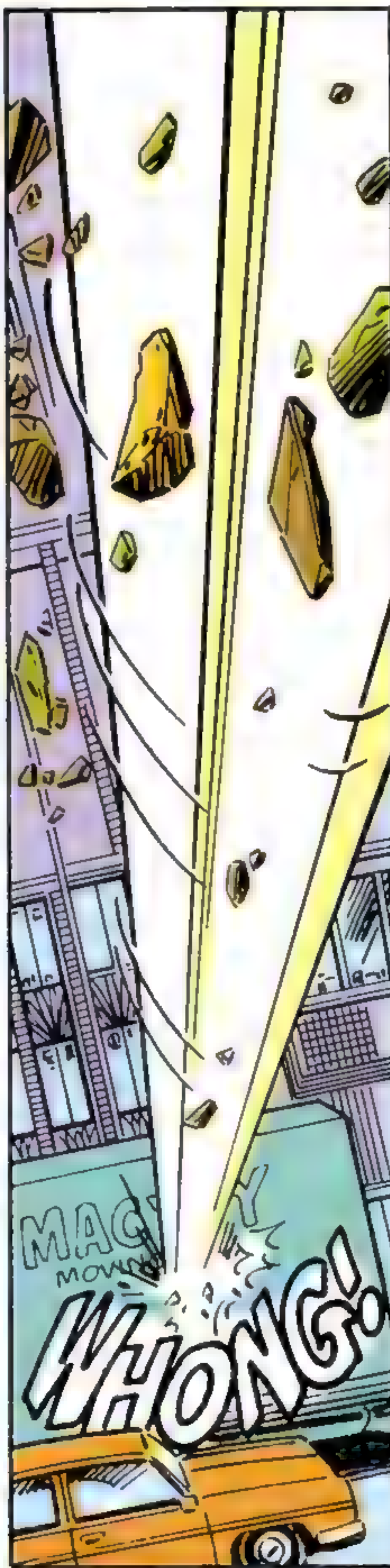
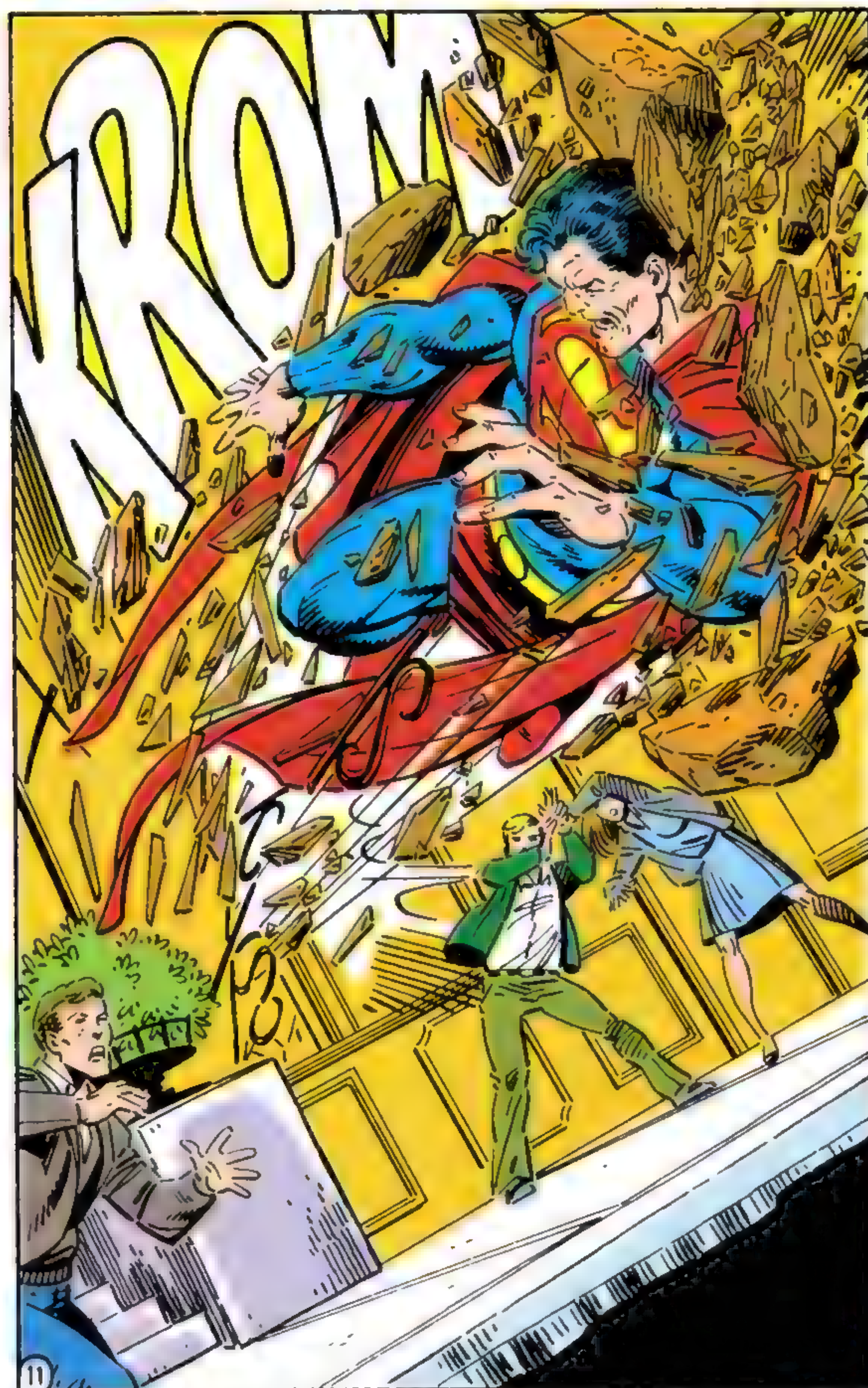
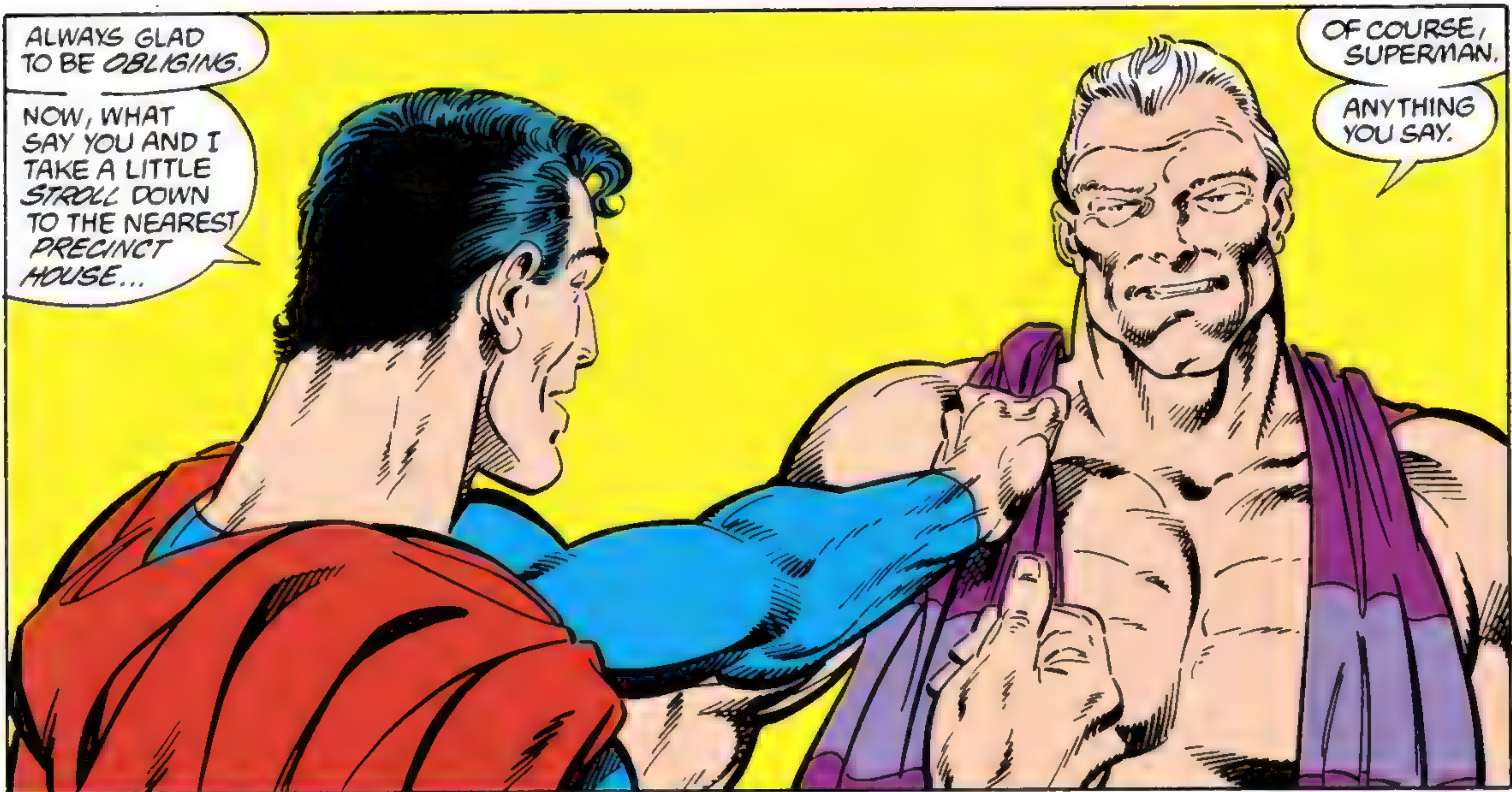
PUT HER
DOWN,
MISTER.

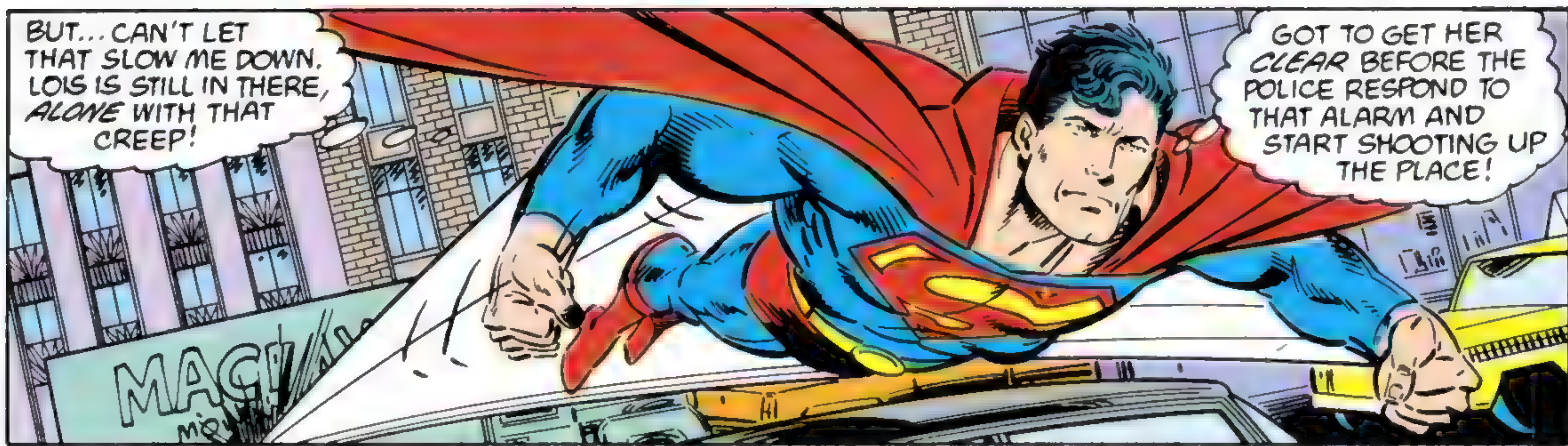
NOW!

SUPERMAN!

I KNEW
YOU'D COME!
BREAKING
INTO THIS
BANK WAS
BOUND TO
LURE YOU
HERE!

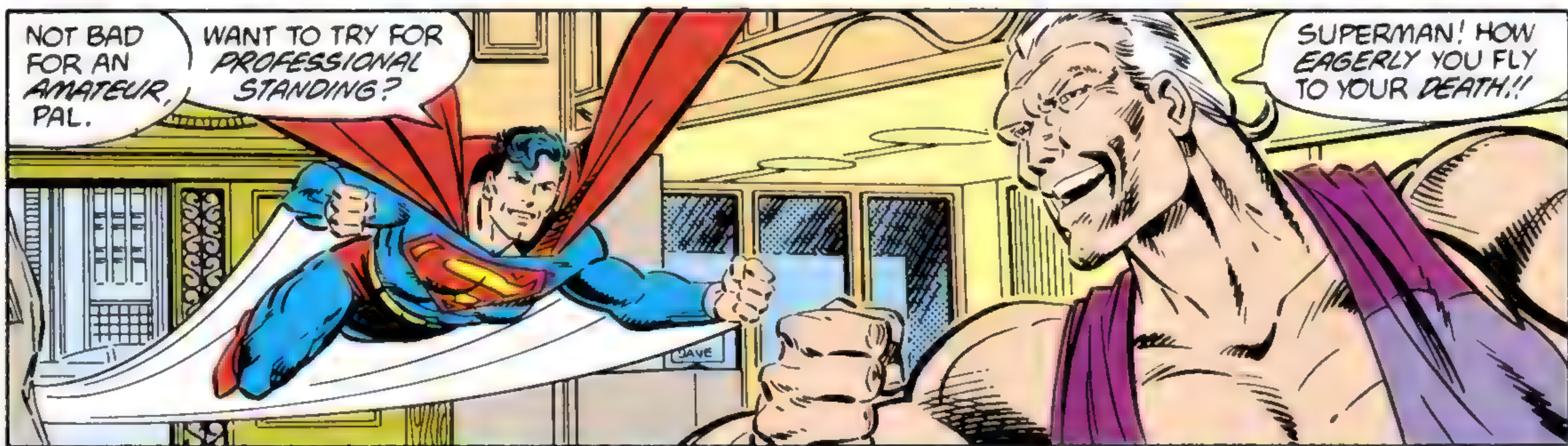
HAVE
YOU
OPENED
YOUR
IRA
YET?





BUT... CAN'T LET THAT SLOW ME DOWN. LOIS IS STILL IN THERE, ALONE WITH THAT CREEP!

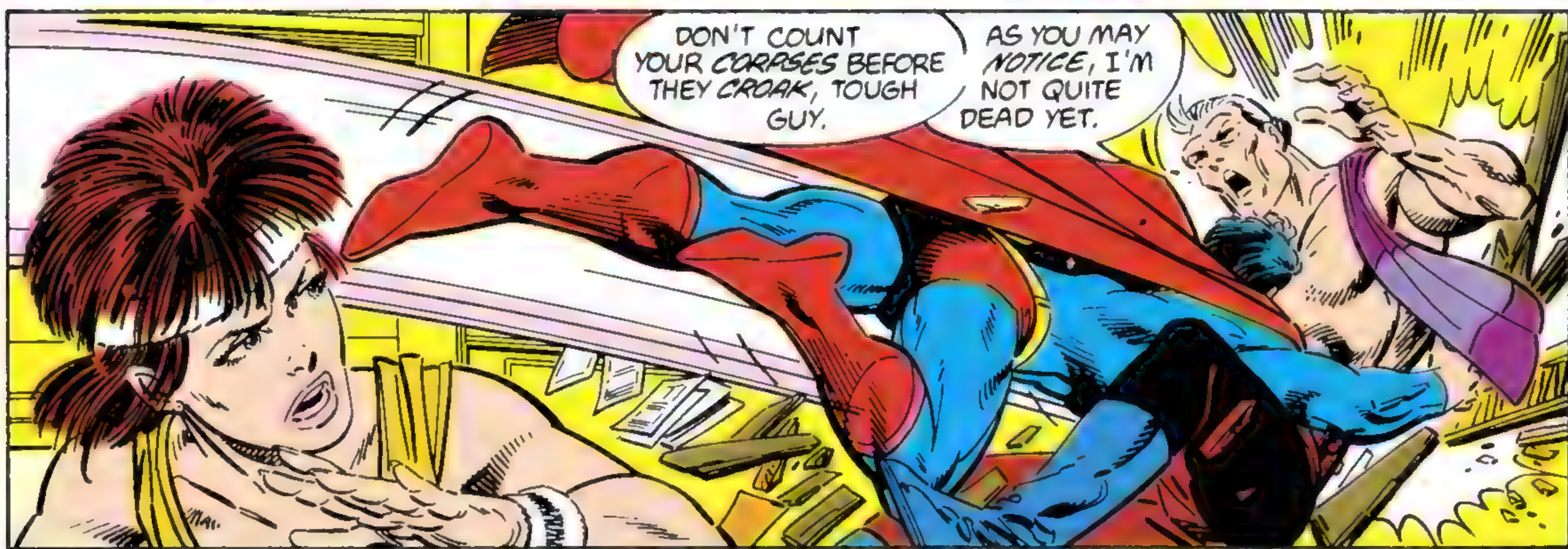
GOT TO GET HER CLEAR BEFORE THE POLICE RESPOND TO THAT ALARM AND START SHOOTING UP THE PLACE!



NOT BAD FOR AN AMATEUR, PAL.

WANT TO TRY FOR PROFESSIONAL STANDING?

SUPERMAN! HOW EAGERLY YOU FLY TO YOUR DEATH!!



DON'T COUNT YOUR CARRIES BEFORE THEY CROAK, TOUGH GUY.

AS YOU MAY NOTICE, I'M NOT QUITE DEAD YET.



WOW!

SUPERMAN'S REALLY LAYING INTO THIS GUY!

IF METALLO'S AS TOUGH AS HE SAYS HE IS, THE WHOLE BUILDING'S LIKELY TO COME DOWN 'ROUND THEIR EARS!



AND MINE, TOO!

GOT TO GET CLARK OUT OF THERE!

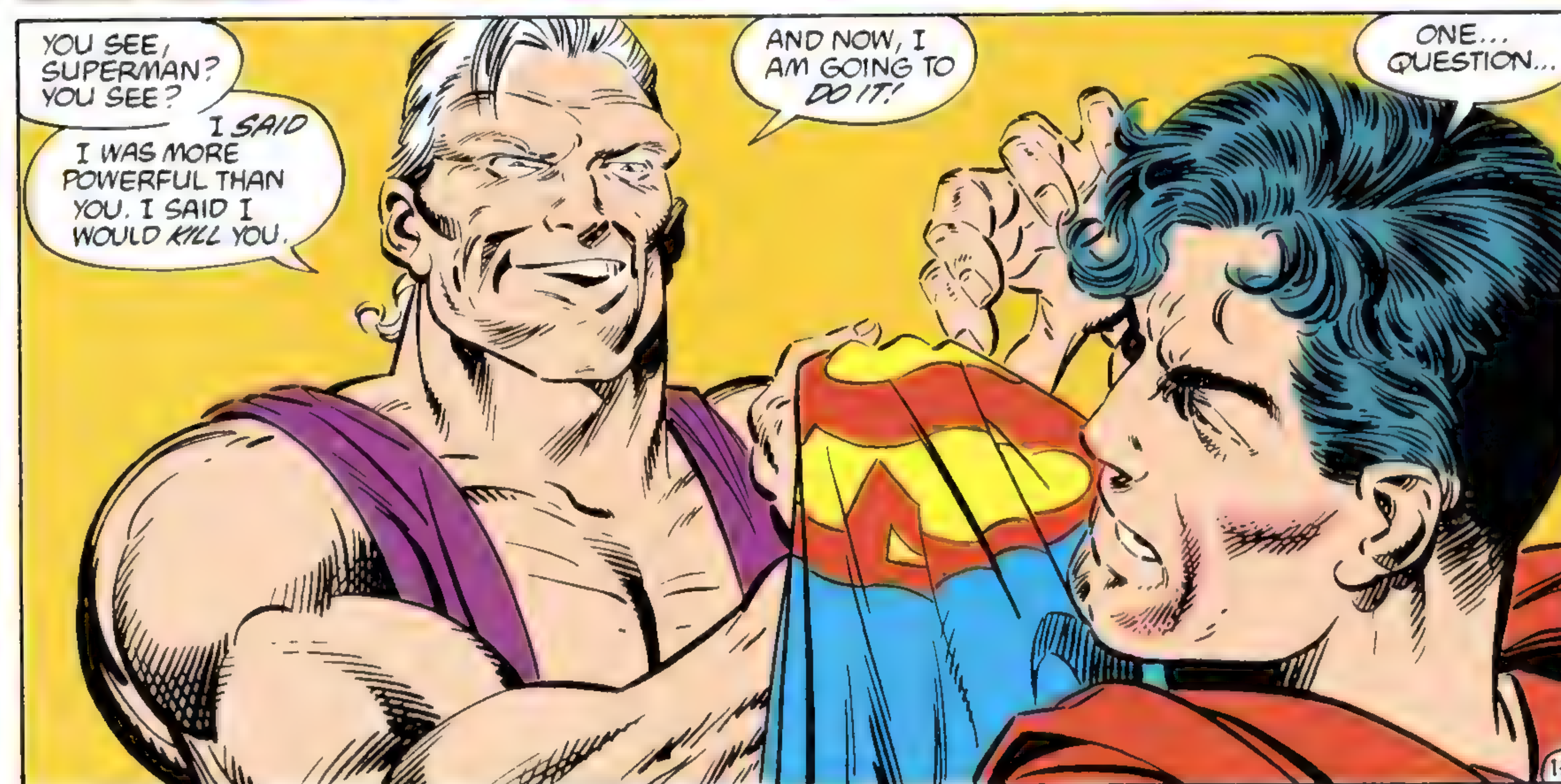
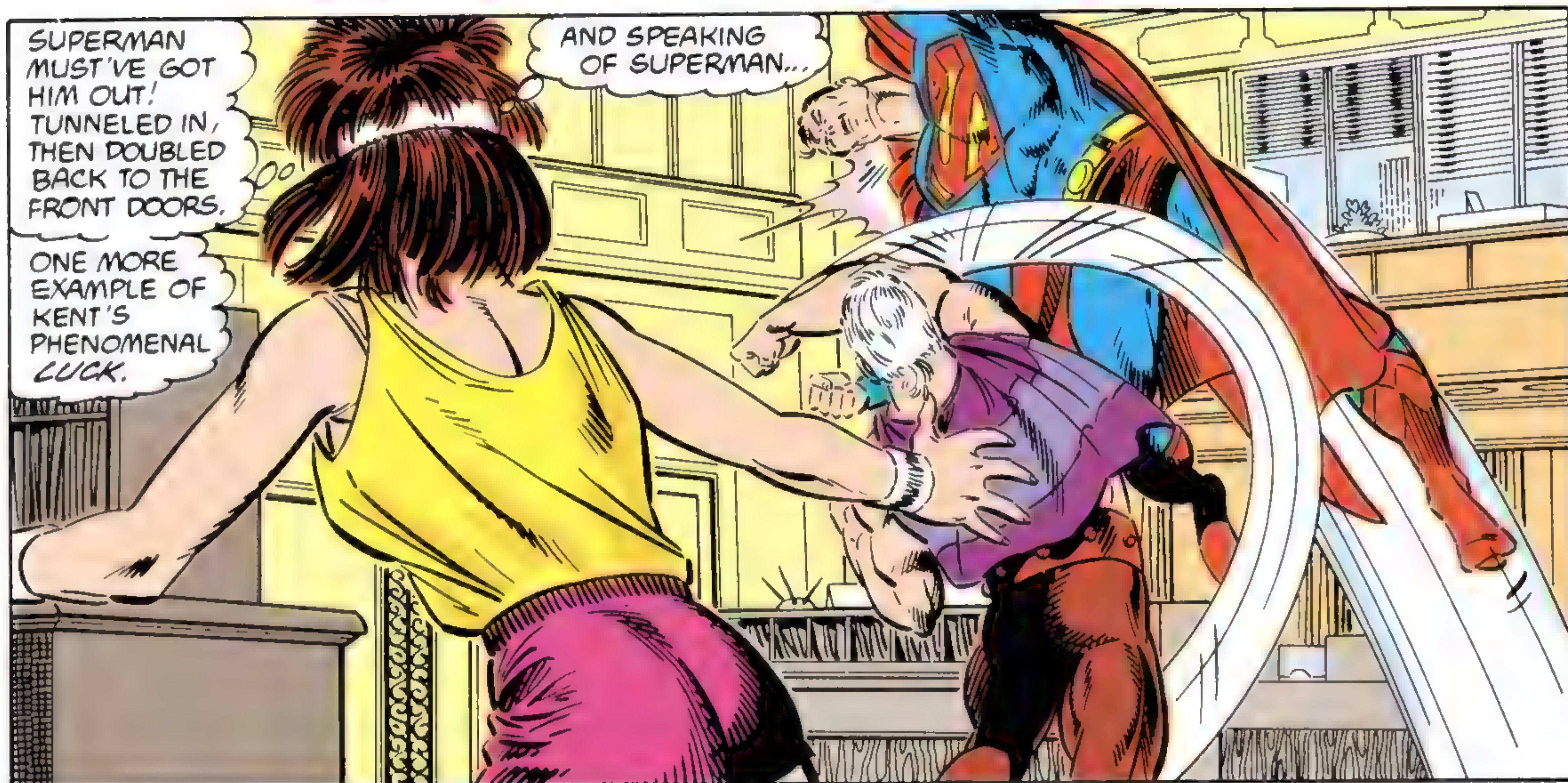
I HAVEN'T HEARD A DEEP OUT OF HIM SINCE METALLO PITCHED HIM ACROSS THE ROOM.

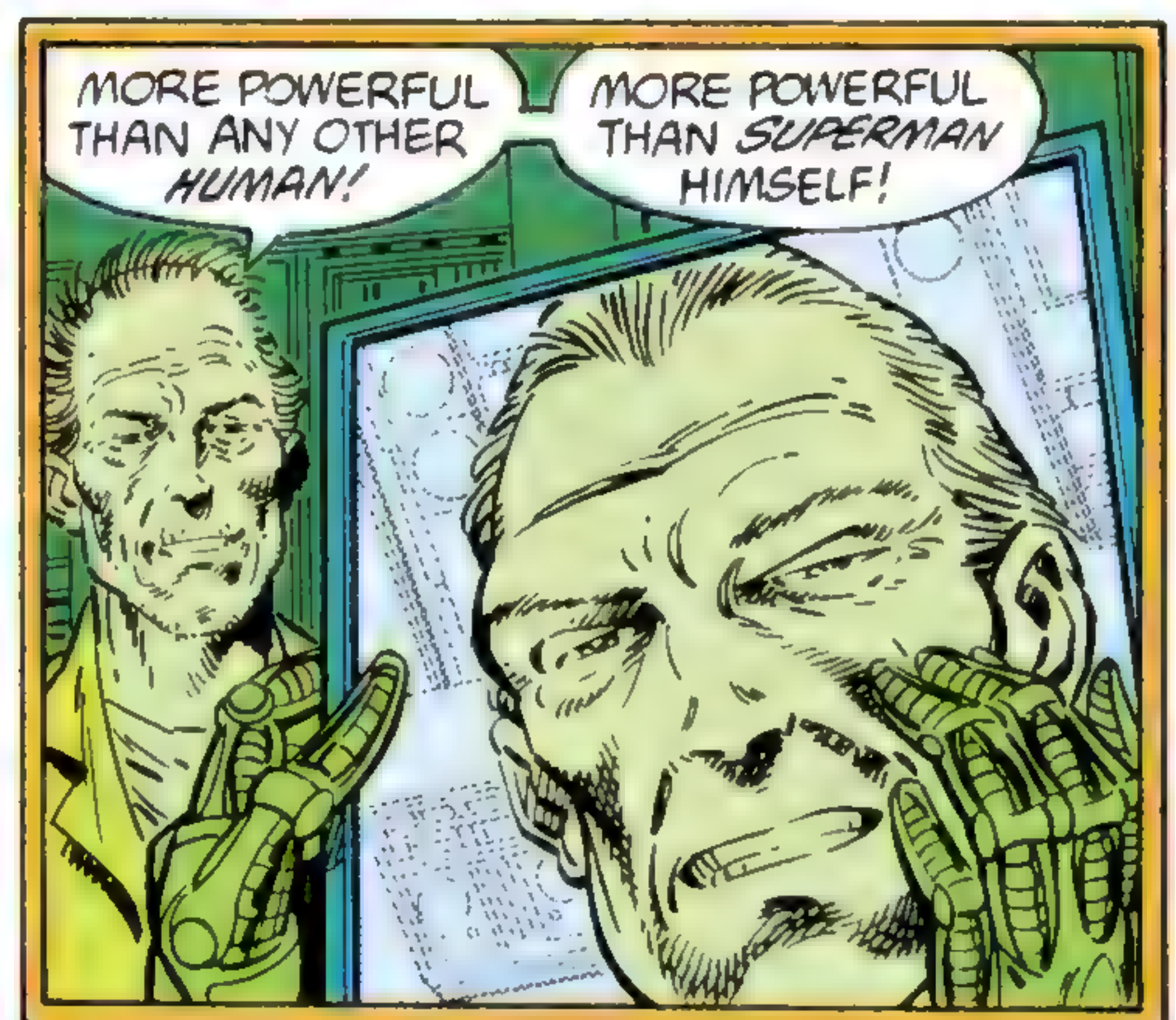
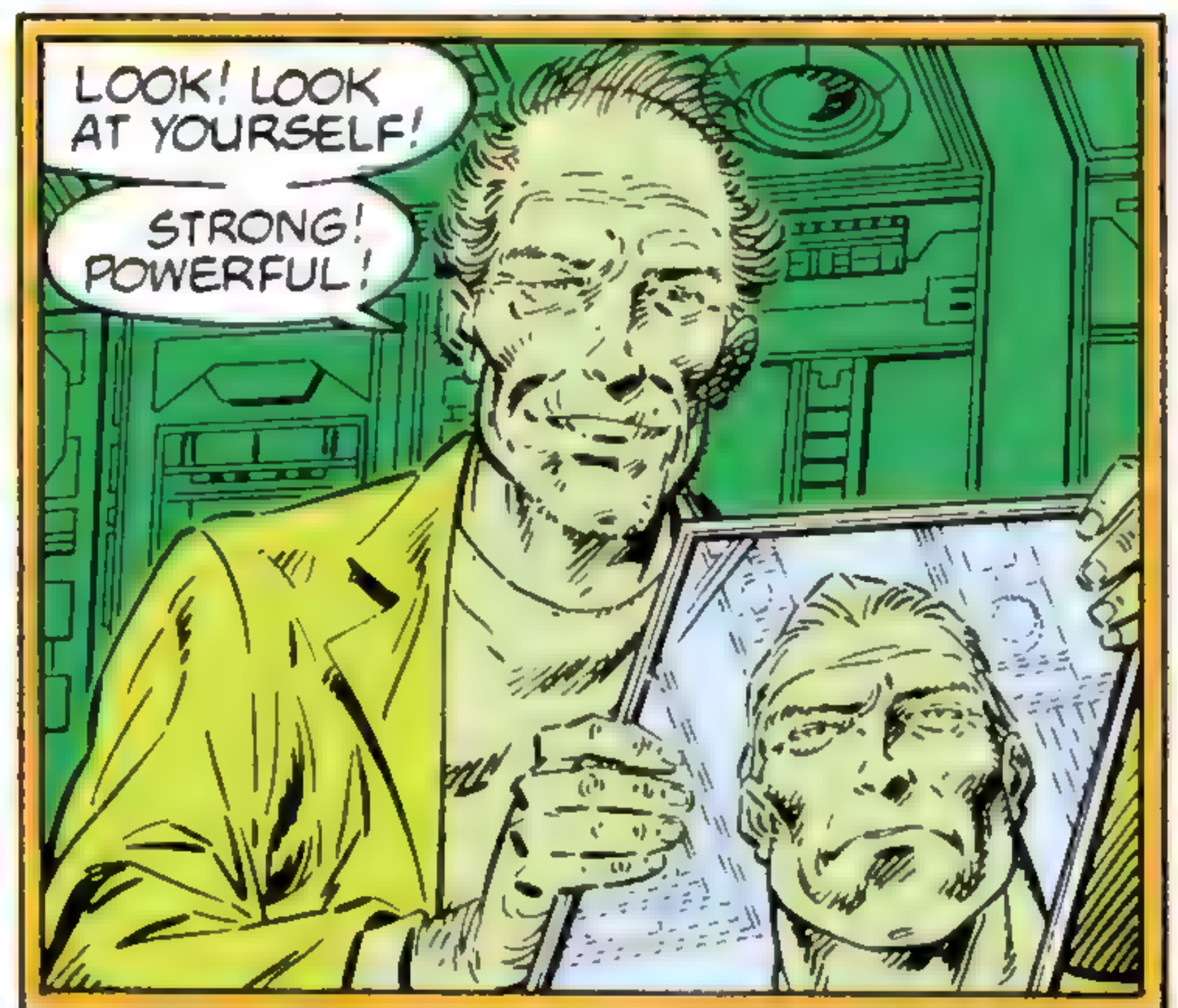


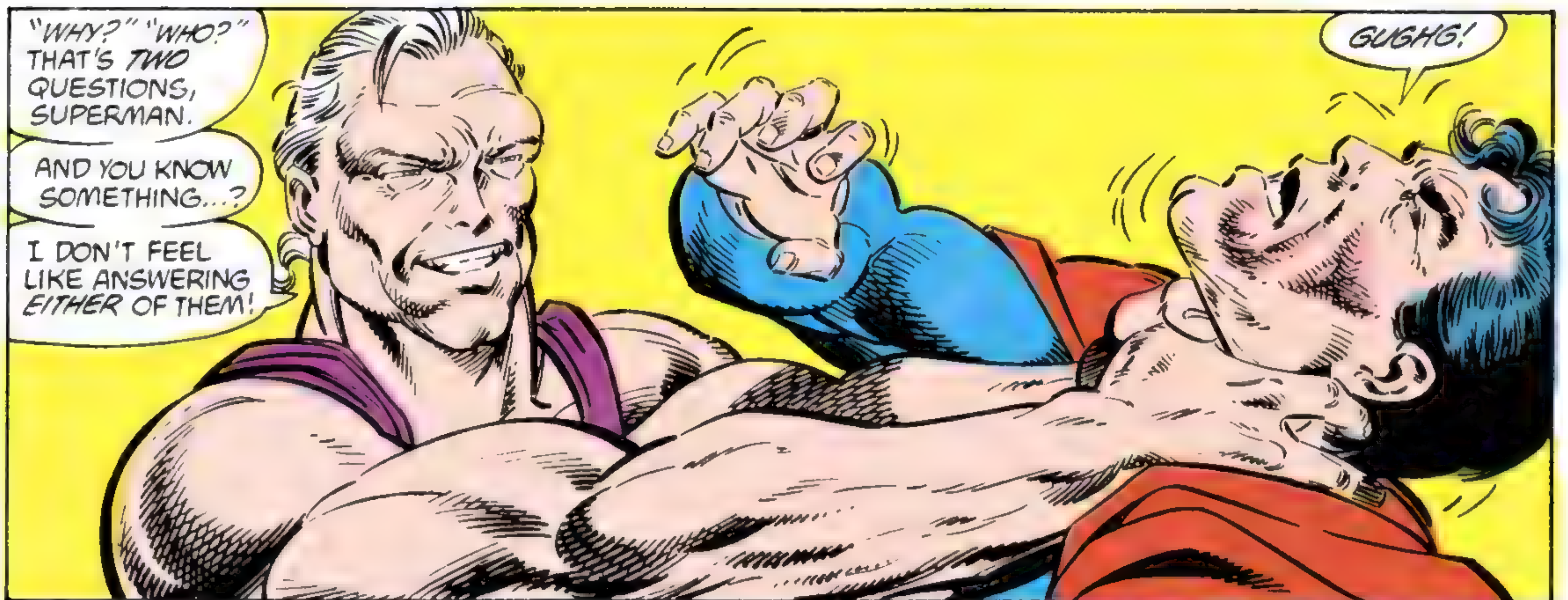
KENT!

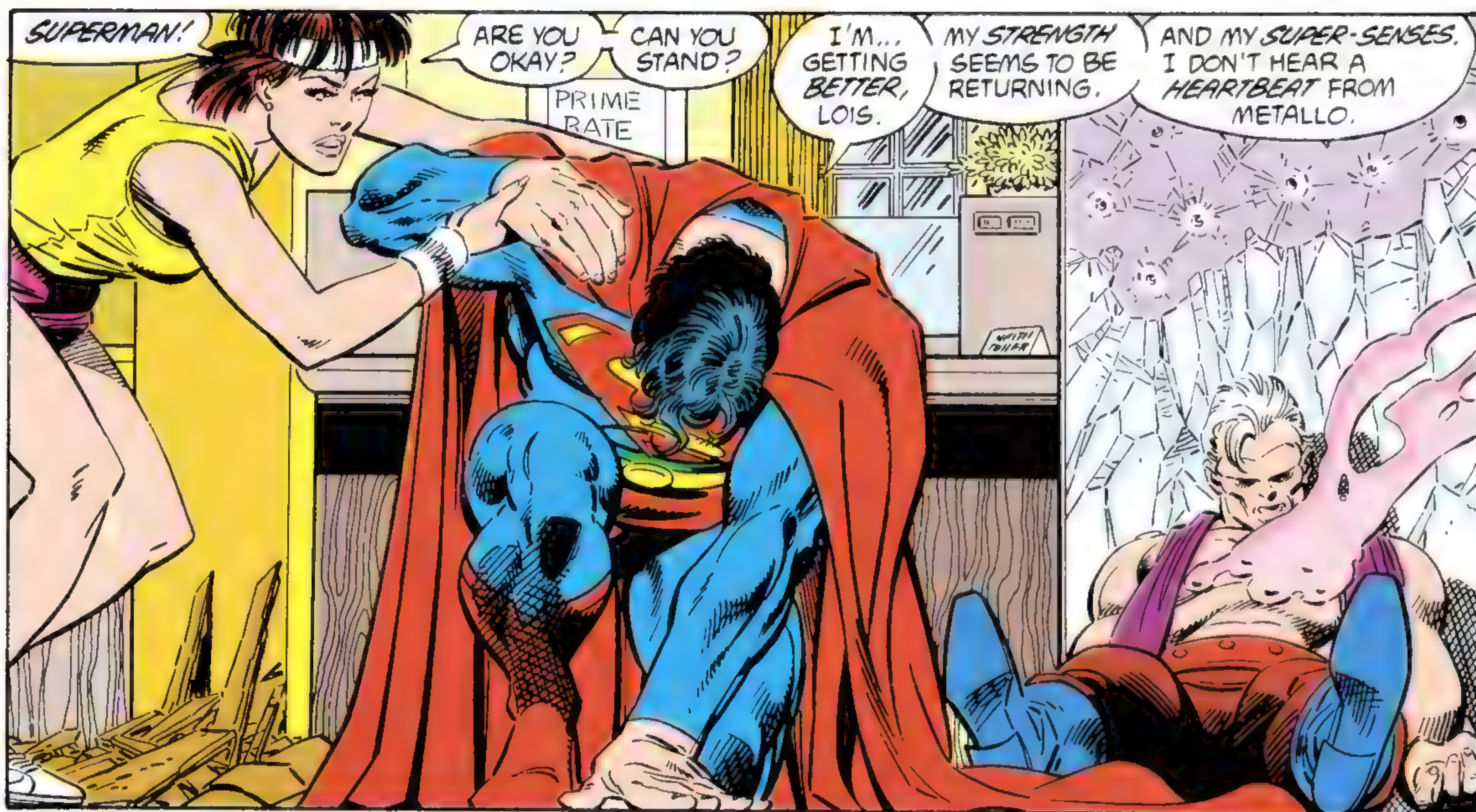
KENT, ARE YOU...?

??









SUPERMAN!

ARE YOU
OKAY?

CAN YOU
STAND?

I'M...
GETTING
BETTER,
LOIS.

MY STRENGTH
SEEMS TO BE
RETURNING.

AND MY SUPER-SENSES.
I DON'T HEAR A
HEARTBEAT FROM
METALLO.

PRIME
RATE

WILL
TALK



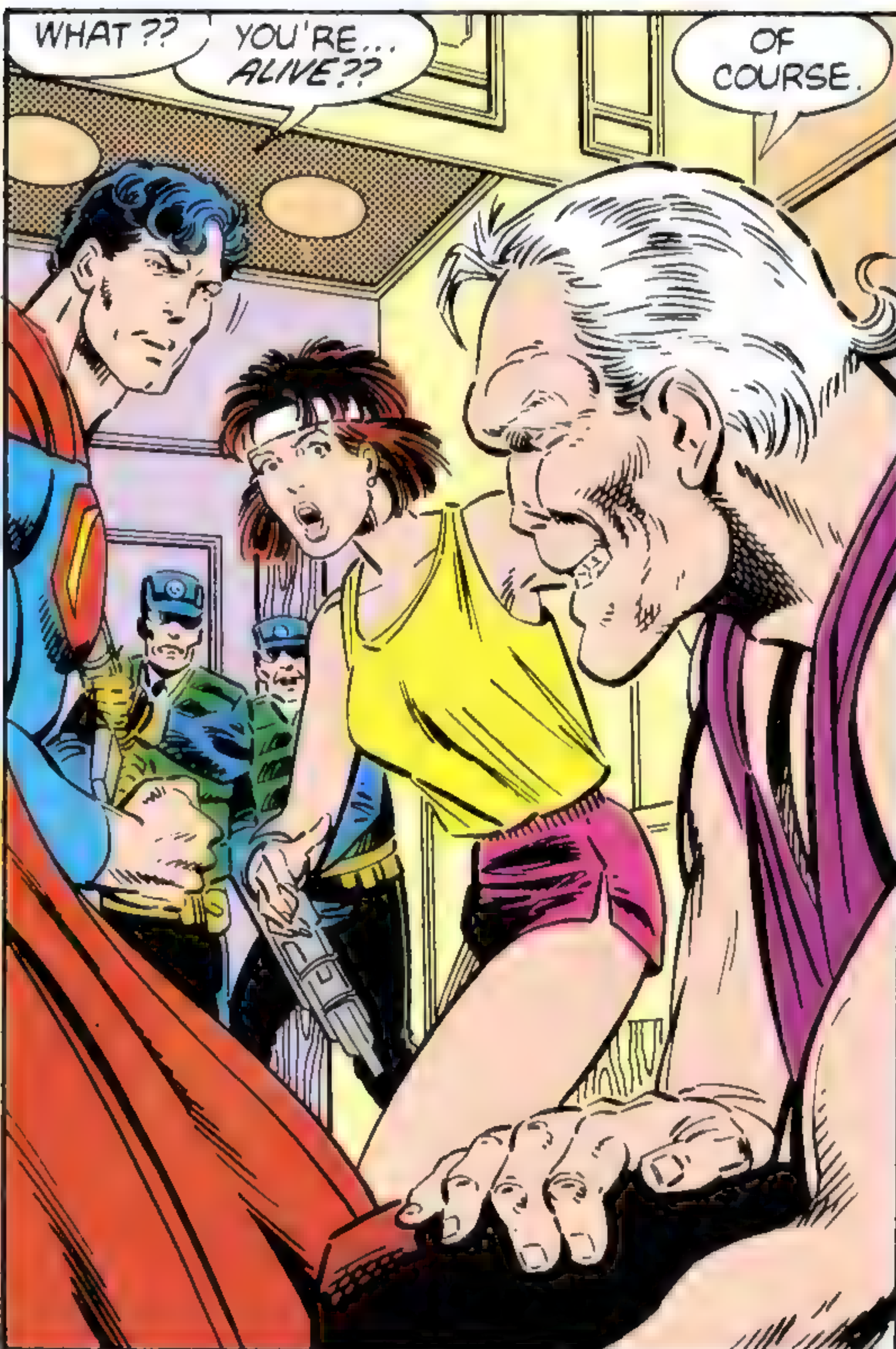
THEN... HE'S
DEAD?

IT'S OVER SO
QUICKLY? WITHOUT
EVER FINDING OUT
WHO HE REALLY
WAS?

OH, I'M SURE THE
POLICE WILL BE ABLE TO
UNCOVER HIS TRUE
IDENTITY SOONER OR
LATER, LOIS.

MY MAIN
CONCERN IS FINDING
OUT WHAT HE DID TO
SAP MY POWERS LIKE
THAT!

AND I'LL
BE HAPPY TO SHOW
YOU, SUPERMAN.



WHAT??

YOU'RE...
ALIVE??

OF
COURSE.

YOU STILL DON'T
UNDERSTAND, DO YOU,
SUPERMAN?

YOU CAN'T HURT ME.
YOU CAN'T KILL ME.

BUT I'M GOING TO
DO BOTH TO YOU!!

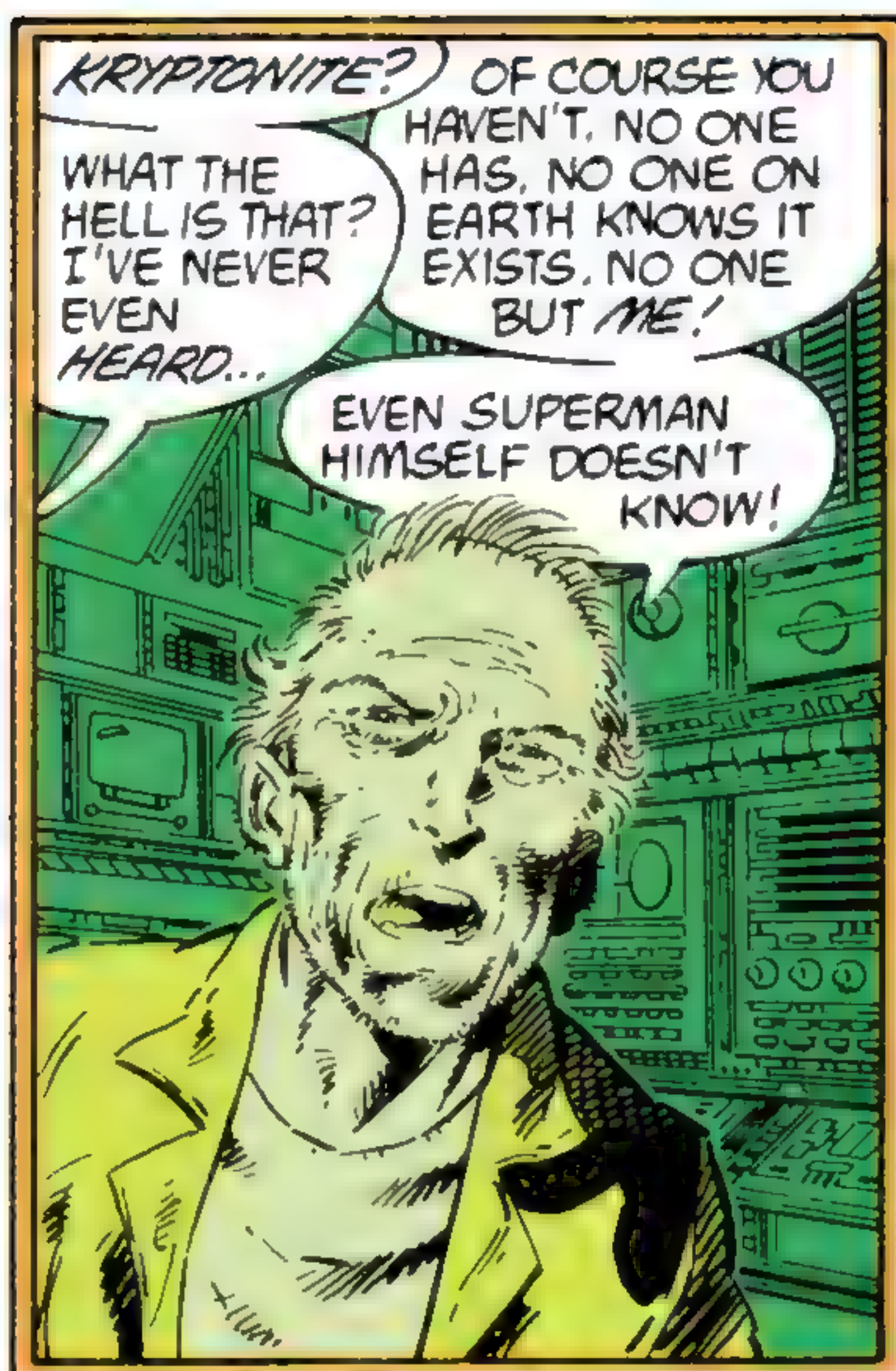


KILL
SUPERMAN?

ARE YOU
CRAZY, OLD
MAN? NOBODY
CAN DO
THAT!

NO! ONE MAN
CAN! YOU CAN!
BECAUSE YOU
WILL HAVE THE
ONE THING ON
EARTH THAT
CAN HARM HIM!

KRYPTONITE!!



KRYPTONITE? OF COURSE YOU HAVEN'T. NO ONE HAS, NO ONE ON EARTH KNOWS IT EXISTS. NO ONE BUT ME!

WHAT THE HELL IS THAT? I'VE NEVER EVEN HEARD...

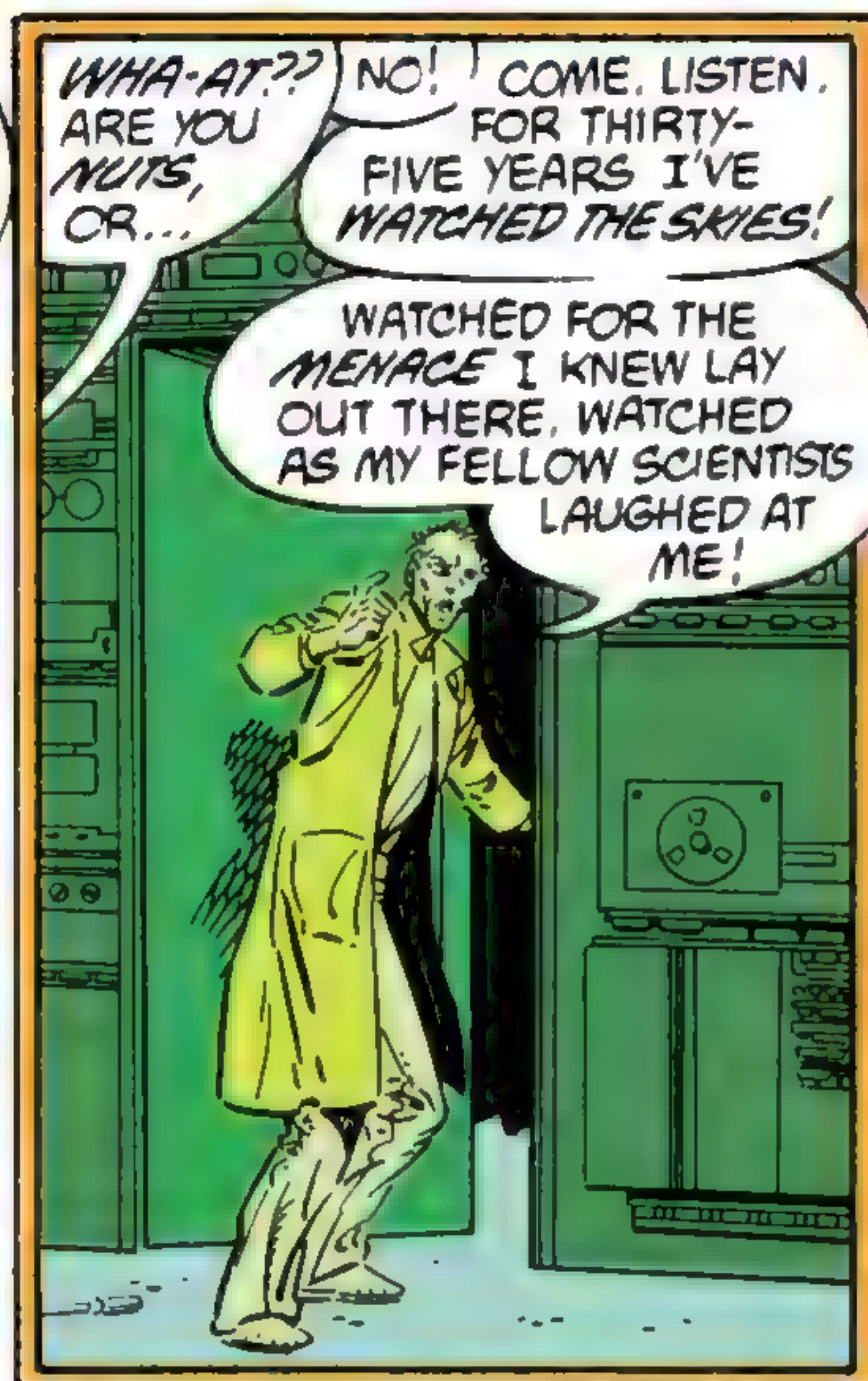
EVEN SUPERMAN HIMSELF DOESN'T KNOW!



BUT I DO, AND I KNOW MORE THAN THAT! I KNOW SUPERMAN'S GREATEST SECRET!

I KNOW THAT SUPERMAN, GREAT DEFENDER OF TRUTH, JUSTICE AND THE AMERICAN WAY...

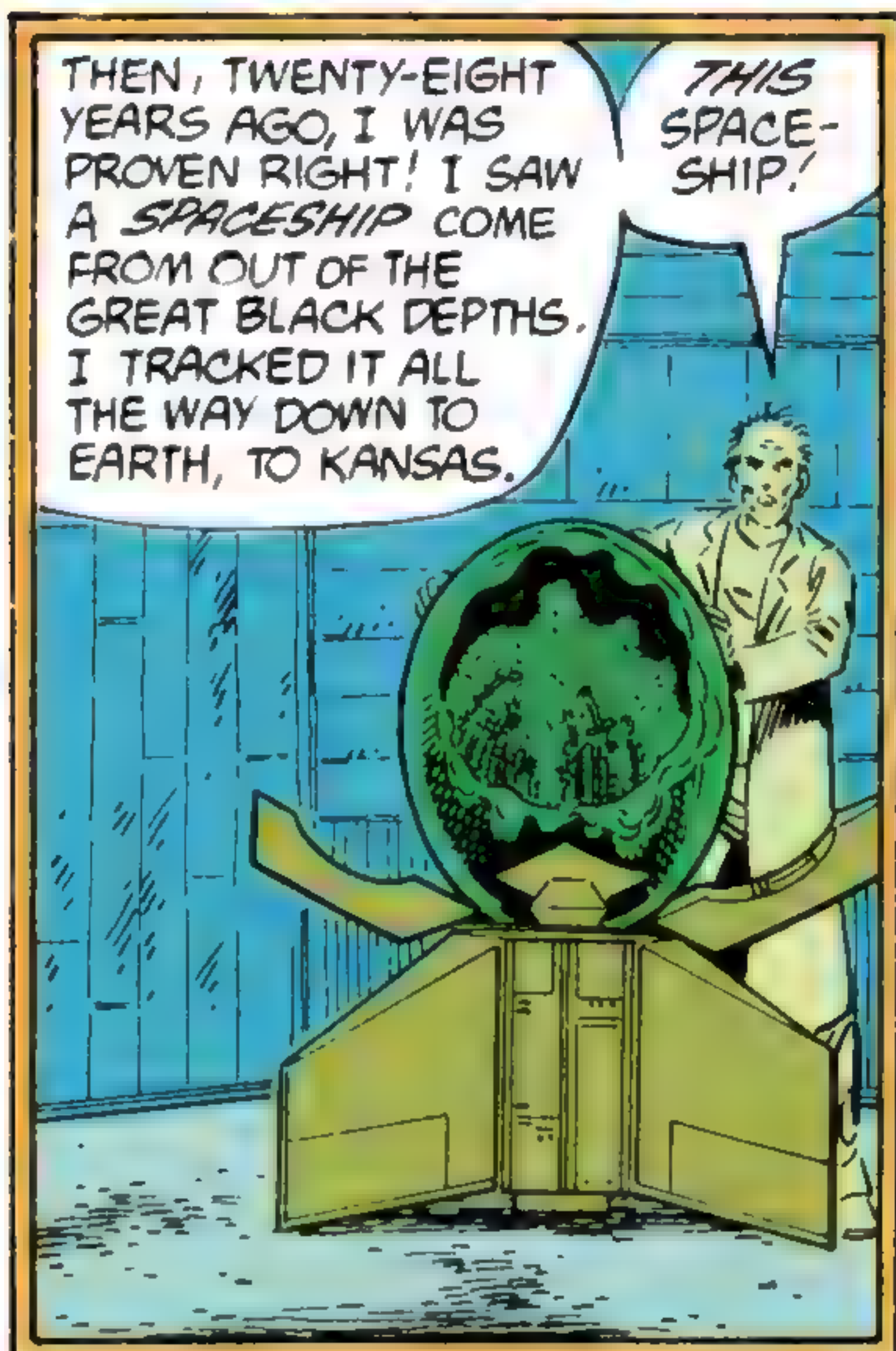
...IS REALLY AN INVADER FROM OUTER SPACE!!!



WHA-AT?? NO! COME, LISTEN. FOR THIRTY-FIVE YEARS I'VE WATCHED THE SKIES!

ARE YOU NUTS, OR...

WATCHED FOR THE MENACE I KNEW LAY OUT THERE, WATCHED AS MY FELLOW SCIENTISTS LAUGHED AT ME!



THEN, TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS AGO, I WAS PROVEN RIGHT! I SAW A SPACESHIP COME FROM OUT OF THE GREAT BLACK DEPTHS. I TRACKED IT ALL THE WAY DOWN TO EARTH, TO KANSAS.

THIS SPACE-SHIP!



THIS IS HOW SUPERMAN WAS SENT HERE! MUTATED INTO THE FORM OF AN INNOCENT CHILD.

FOUND, AND ADOPTED BY AN UNSUSPECTING HUMAN COUPLE, PLANTED IN OUR MIDST, LIKE A VIPER AT OUR BOSOM!



BUT--BUT I DON'T GET IT! EVEN IF WHAT YOU SAY IS TRUE, SUPERMAN IS THIS BIG-DEAL HERO!

YES HE IS! YES HE IS!!

DON'T ARGUE WITH ME!

THEY'RE OUT THERE! BILLIONS OF THEM! ALIENS!

HE'S NO INVADER!



HIS REAL FATHER SENT A MESSAGE IN THE ROCKET. IT'S IN AN ALIEN LANGUAGE, BUT I'VE BEEN ABLE TO TRANSLATE A LITTLE OF IT, A TINY PART.

AND THAT PART SPEAKS OF SUPERMAN'S HOME PLANET, A WORLD CALLED KRYPTON.

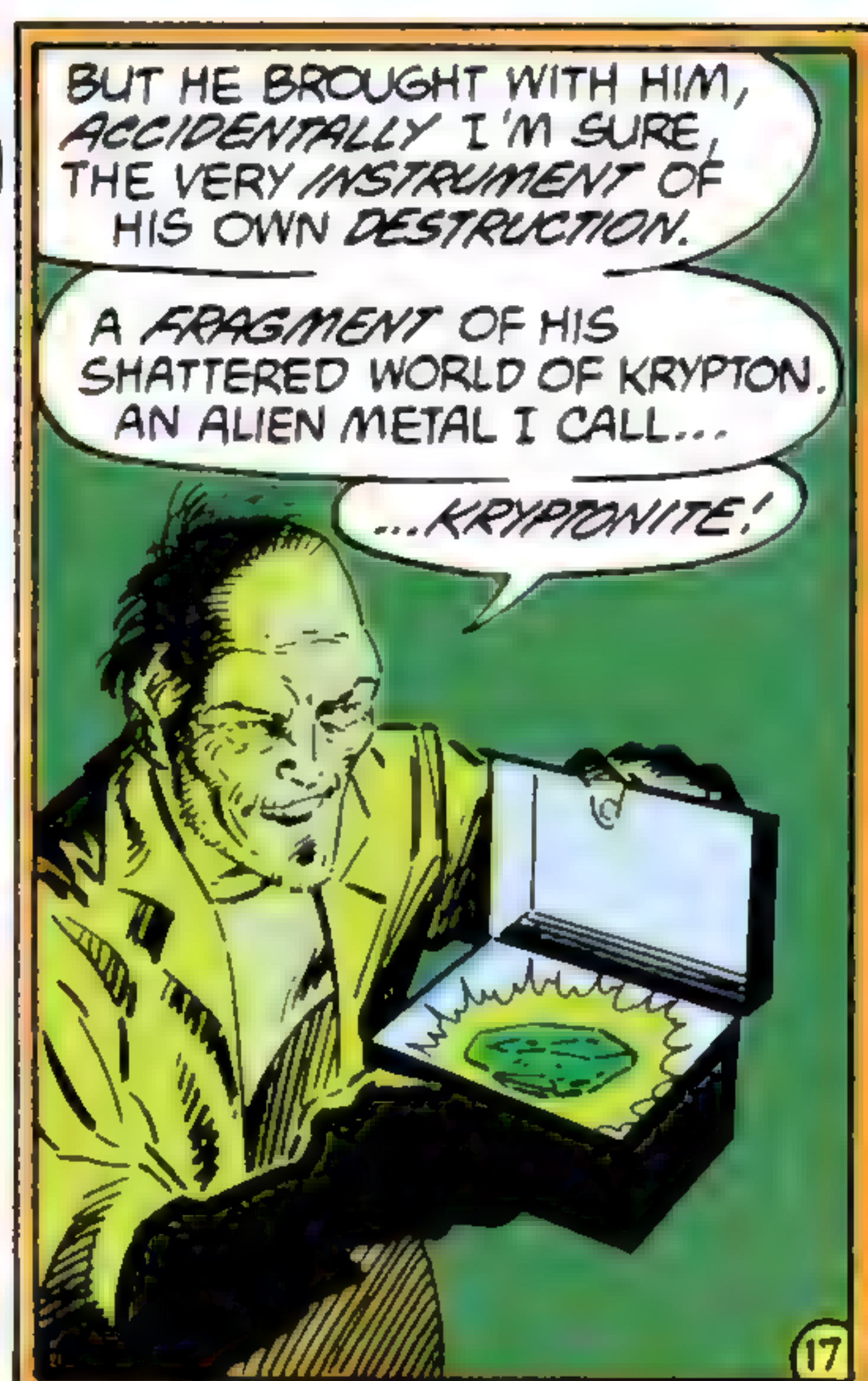
AND OF THE DESTRUCTION OF THE PLANET!



THE PLANET KRYPTON EXPLODED YEARS AGO.

AND I BELIEVE THE KRYPTONIANS SENT SCOUTS OUT INTO THE UNIVERSE, SEEKING WORLDS TO CONQUER.

SUPERMAN CAME HERE, TO EARTH.



BUT HE BROUGHT WITH HIM, ACCIDENTALLY I'M SURE, THE VERY INSTRUMENT OF HIS OWN DESTRUCTION.

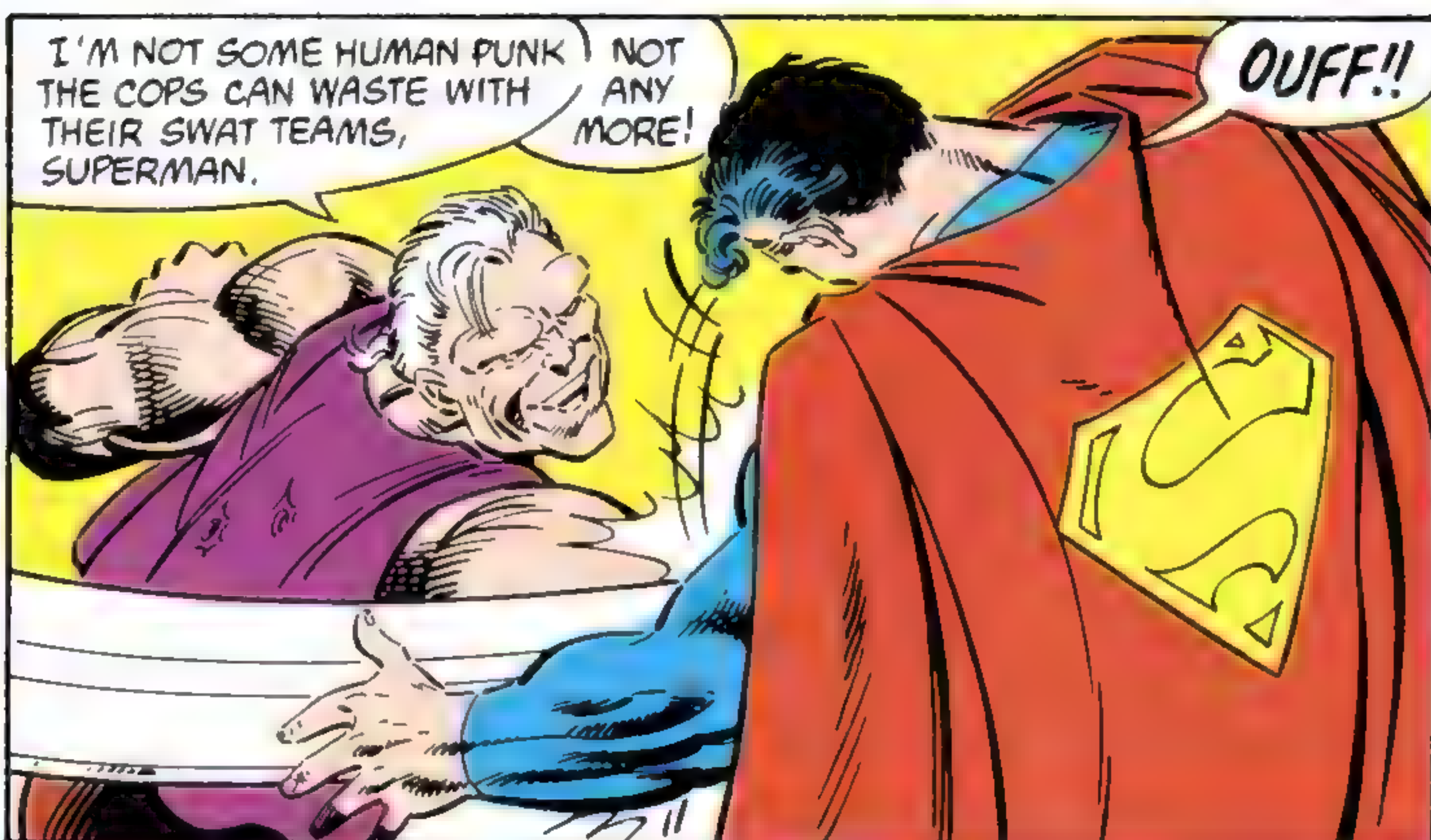
A FRAGMENT OF HIS SHATTERED WORLD OF KRYPTON. AN ALIEN METAL I CALL...

...KRYPTONITE!



I'VE SPENT YEARS STUDYING ALL THE REALMS OF HUMAN SCIENCE, READING MYSELF, WAITING FOR THIS DAY!

THE DAY I COULD SEND MY CHOSEN WARRIOR OUT INTO THE WORLD--WITH THIS PIECE OF KRYPTONITE AS AN INEXHAUSTIBLE POWER SUPPLY.



I'M NOT SOME HUMAN PUNK THE COPS CAN WASTE WITH THEIR SWAT TEAMS, SUPERMAN.

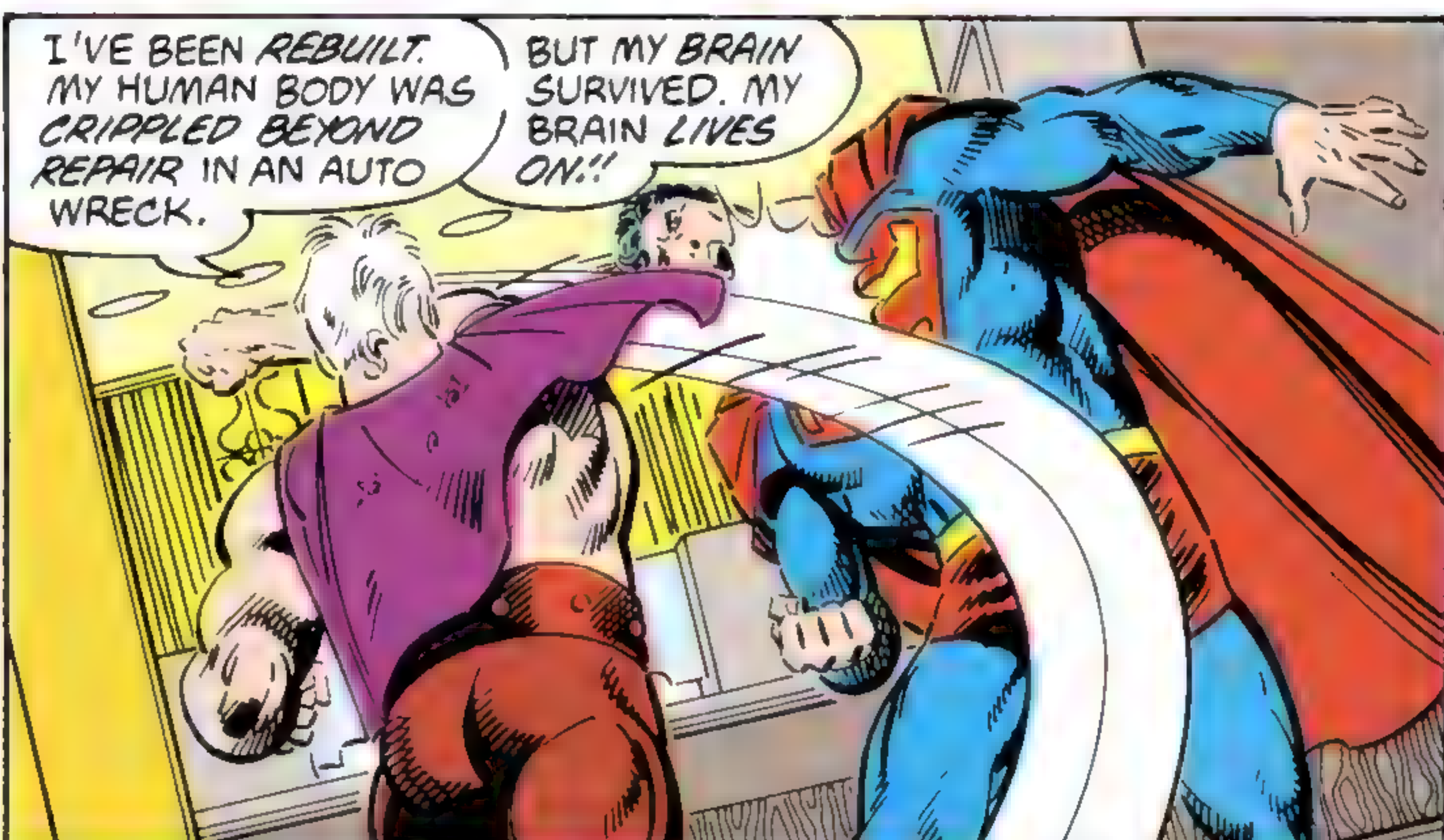
NOT ANY MORE!

OUFF!!



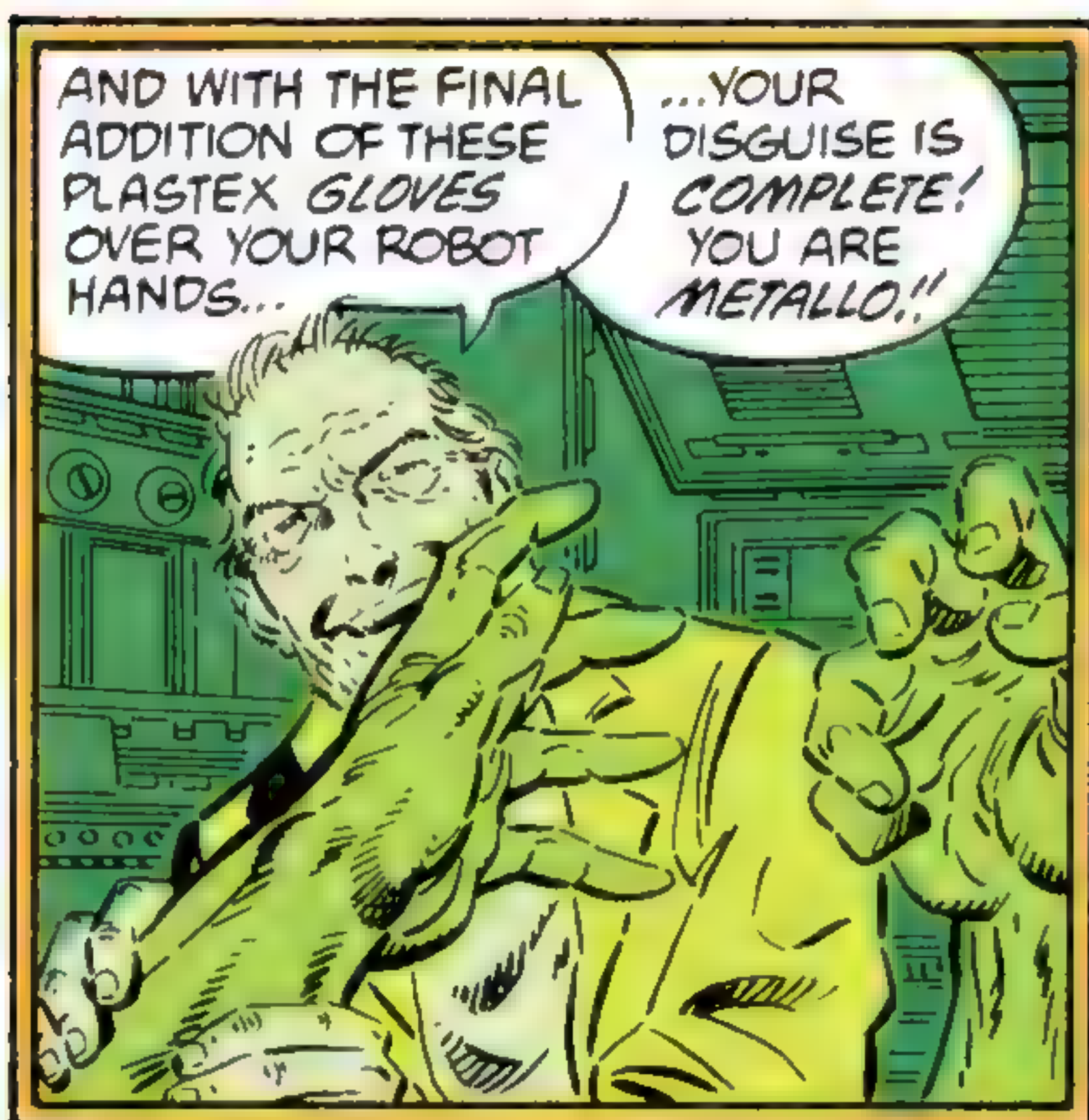
THERE! BY REPLACING THE URANIUM I HAD IN YOUR CHEST CAVITY WITH THIS KRYPTONITE...

...I GIVE YOU MORE POWER THAN ANY HUMAN HAS EVER KNOWN!!



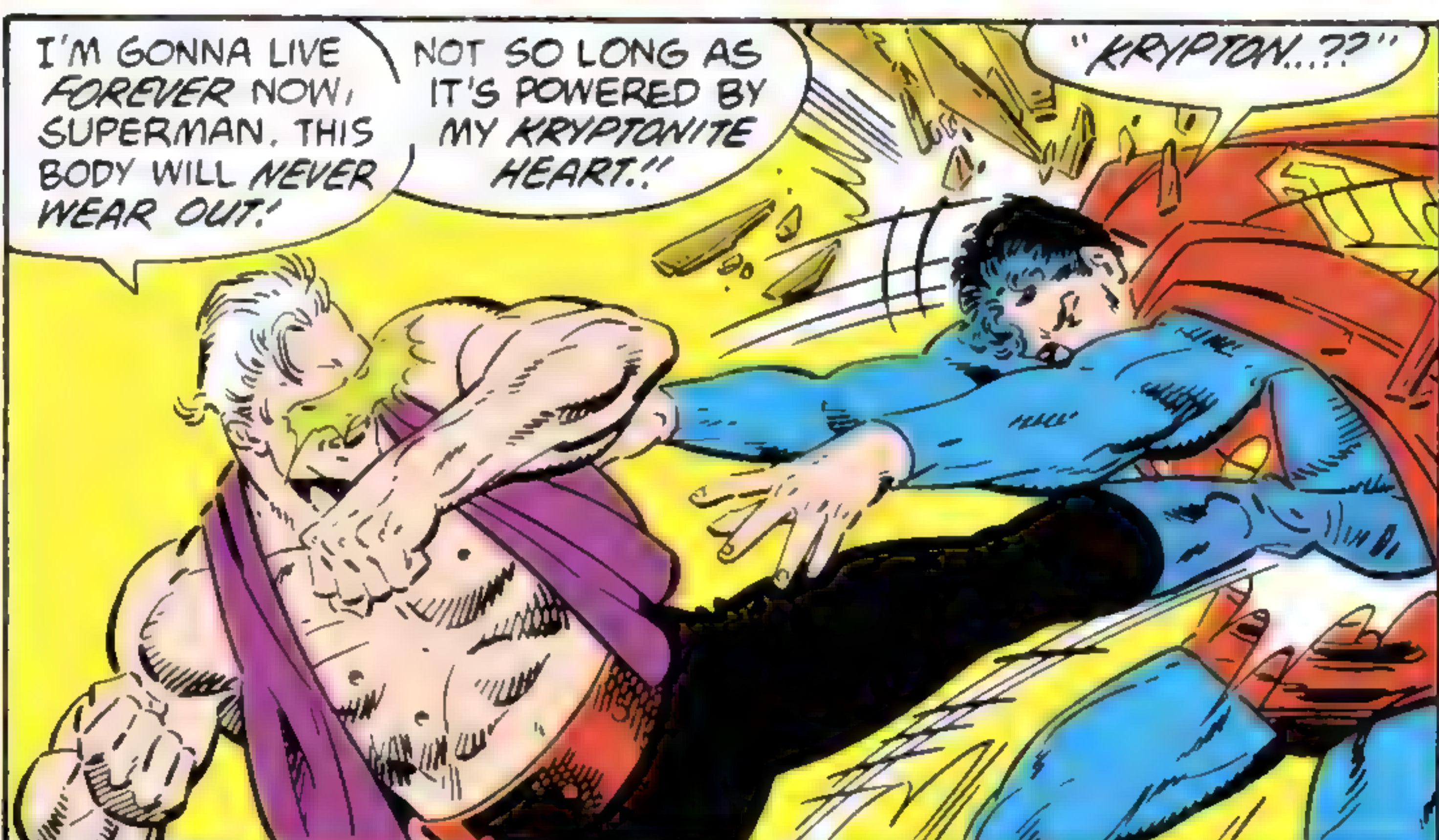
I'VE BEEN REBUILT. MY HUMAN BODY WAS CRIPPLED BEYOND REPAIR IN AN AUTO WRECK.

BUT MY BRAIN SURVIVED. MY BRAIN LIVES ON!!



AND WITH THE FINAL ADDITION OF THESE PLASTEX GLOVES OVER YOUR ROBOT HANDS...

...YOUR DISGUISE IS COMPLETE! YOU ARE METALLO!!



I'M GONNA LIVE FOREVER NOW, SUPERMAN. THIS BODY WILL NEVER WEAR OUT!

NOT SO LONG AS IT'S POWERED BY MY KRYPTONITE HEART!!

"KRYPTON...??"



AND NOW I'M ALL-POWERFUL?

THEN I DON'T REALLY NEED YOU ANY MORE, DO I, OLD MAN?

WHAT?!!

NO!

DON'T--

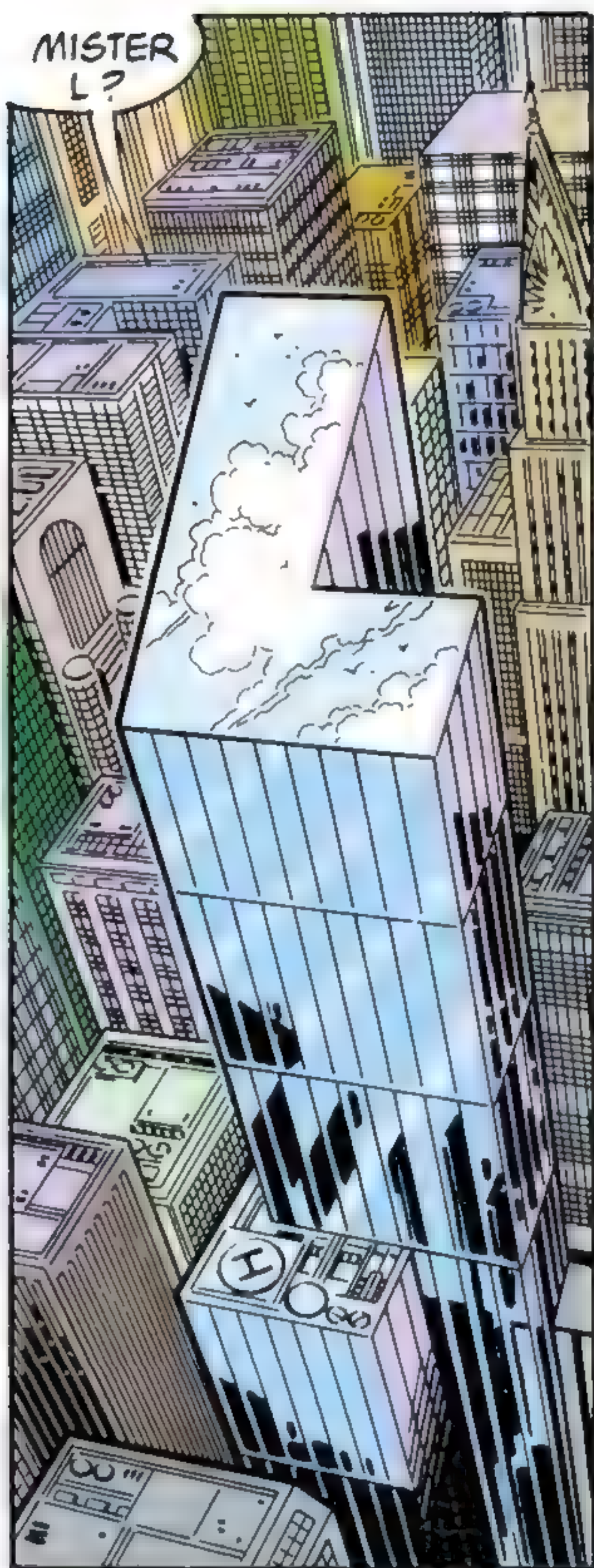
UH-GUGK!!



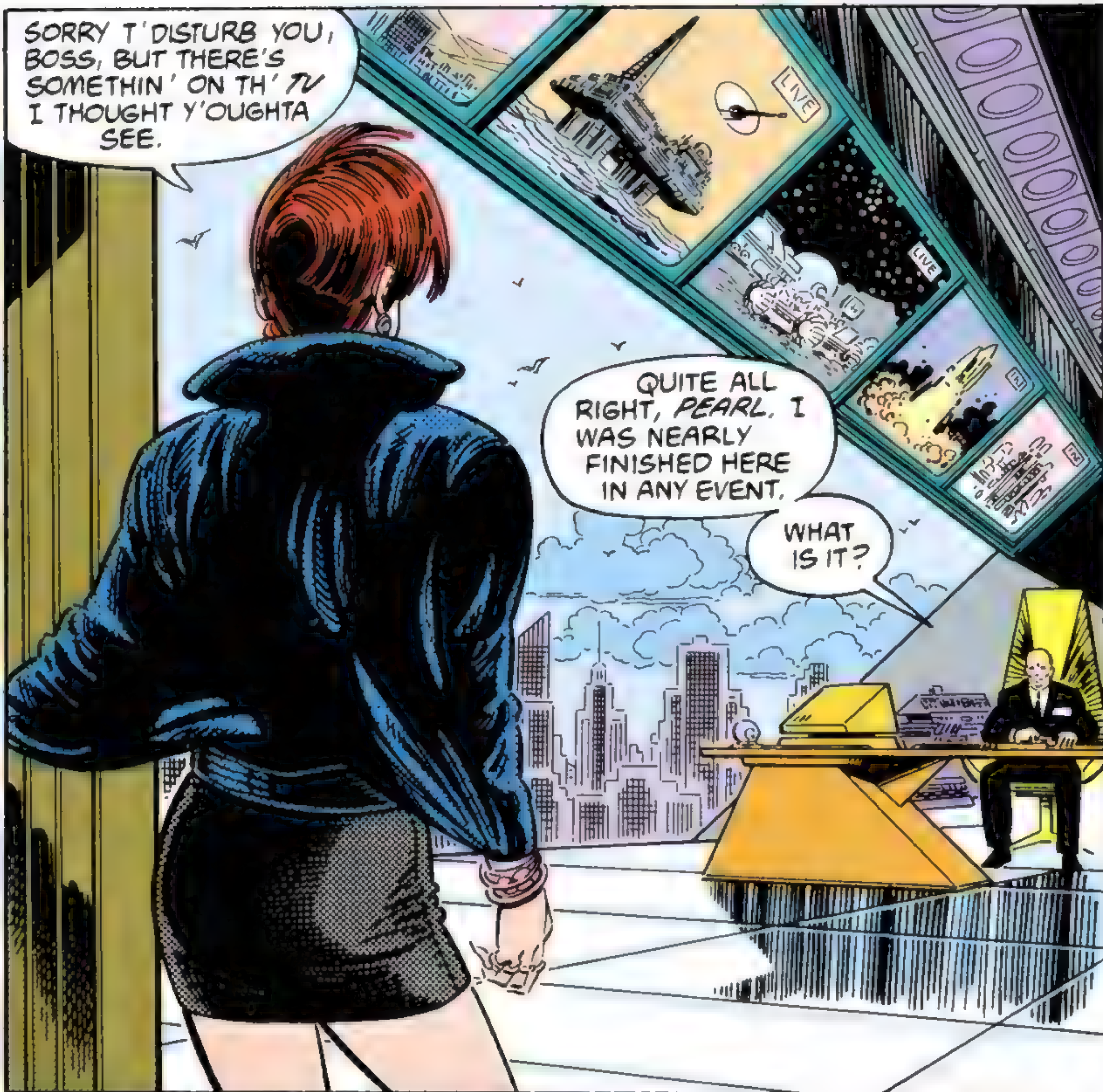
YES, SUPERMAN, YES-- KRYPTONITE! A PIECE OF ROCK FROM YOUR PAST!

FROM THE ALIEN PLANET YOU WERE BORN ON!

WHAT?



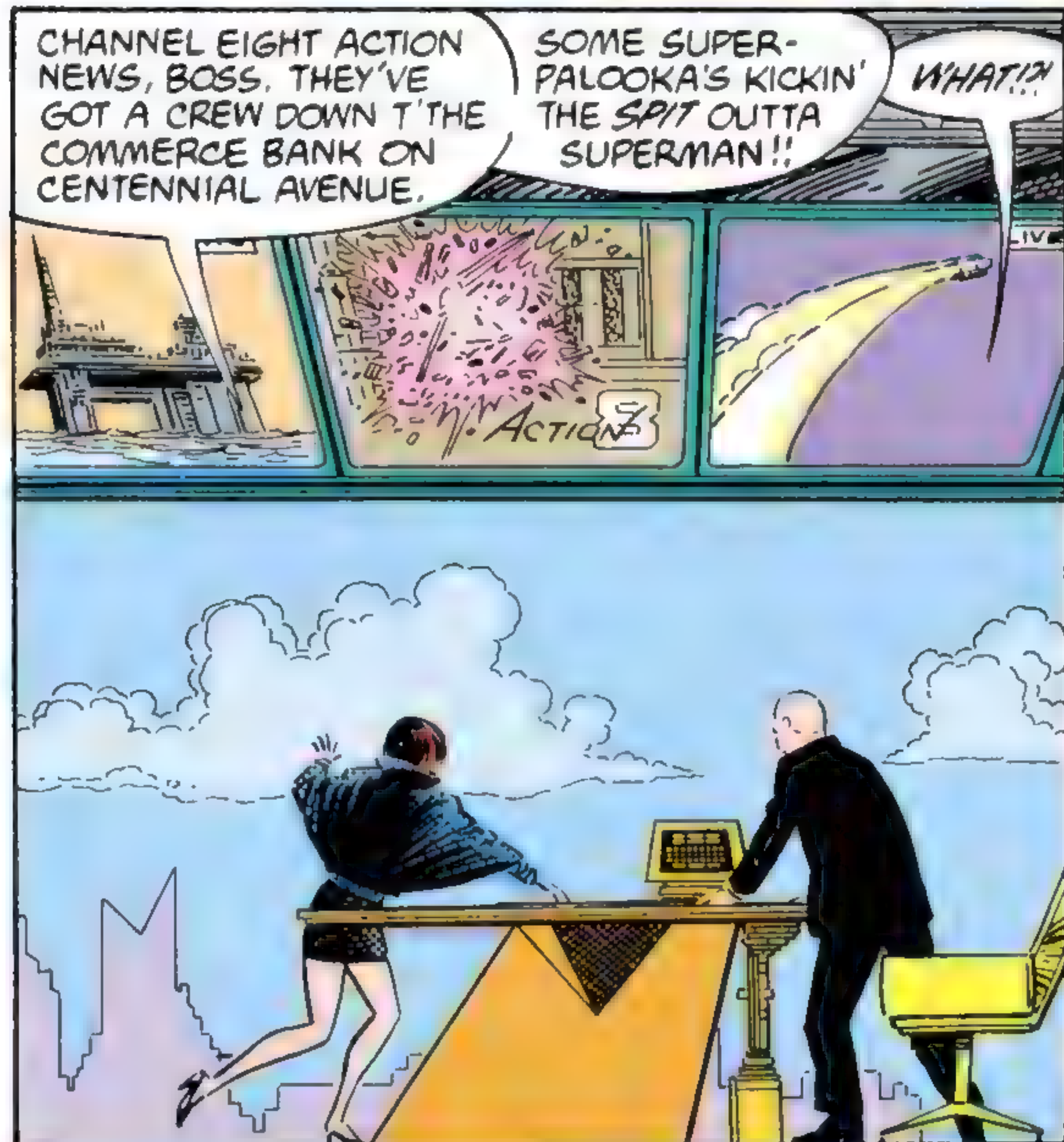
MISTER L?



SORRY T'DISTURB YOU, BOSS, BUT THERE'S SOMETHIN' ON TH' TV I THOUGHT Y'OUGHTA SEE.

QUITE ALL RIGHT, PEARL. I WAS NEARLY FINISHED HERE IN ANY EVENT.

WHAT IS IT?



CHANNEL EIGHT ACTION NEWS, BOSS. THEY'VE GOT A CREW DOWN T'THE COMMERCE BANK ON CENTENNIAL AVENUE.

SOME SUPER-PALOOKA'S KICKIN' THE SPIT OUTTA SUPERMAN!!

WHAT?!



AN' THAT'S NOT ALL, BOSS. THIS METALLO GUY SAYS SUPES IS SOME KINDA ALIEN BEING.

AN' METALLO'S GOT SOMETHIN' THAT'S GONNA KILL HIM!

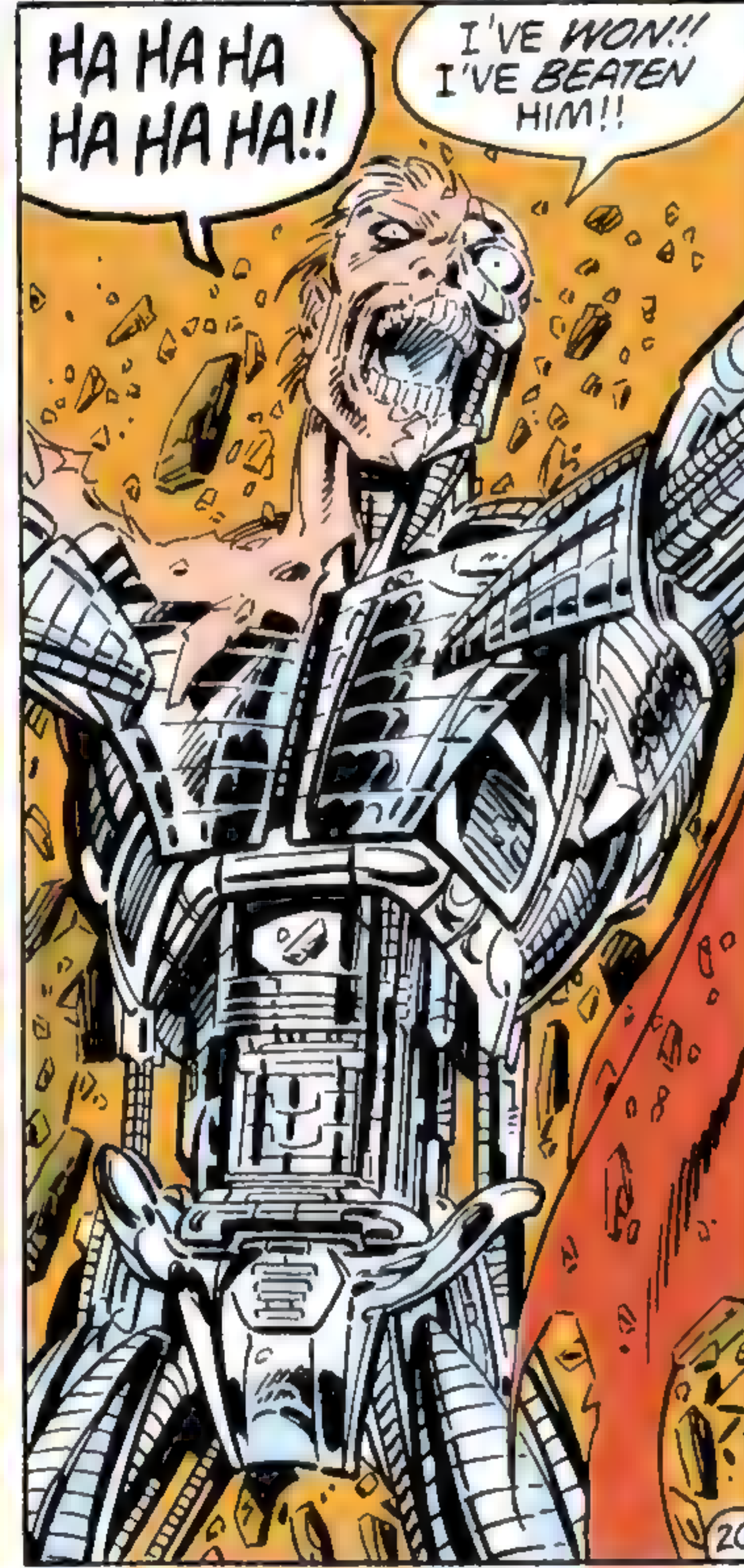
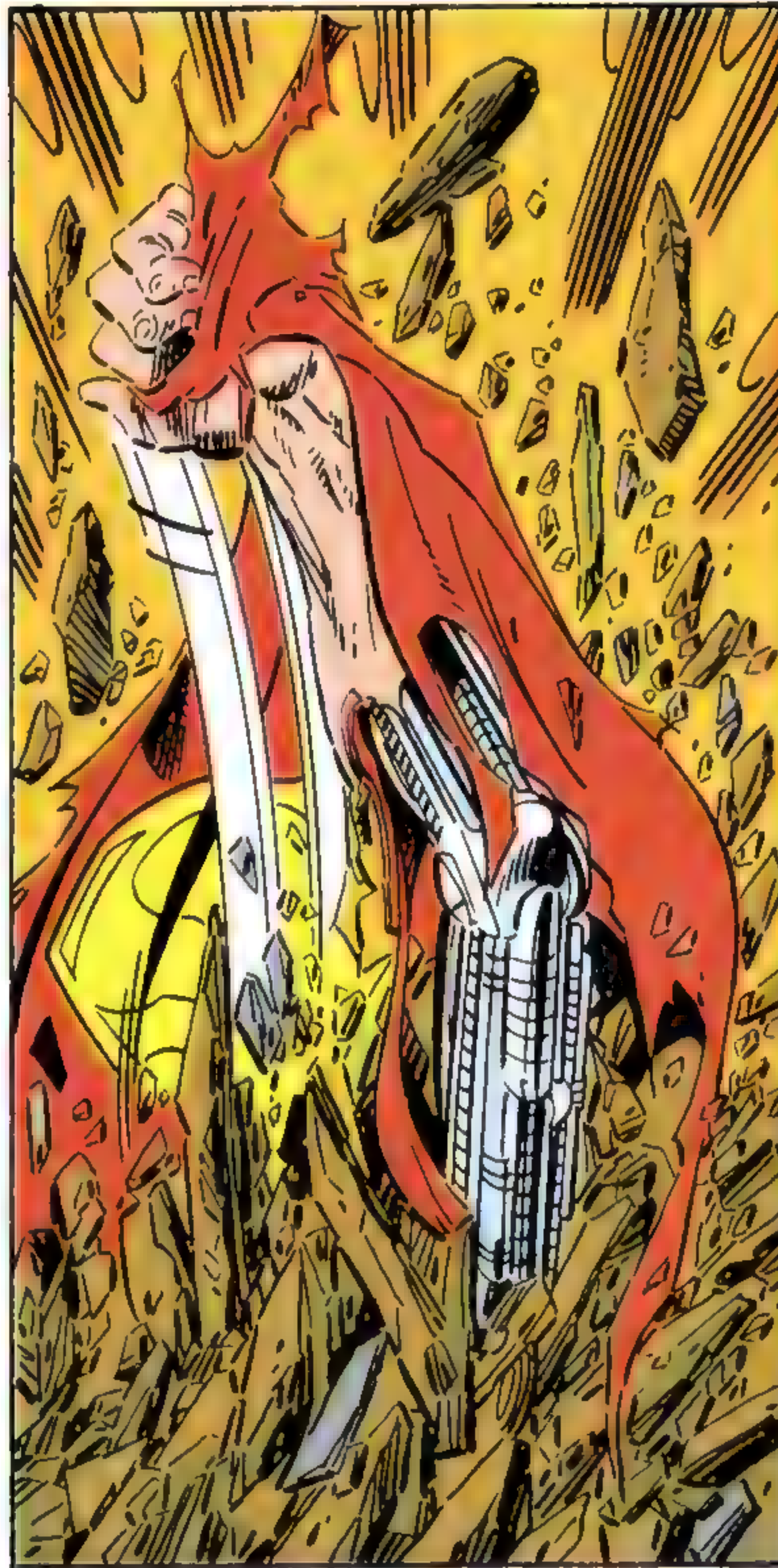
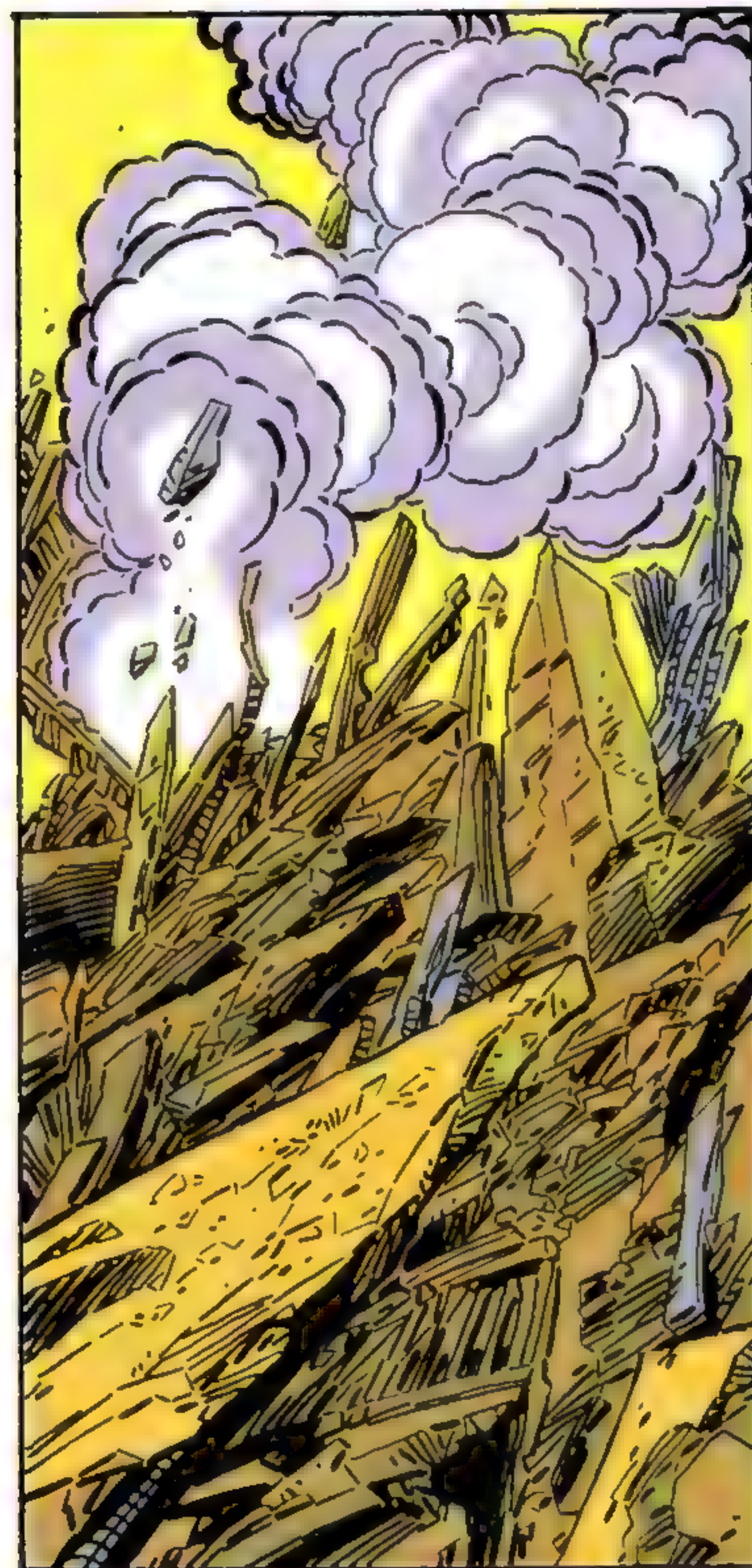
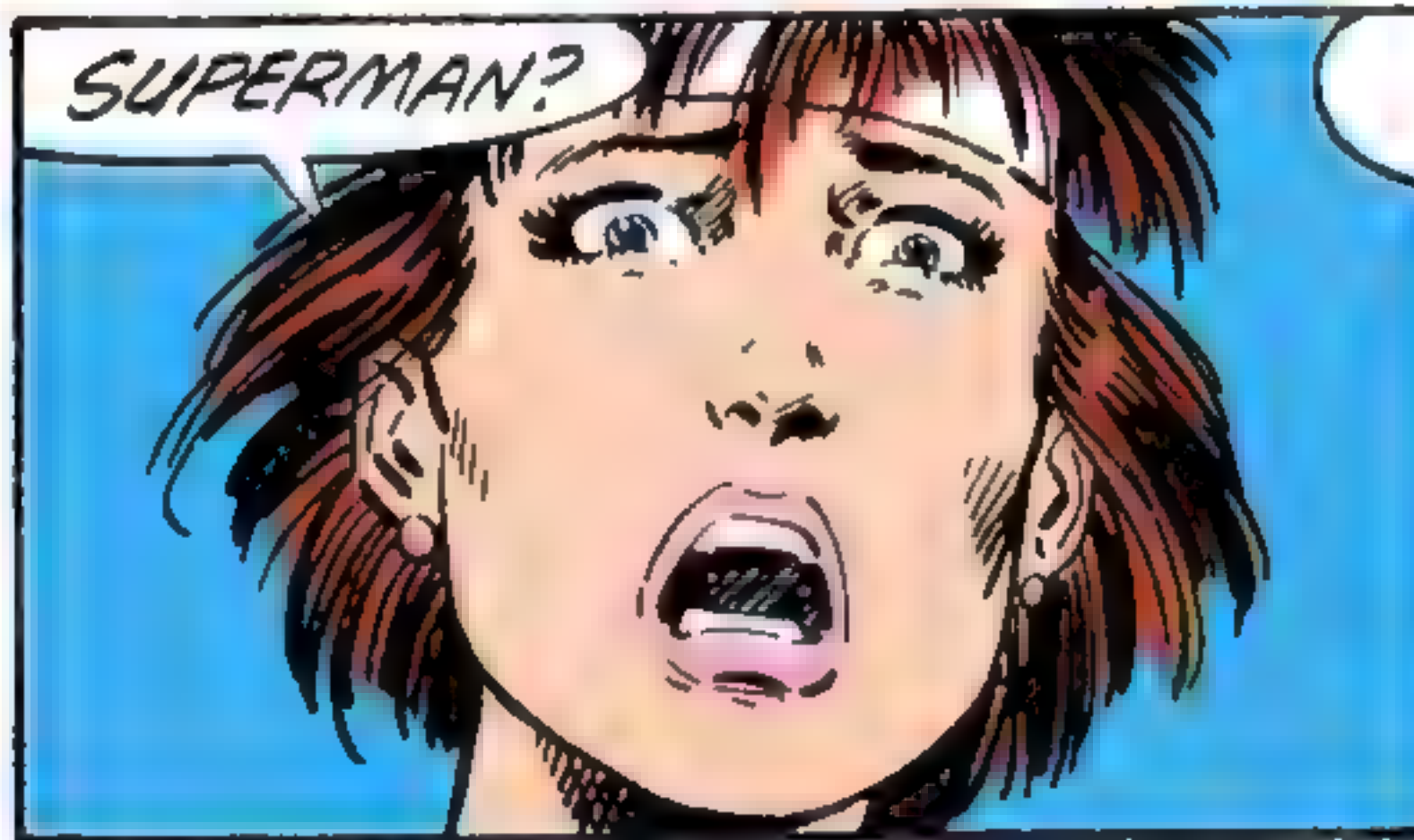
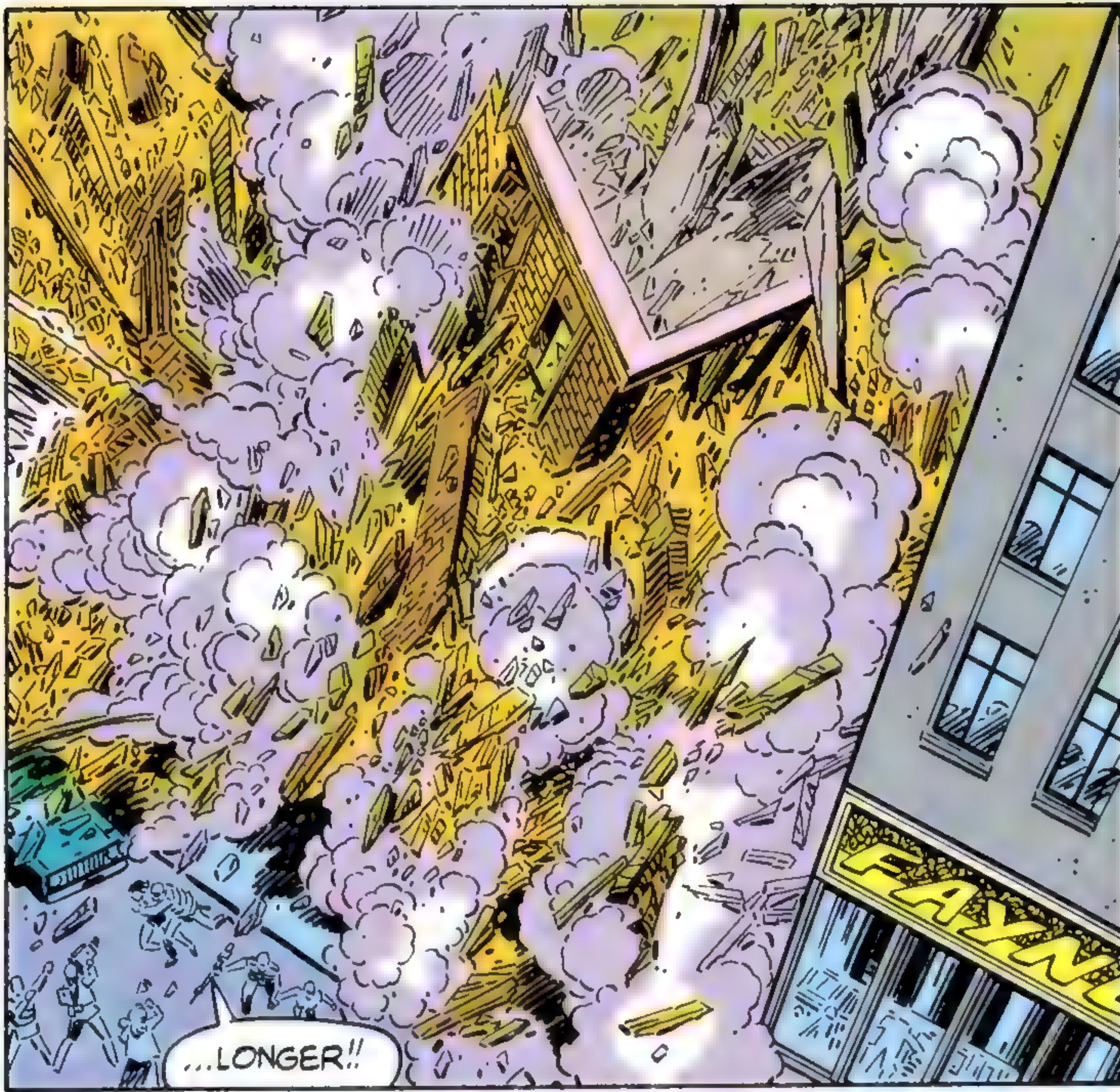
KILL... SUPERMAN...??

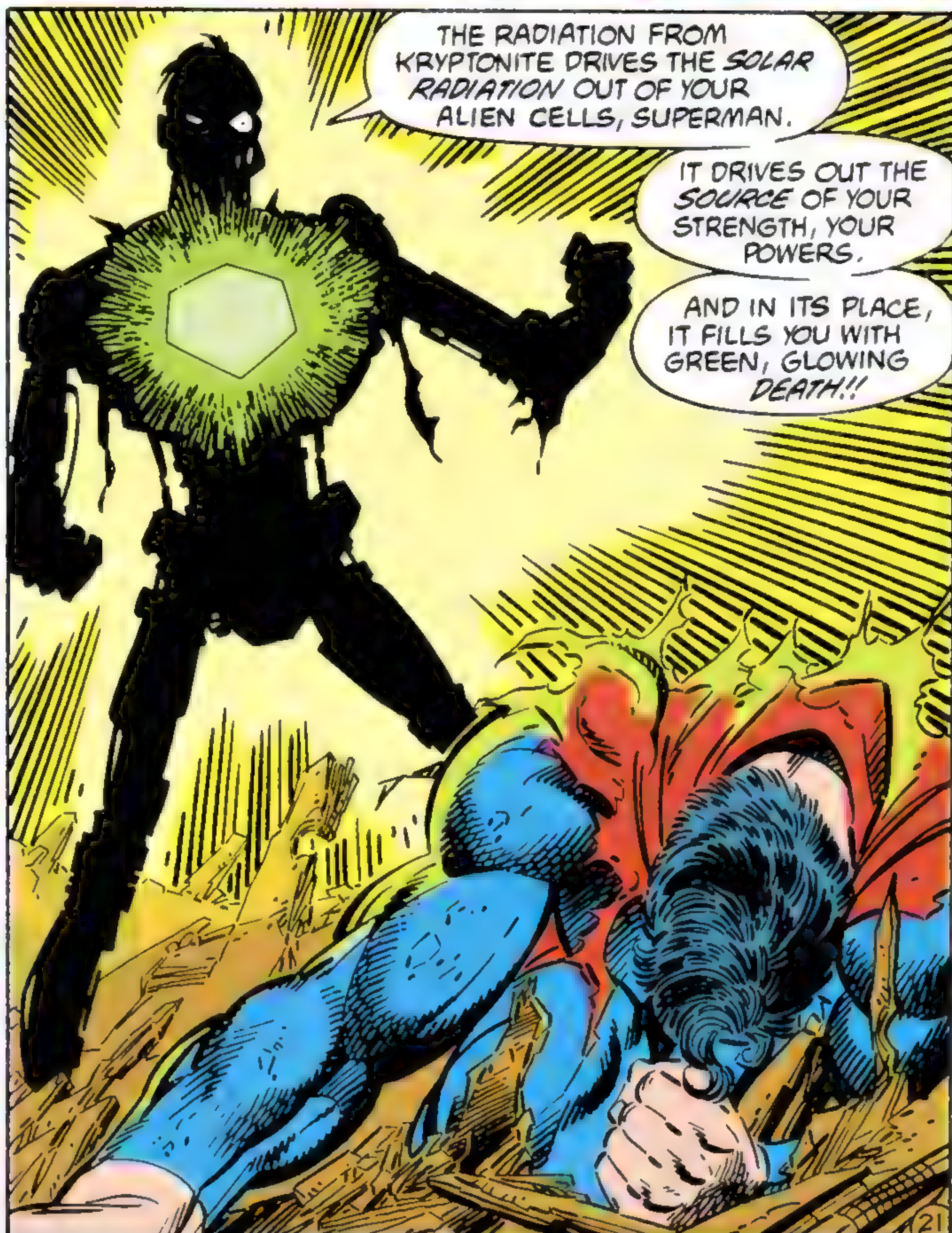
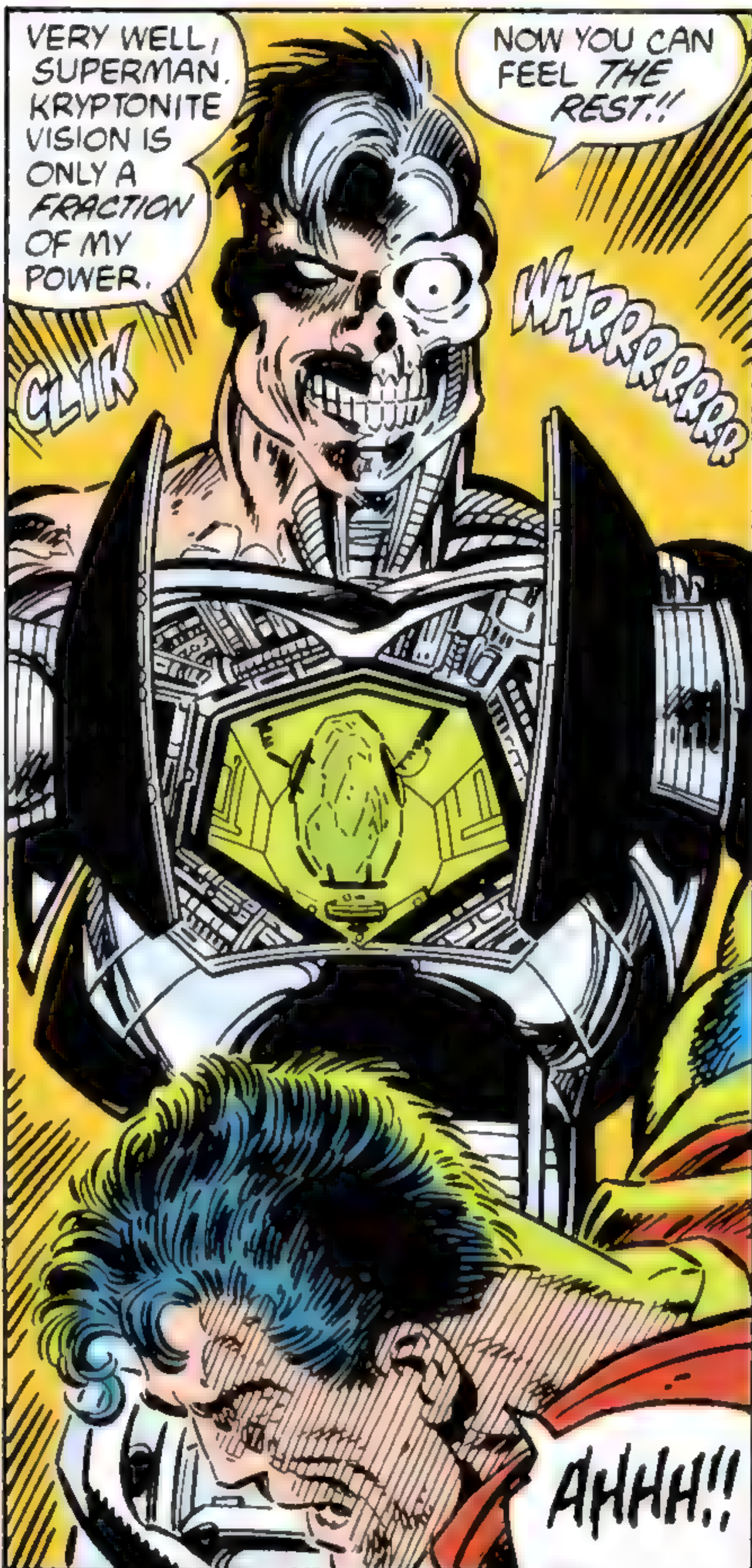
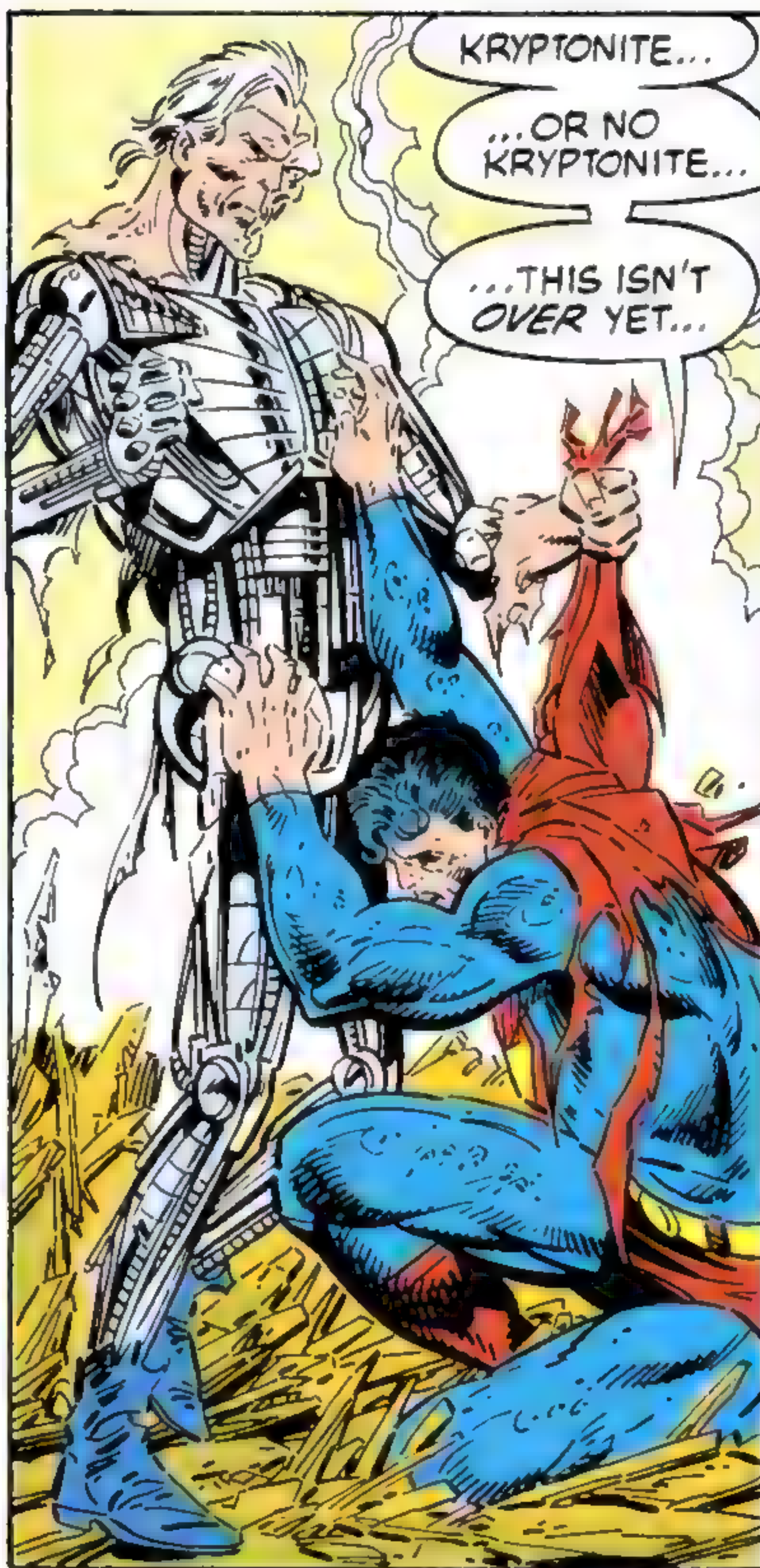
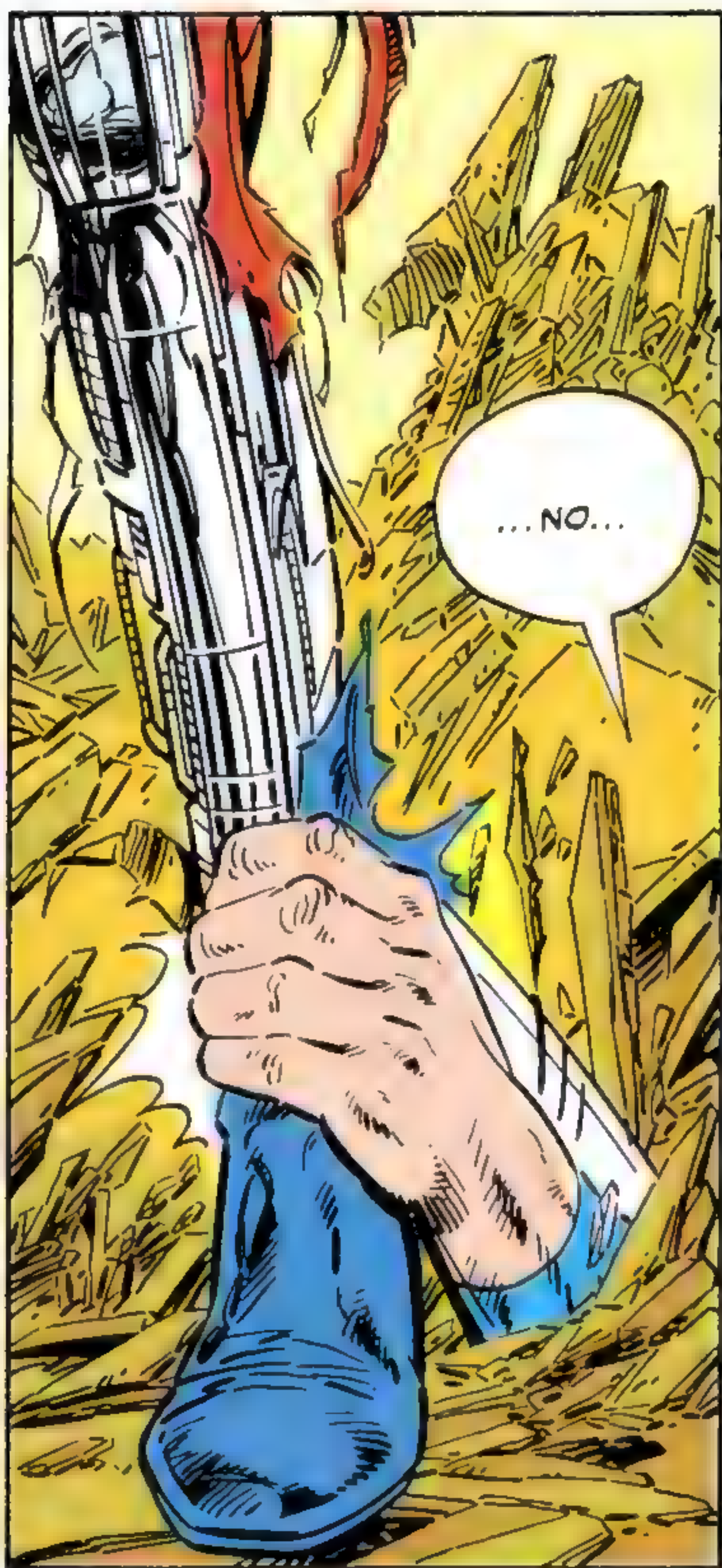


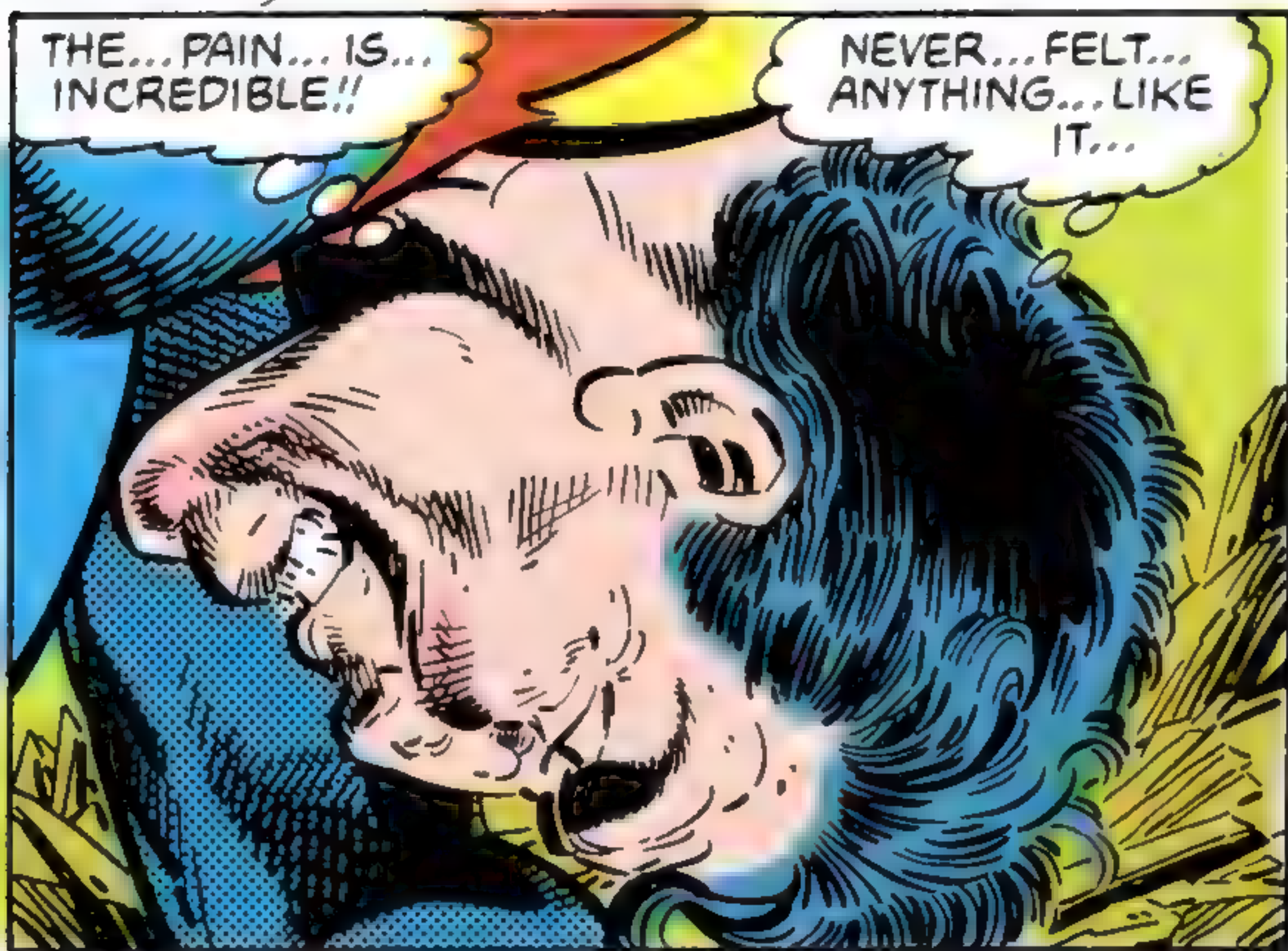
NO! NO, THAT WON'T DO AT ALL.

I HAVE PROMISED SUPERMAN THAT WHEN HE DIES IT WILL BE BY MY HAND!

AND LEX LUTHOR ALWAYS KEEPS HIS PROMISES!!

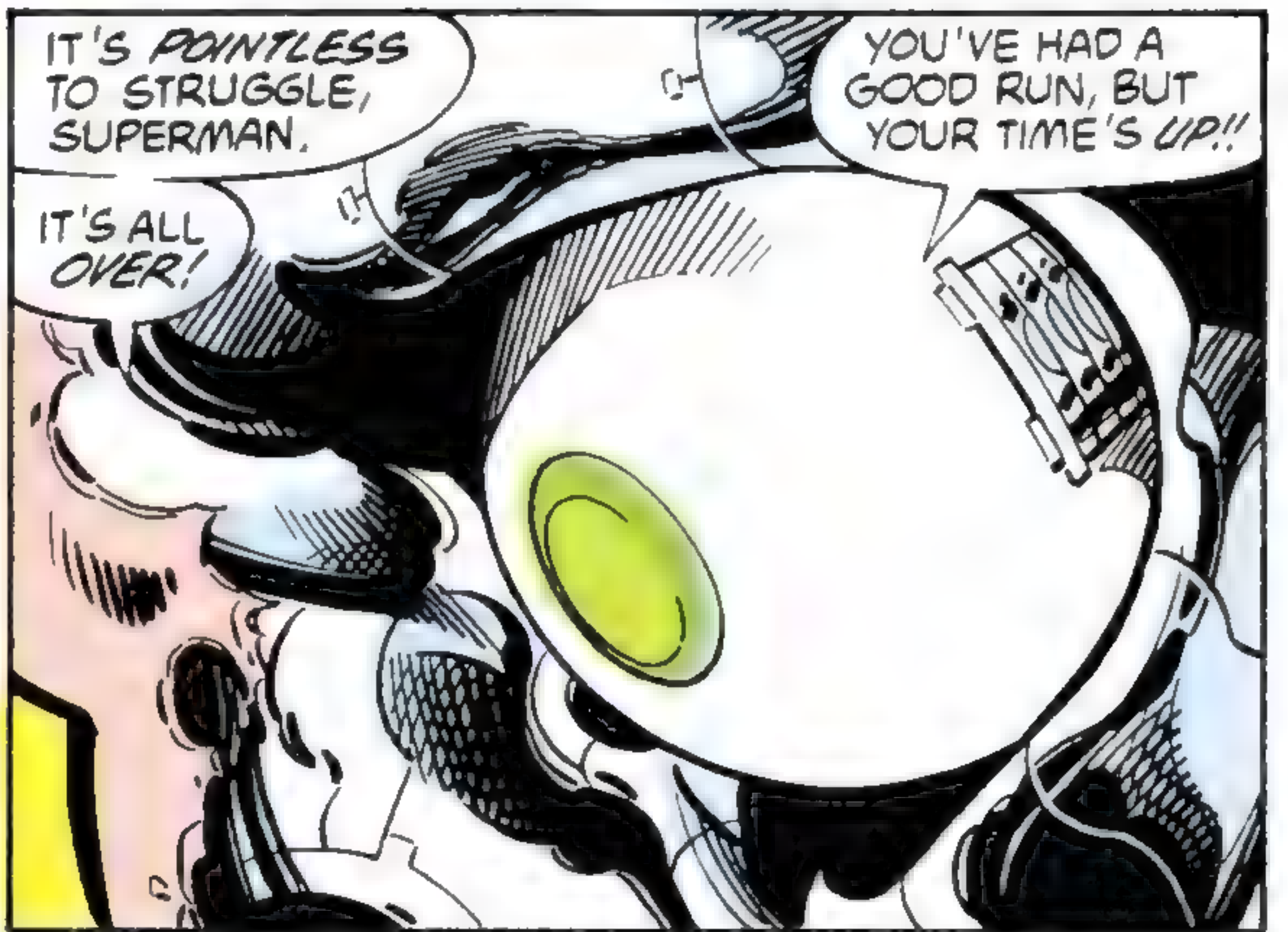






THE... PAIN... IS...
INCREDIBLE!!

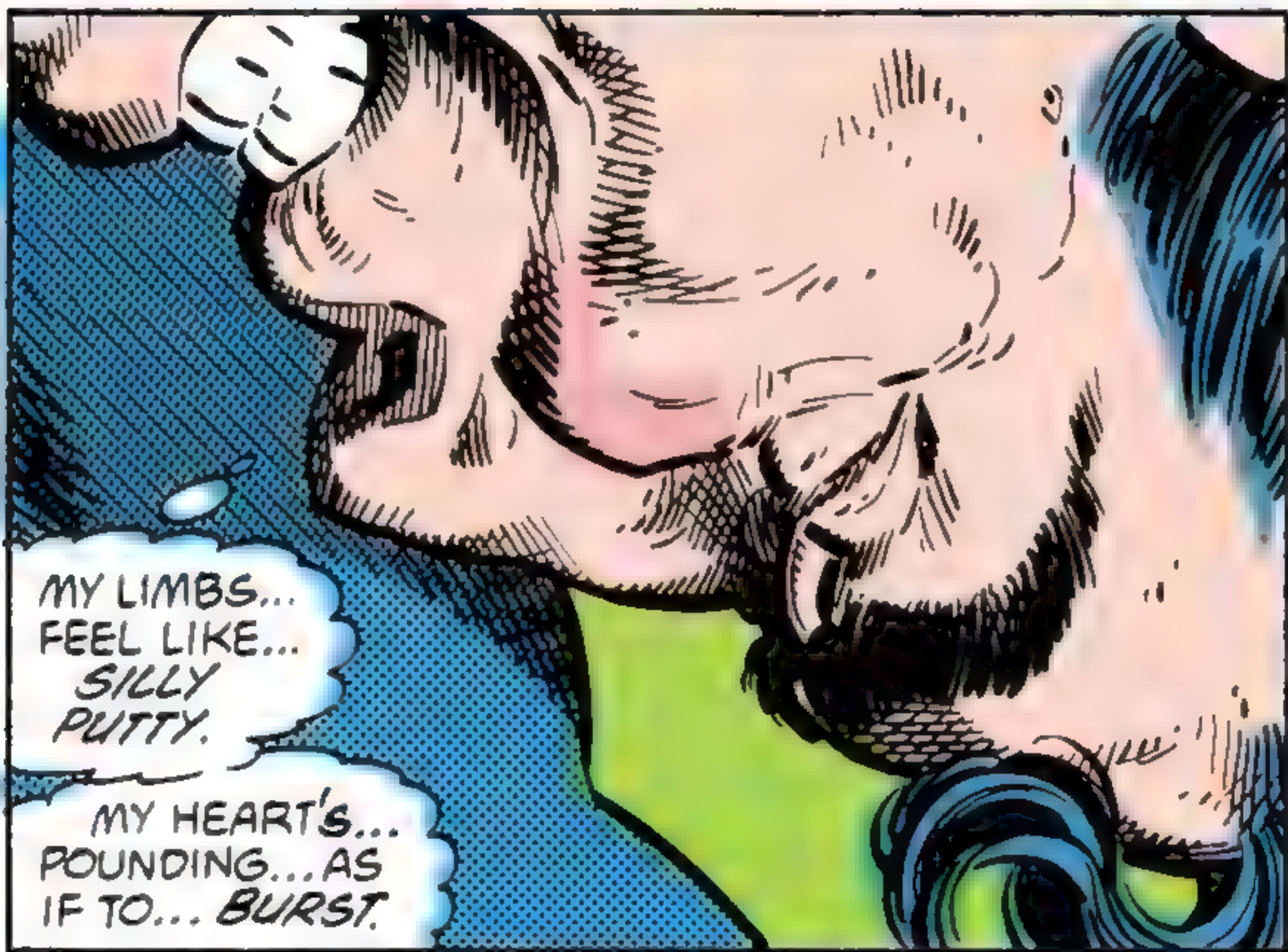
NEVER... FELT...
ANYTHING... LIKE
IT...



IT'S POINTLESS
TO STRUGGLE,
SUPERMAN.

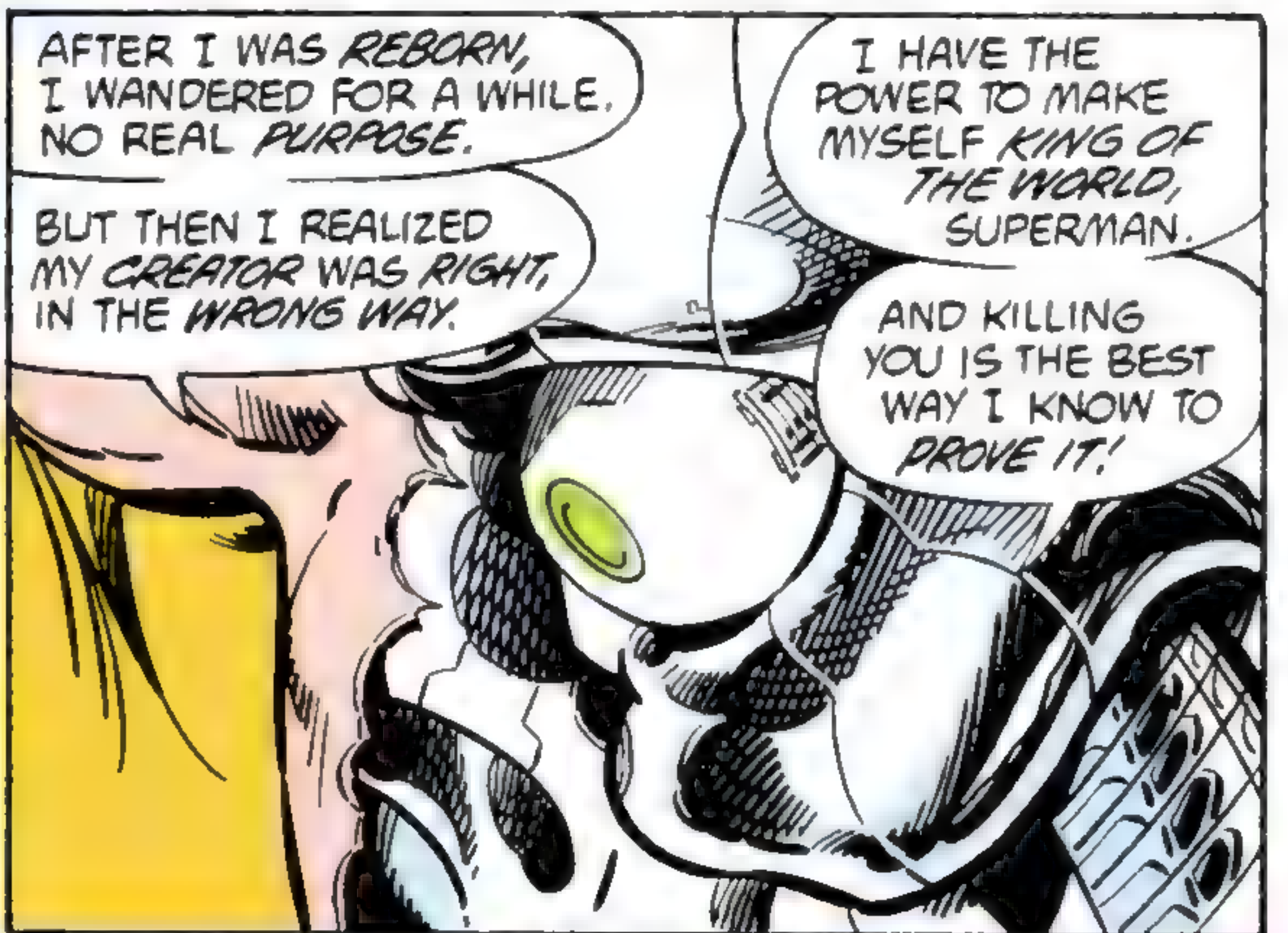
YOU'VE HAD A
GOOD RUN, BUT
YOUR TIME'S UP!!

IT'S ALL
OVER!



MY LIMBS...
FEEL LIKE...
SILLY
PUTTY.

MY HEART'S...
POUNDING... AS
IF TO... BURST.

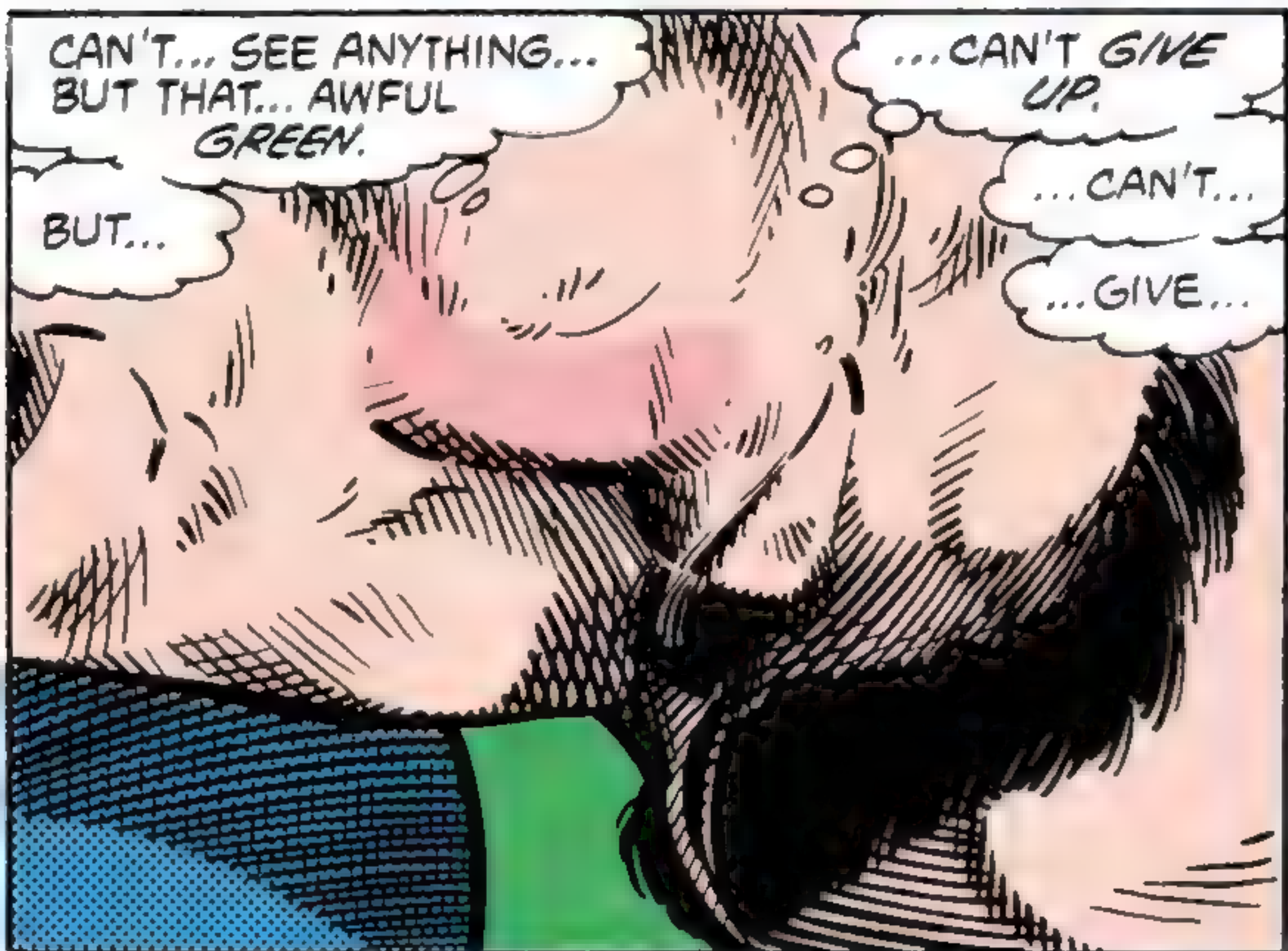


AFTER I WAS REBORN,
I WANDERED FOR A WHILE.
NO REAL PURPOSE.

BUT THEN I REALIZED
MY CREATOR WAS RIGHT,
IN THE WRONG WAY.

I HAVE THE
POWER TO MAKE
MYSELF KING OF
THE WORLD,
SUPERMAN.

AND KILLING
YOU IS THE BEST
WAY I KNOW TO
PROVE IT!



CAN'T... SEE ANYTHING...
BUT THAT... AWFUL
GREEN.

BUT...

...CAN'T GIVE
UP.

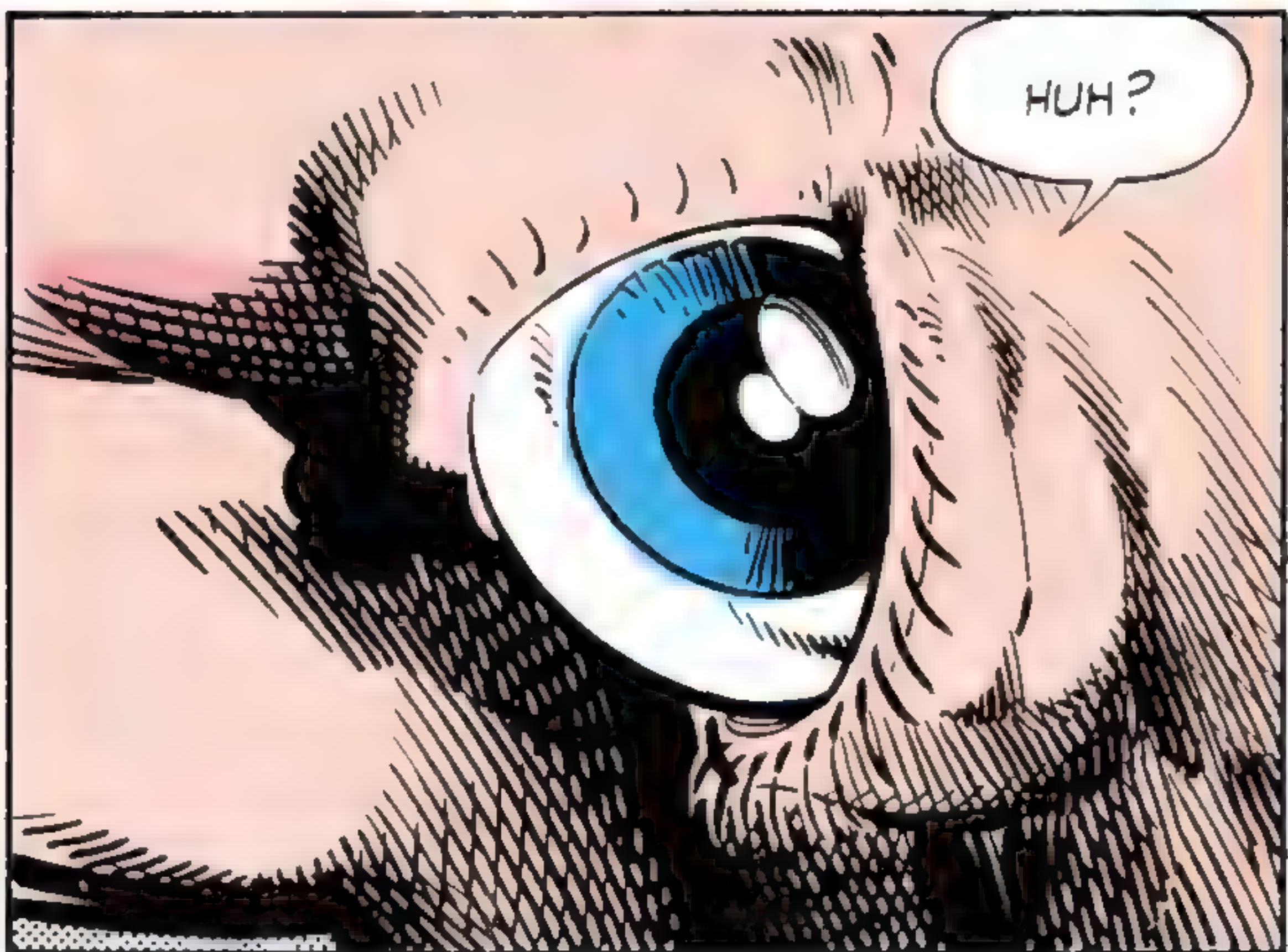
...CAN'T...

...GIVE...



AFTER YOU, THE
REST IS EASY.
AFTER YOU,
EVERYTHING
ELSE FALLS
INTO...

HUH??



HUH?





HE'S...
GONE...???

SUPERMAN!!



LOIS...
LOIS...
WHAT HAPPENED?
METALLO...?

I DON'T KNOW!
IT ALL HAPPENED
SO FAST!

HE WAS STANDING
OVER YOU... THEN
THERE WAS A BIG
BLACK... *SHADOW*...

AND HE WAS
JUST... *GONE*.

BUT...
SUPERMAN...



WHAT HE
SAID. ABOUT
YOU BEING...
AN *ALIEN*...

IS...

IS...

IT'S *TRUE*,
LOIS.

I'M NOT FROM
EARTH. I GREW
UP HERE, BUT I'M
NATIVE TO A WORLD
CALLED *KRYPTON*.

DOES IT... MAKE
A *DIFFERENCE*?



NO... AT LEAST...
I DON'T *THINK*
IT DOES, BUT...
BUT *WHY* DID
YOU TRY TO
HIDE IT FROM
US ALL,
SUPERMAN?

I DIDN'T.

I ONLY DISCOVERED
THE *TRUTH*
MYSELF, A FEW
WEEKS AGO.

I'LL BE *HAPPY* TO
TELL YOU ALL I
KNOW ABOUT IT...

BUT... NOT JUST
NOW, LOIS.



YOU'RE STILL
WORRIED ABOUT
METALLO?

IF HE SHOULD
COME BACK...

THAT WORRIES
ME A LOT LESS
THAN THE LUMP
OF *ROCK* IN
HIS CHEST,
LOIS.

WHAT
HE
SAID
ABOUT
KRYPTON-
NITE WAS
TRUE.

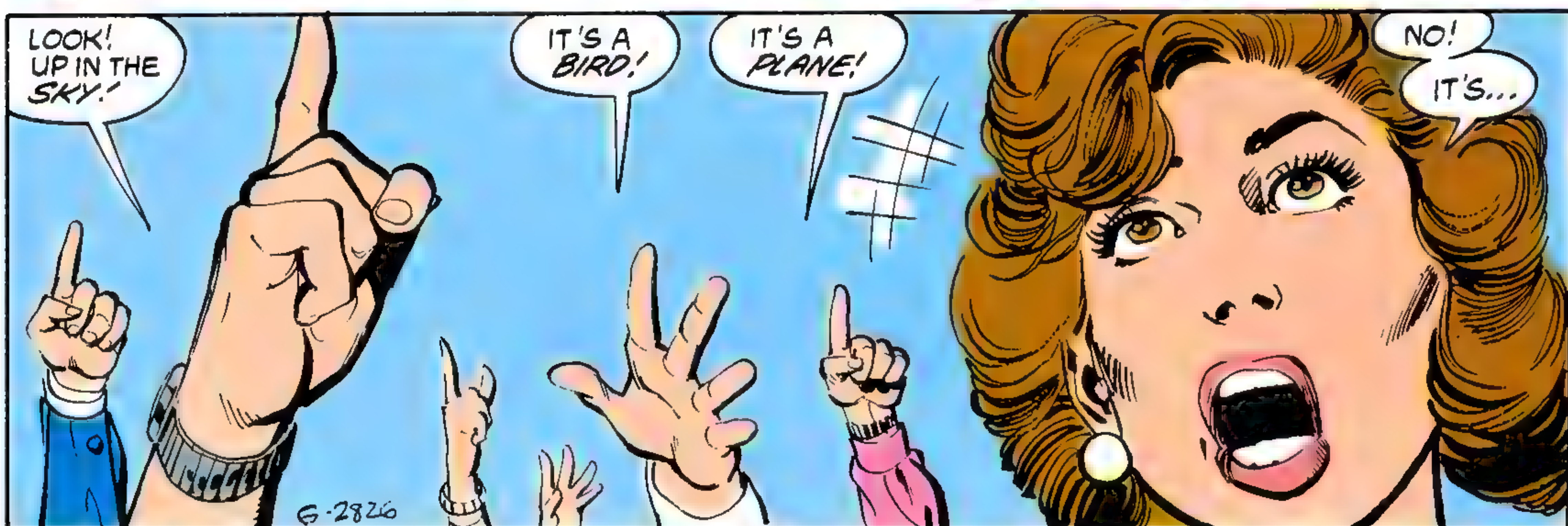
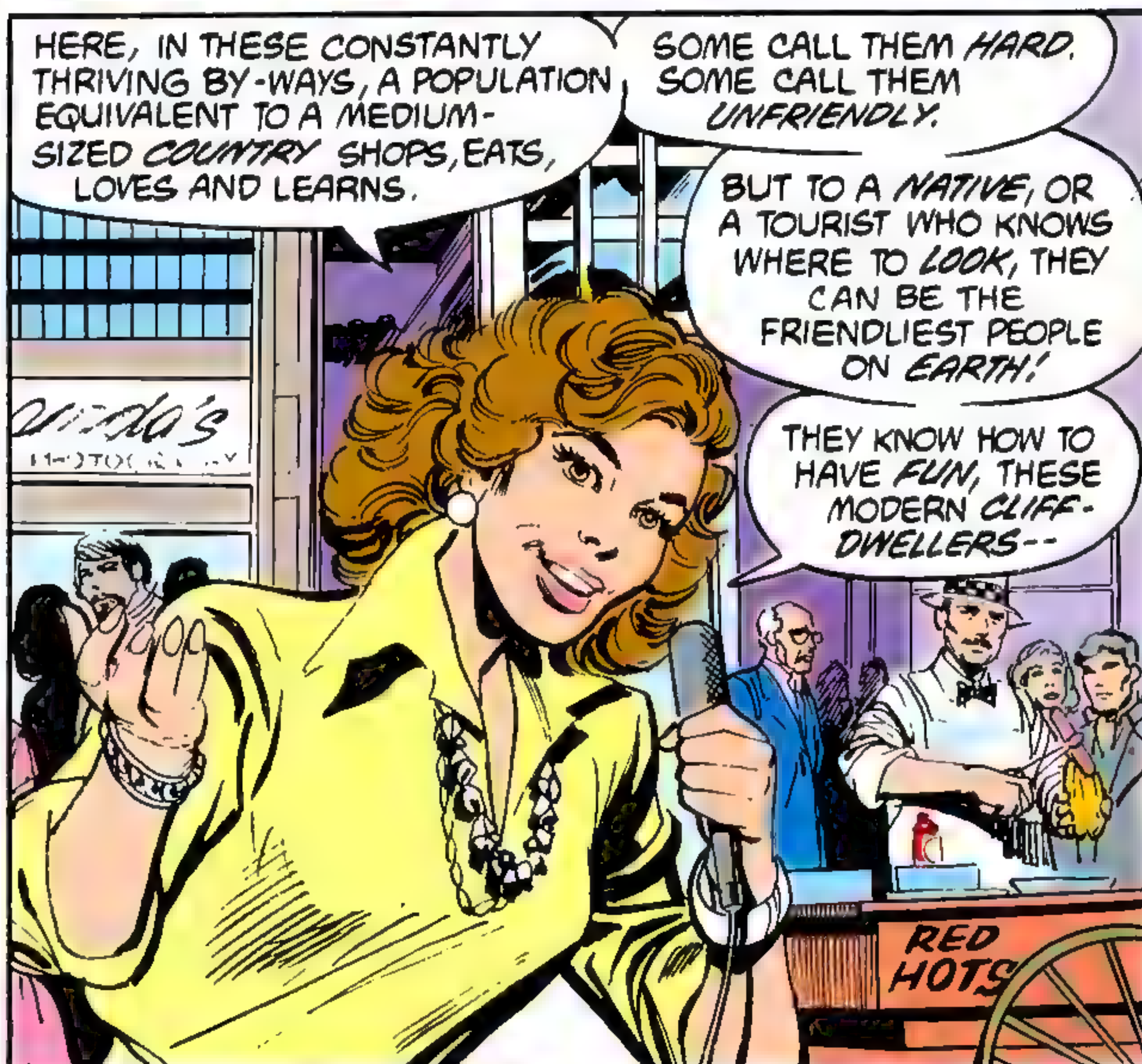
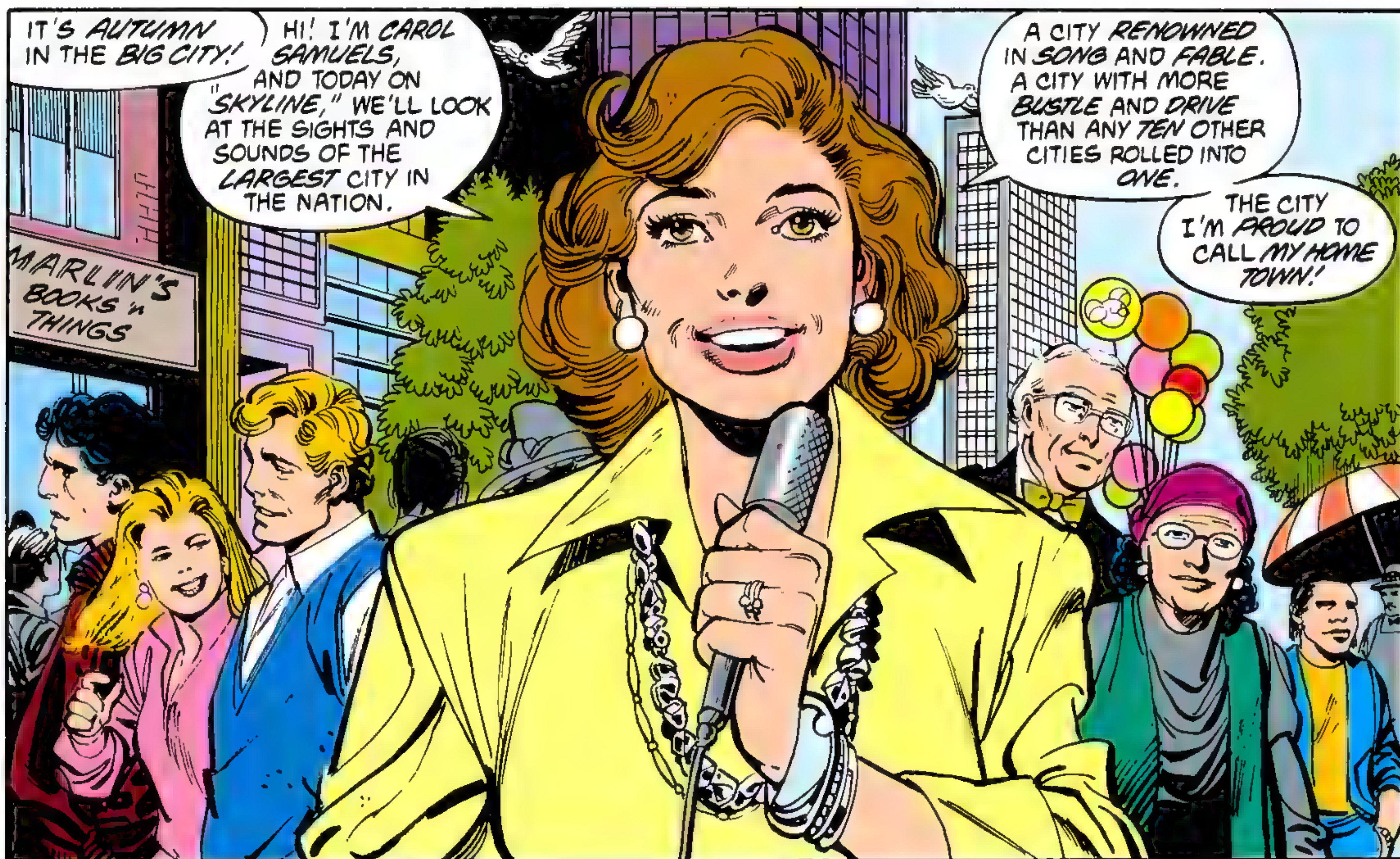
IT *COULD* KILL
ME, WITH A
LONG ENOUGH
EXPOSURE, IT
KILLED ALMOST
EVERYONE ON
KRYPTON.

AND IT'S
OUT THERE,
SOMEWHERE.

SOMEBODY
SNATCHED
METALLO TO
GET IT.

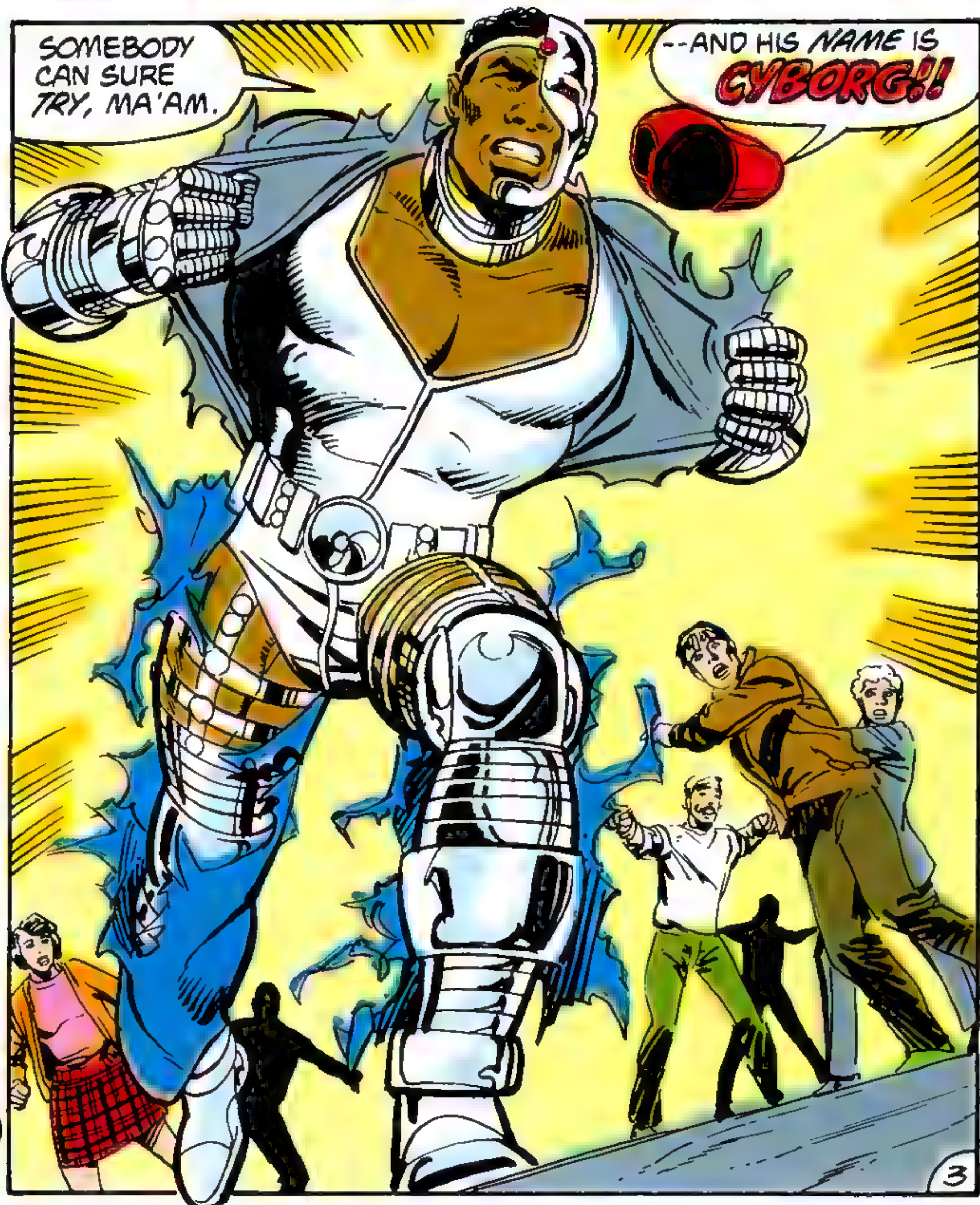
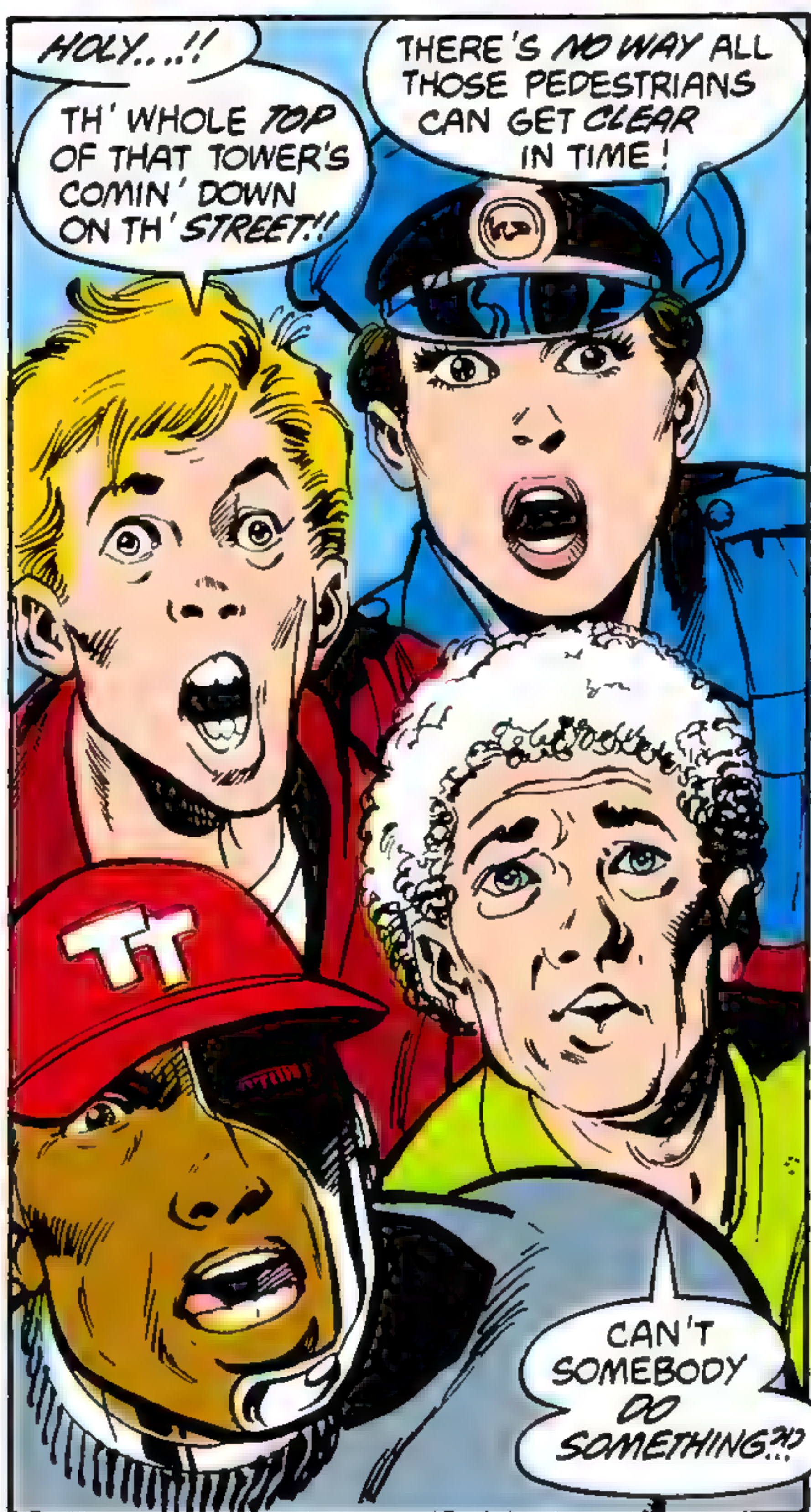
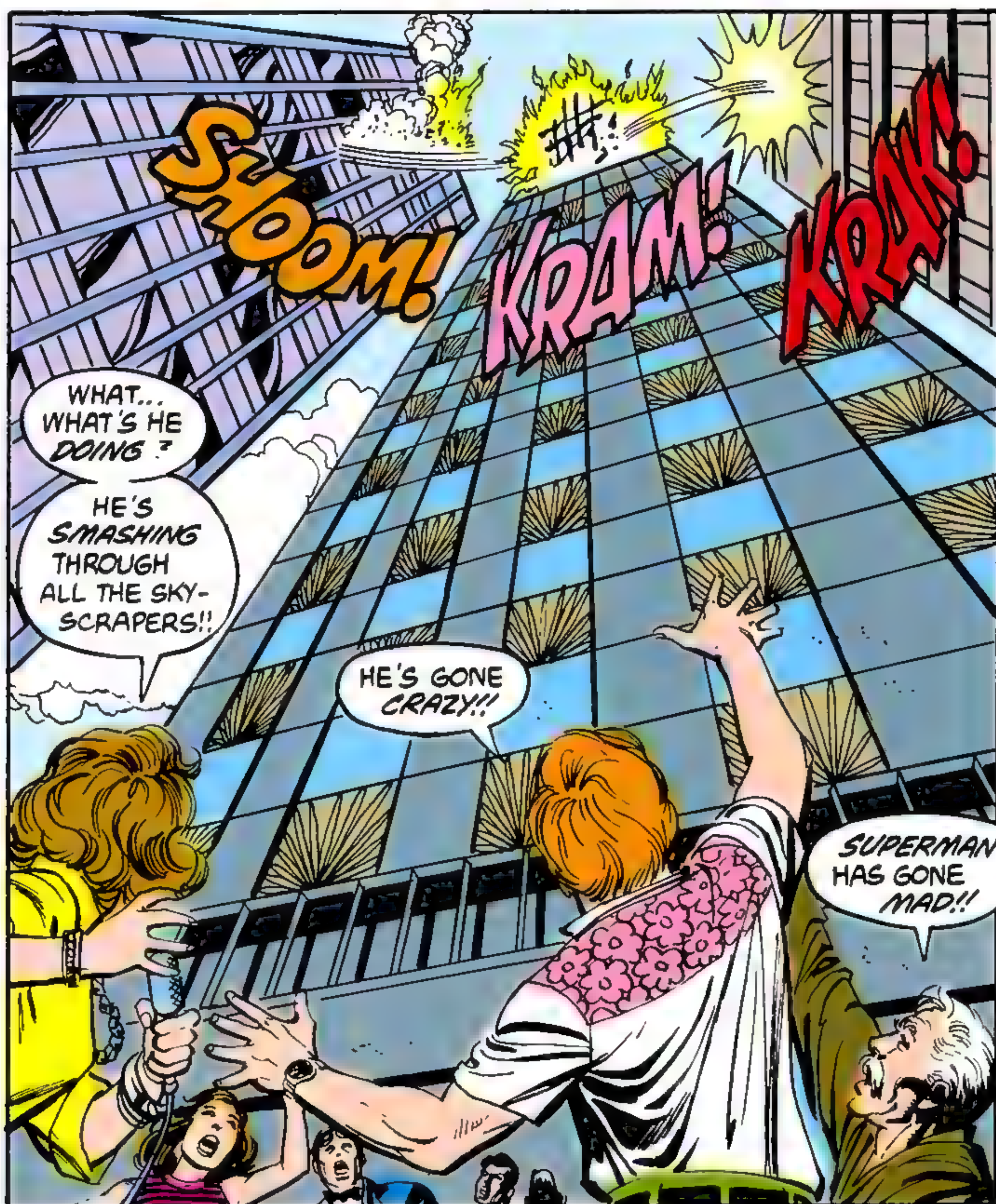
AND I
HAVE AN
AWFUL
FEELING I
KNOW *WHO*...

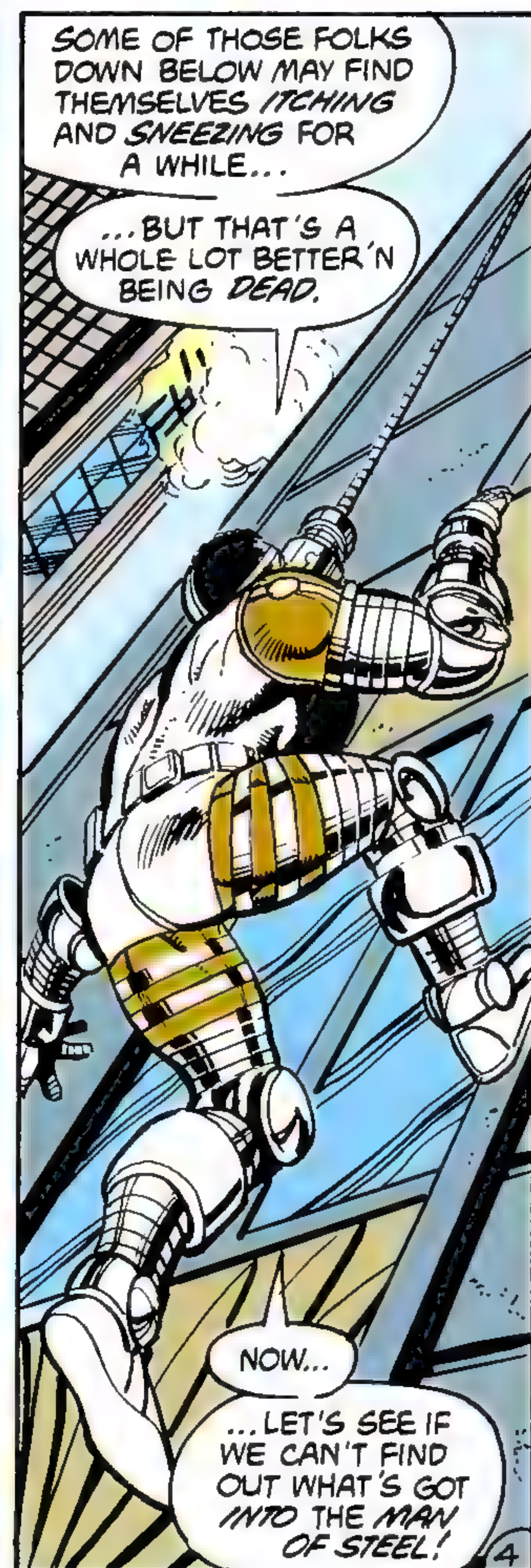
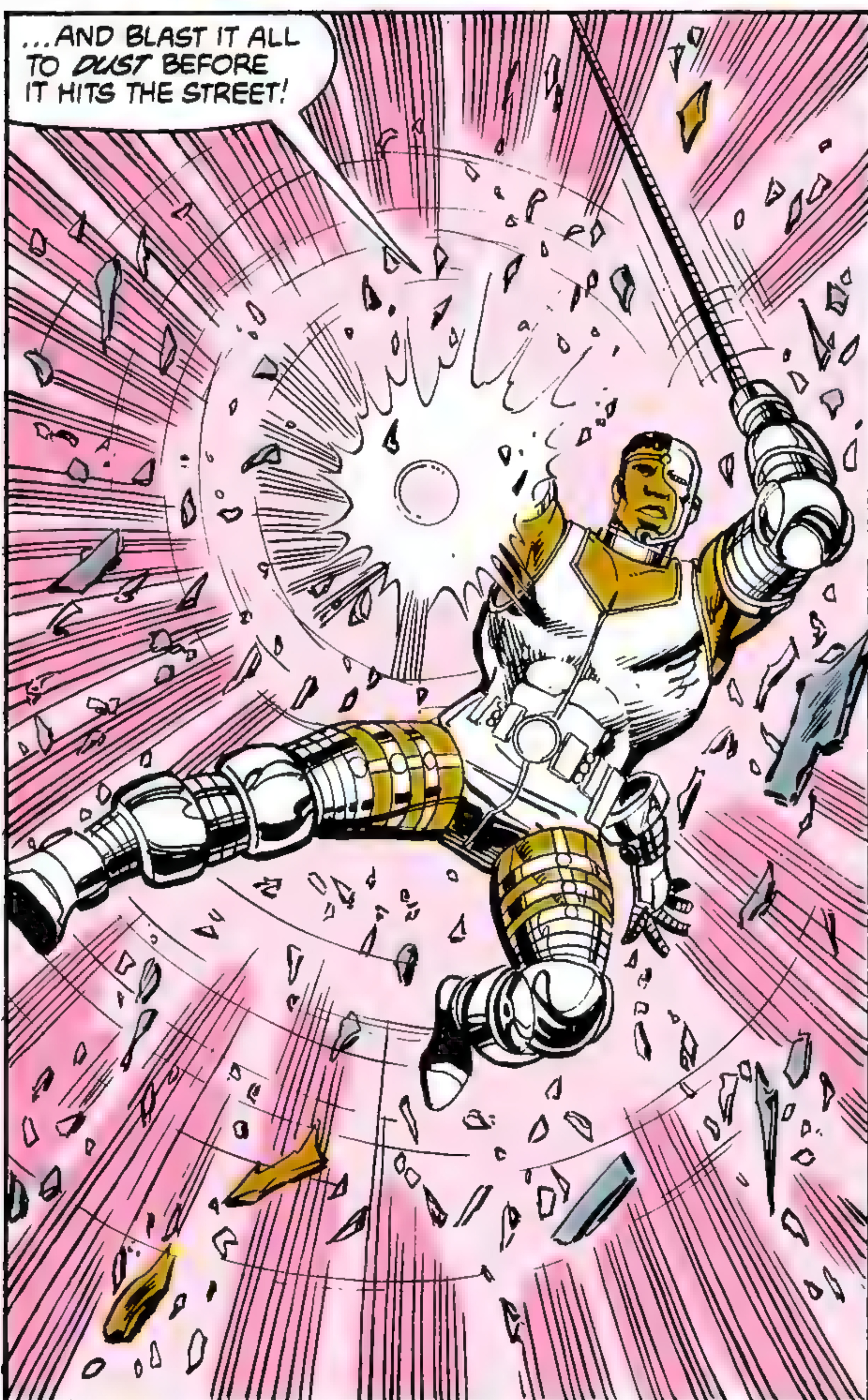
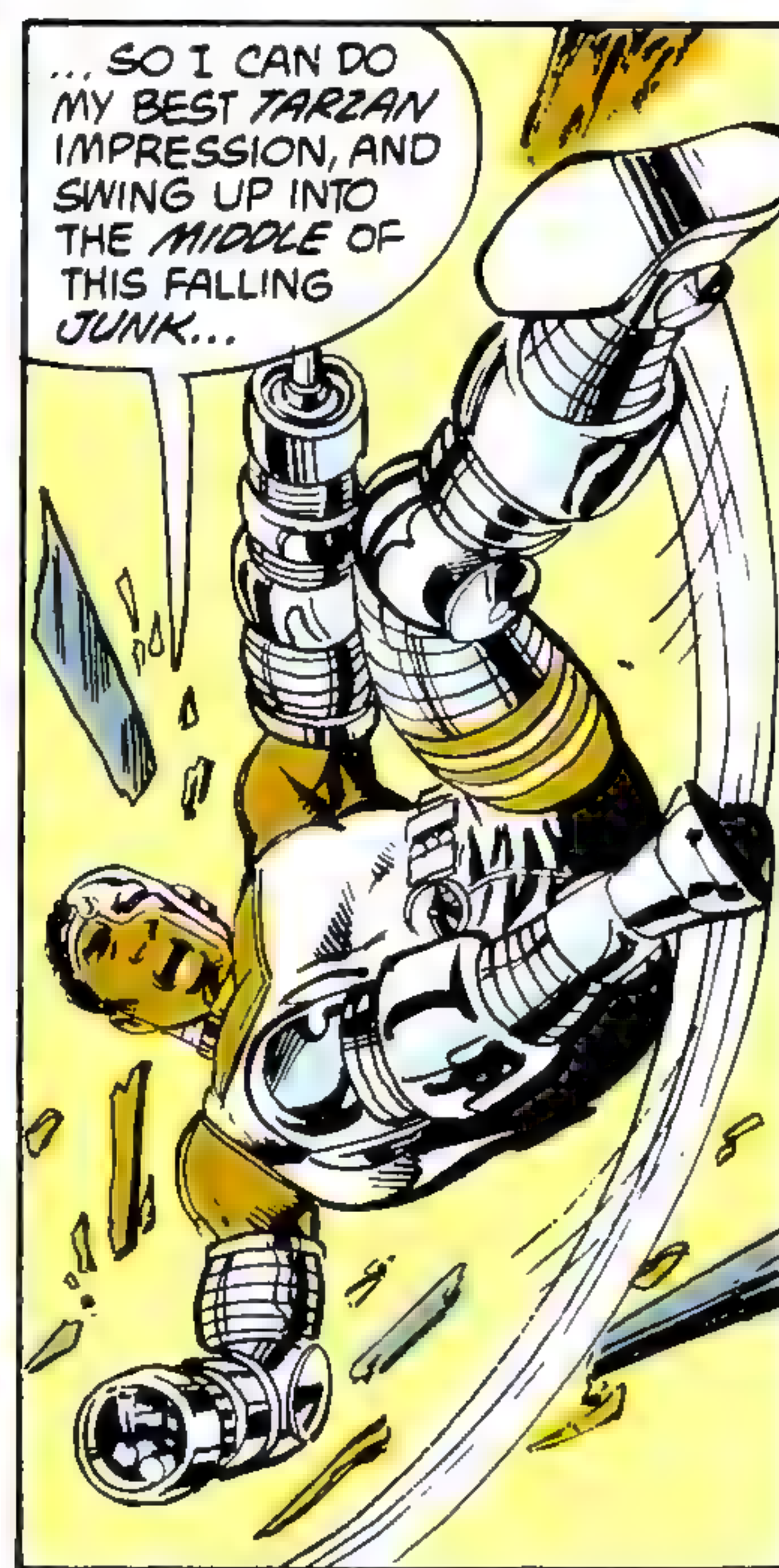
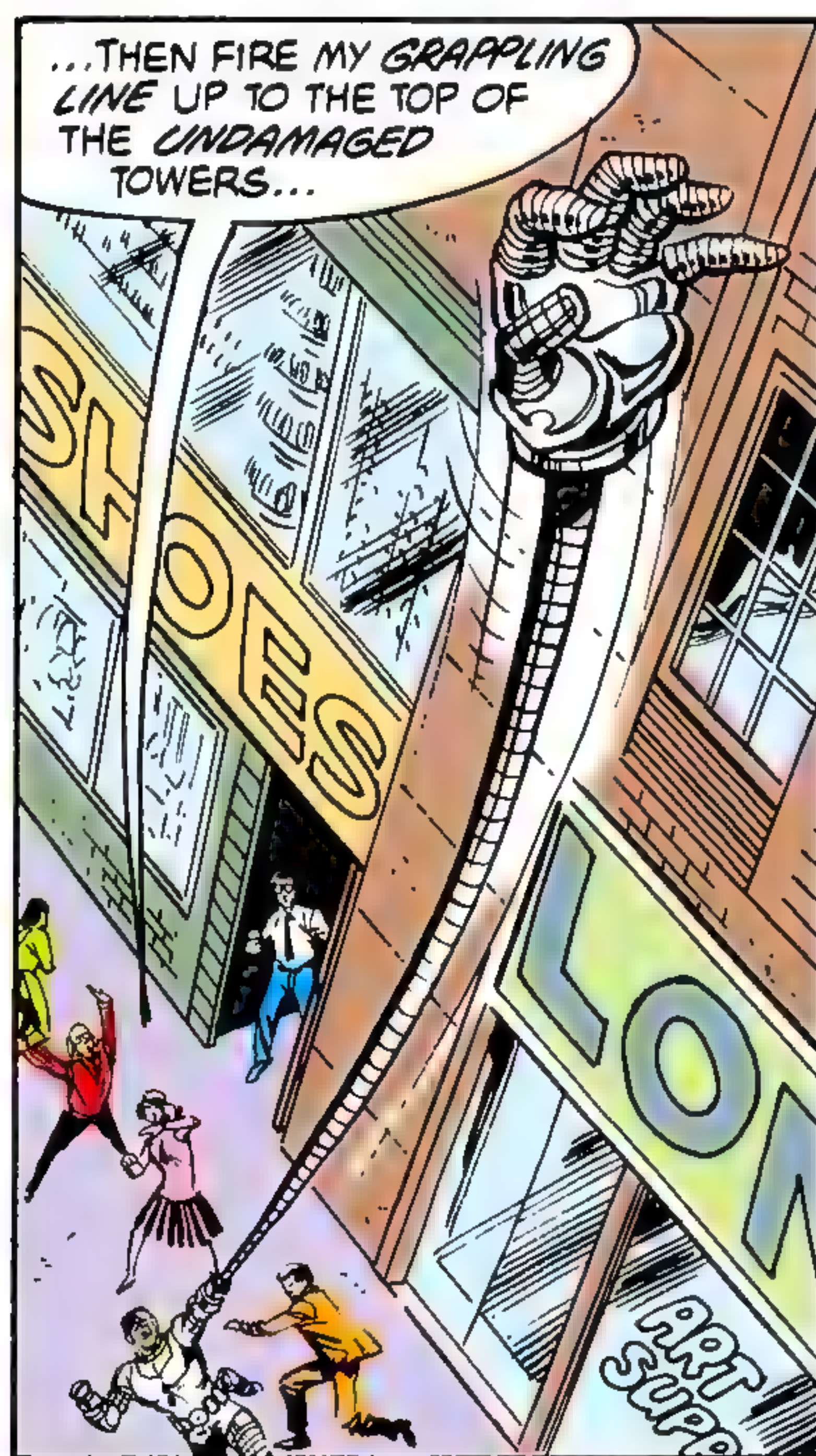
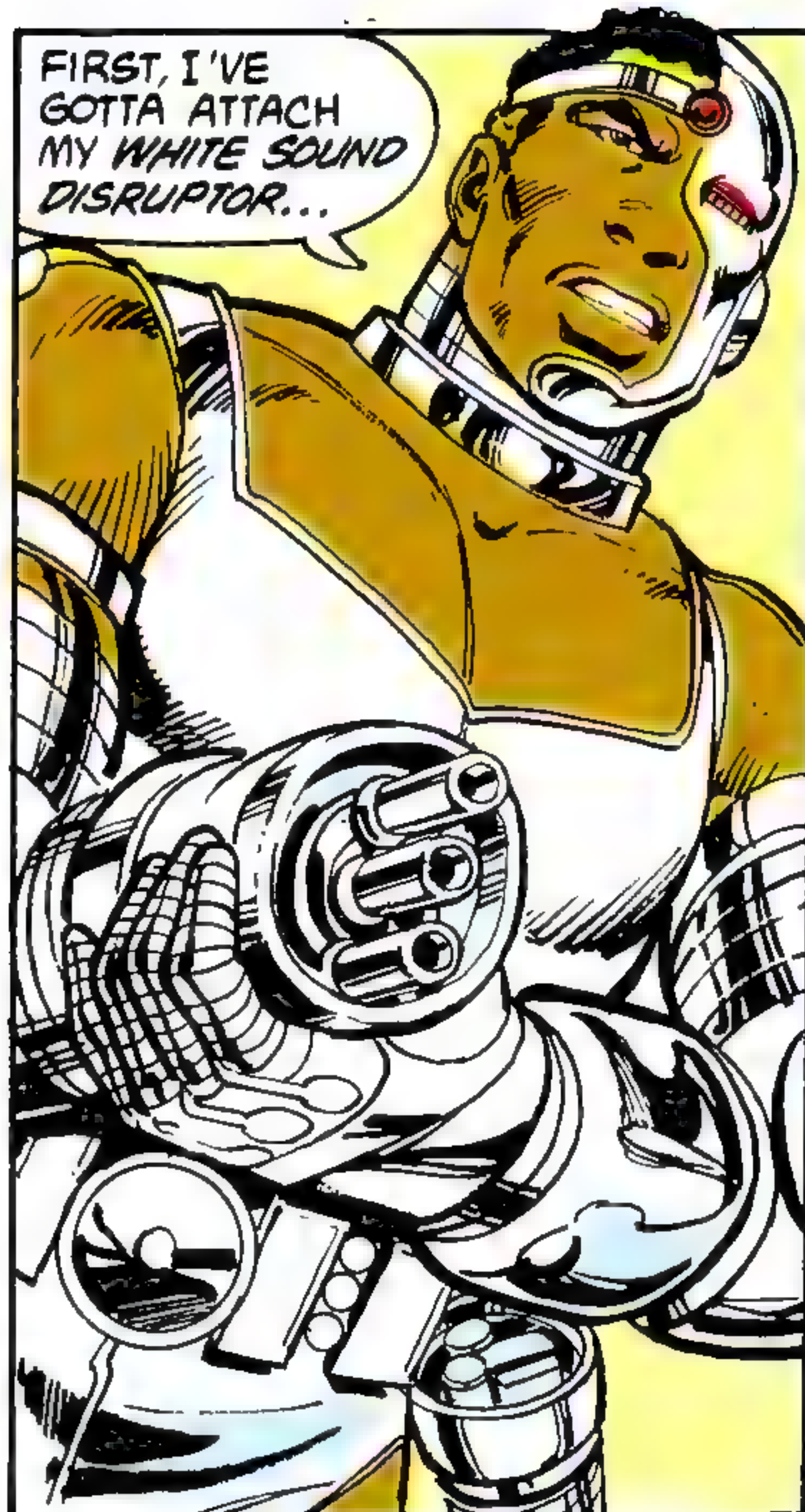
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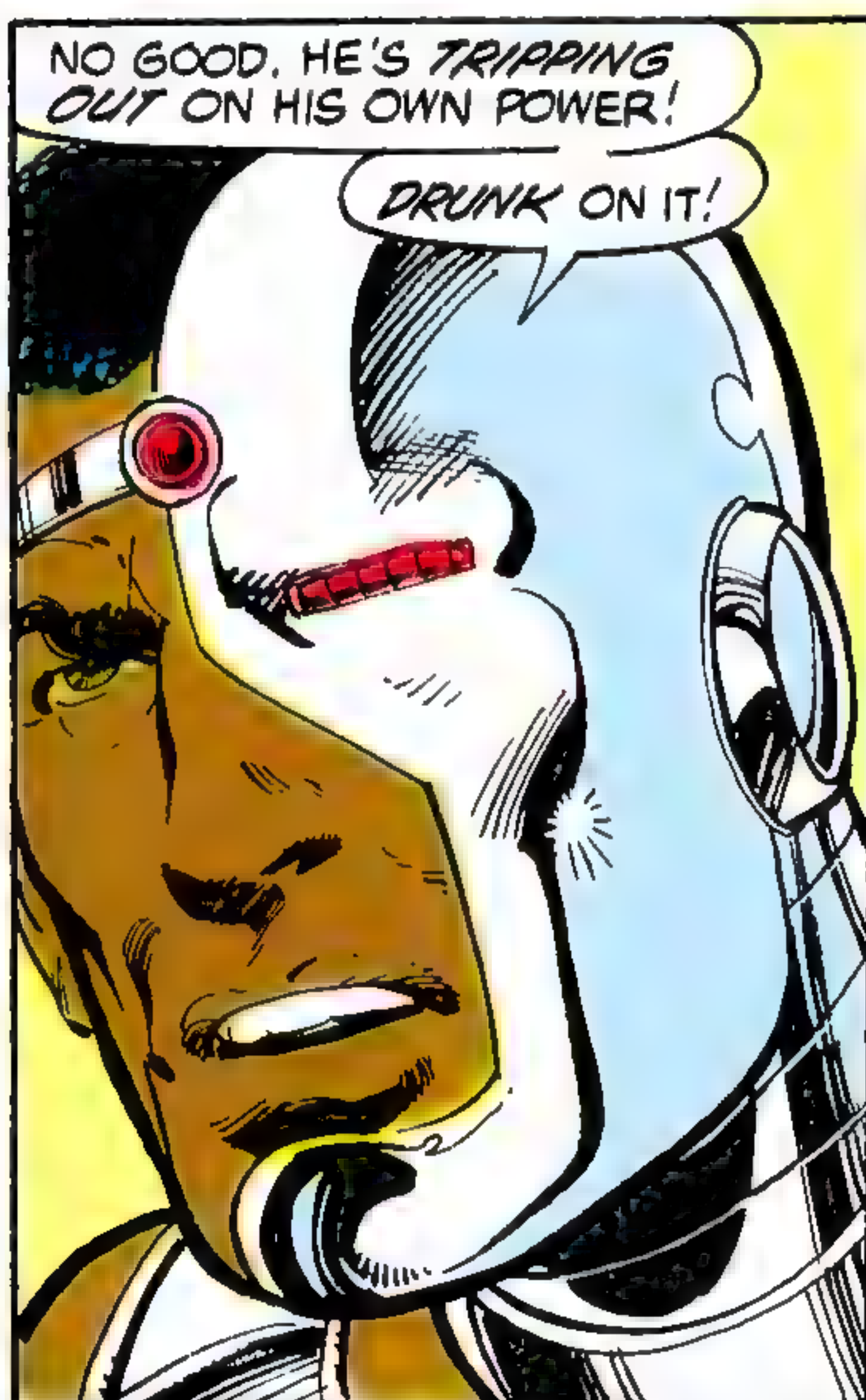
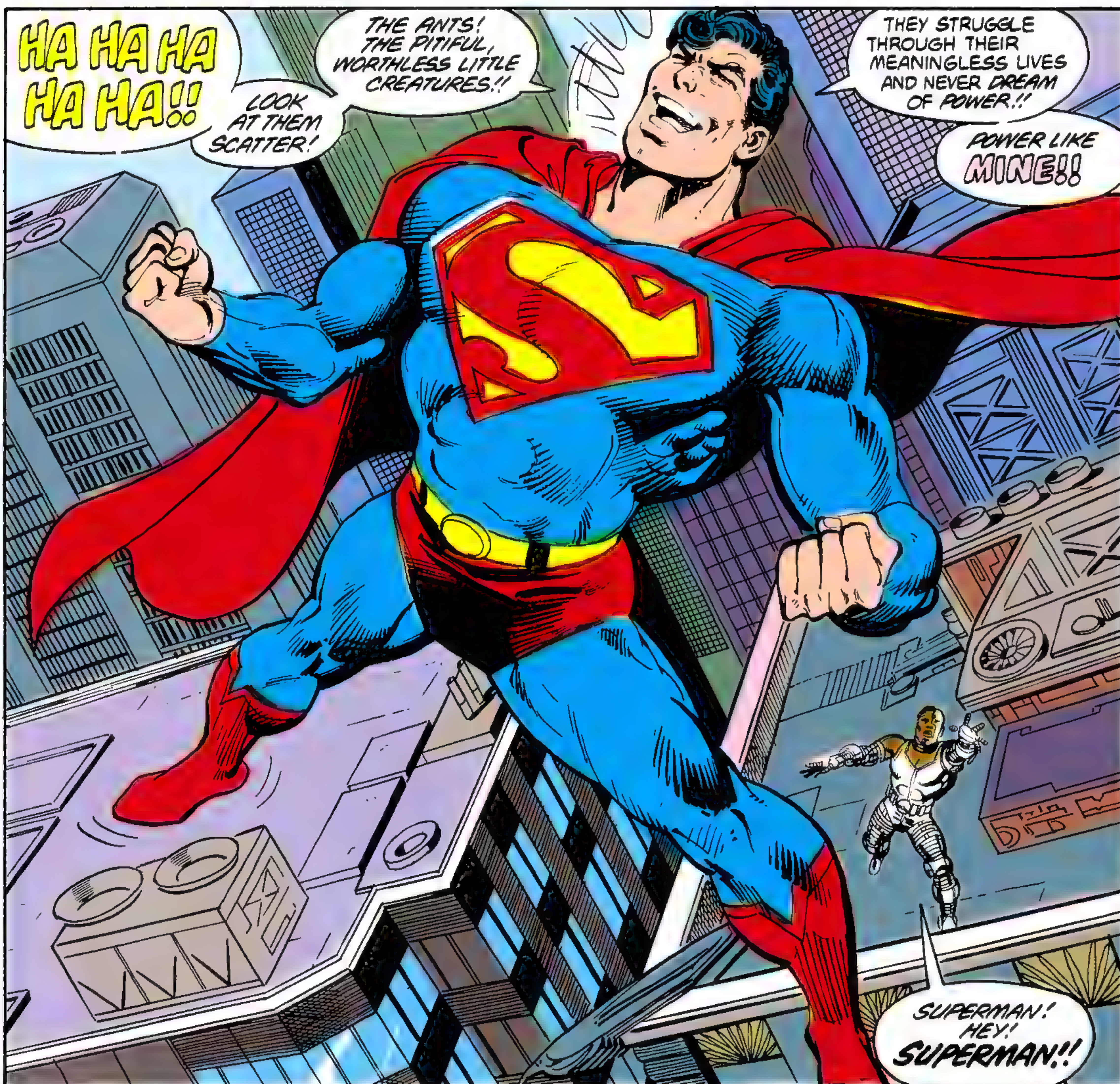


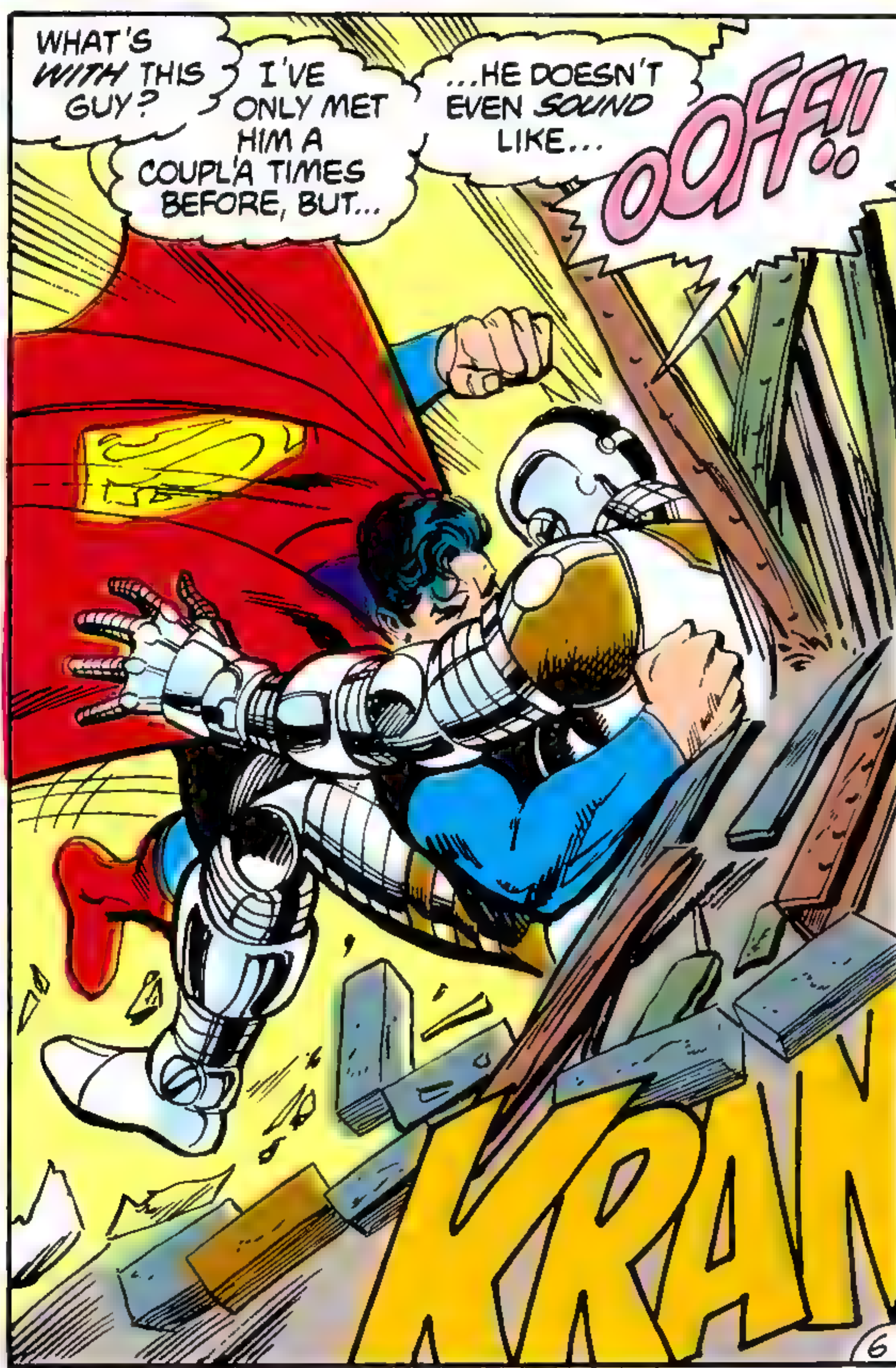
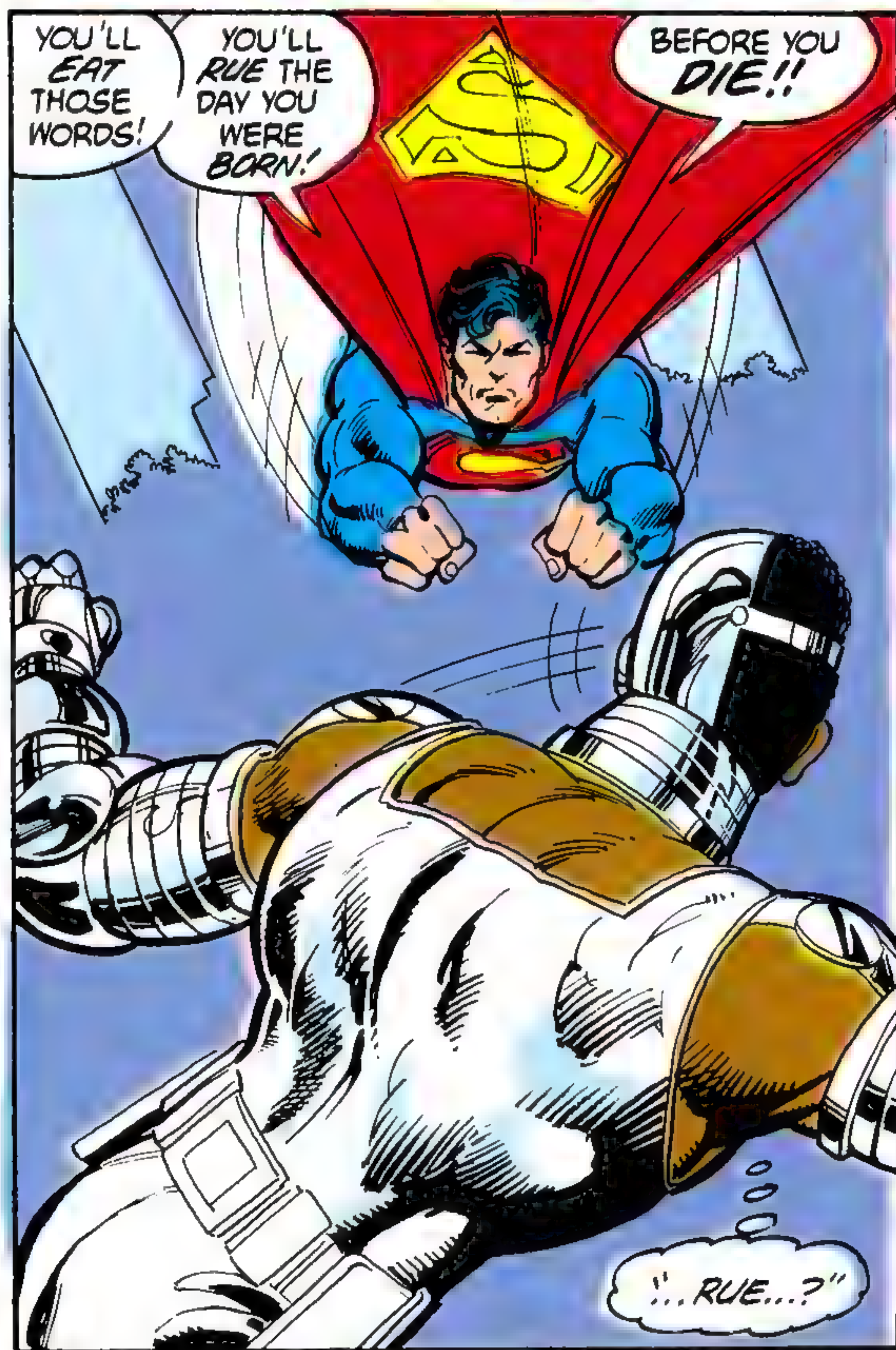
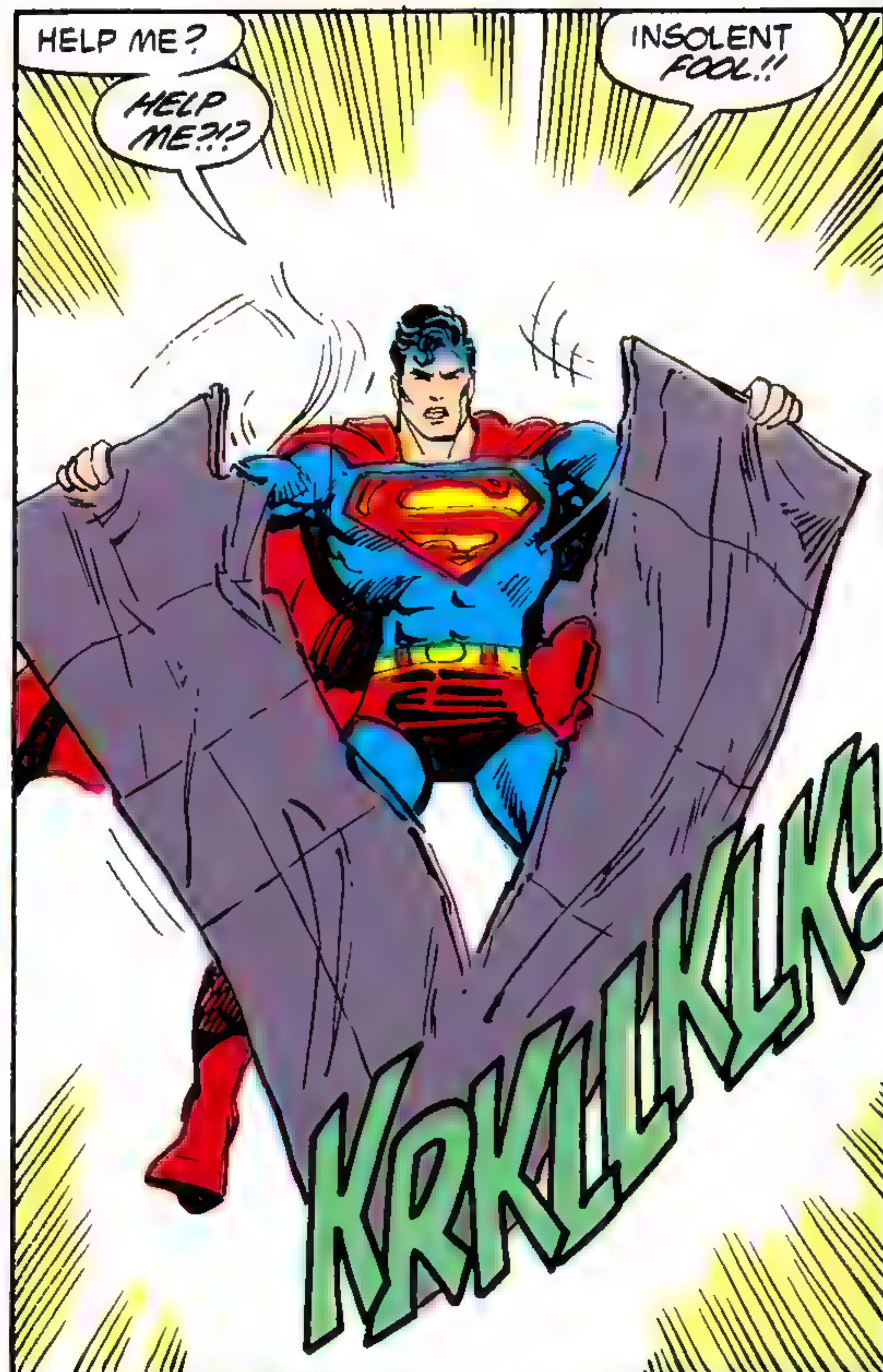


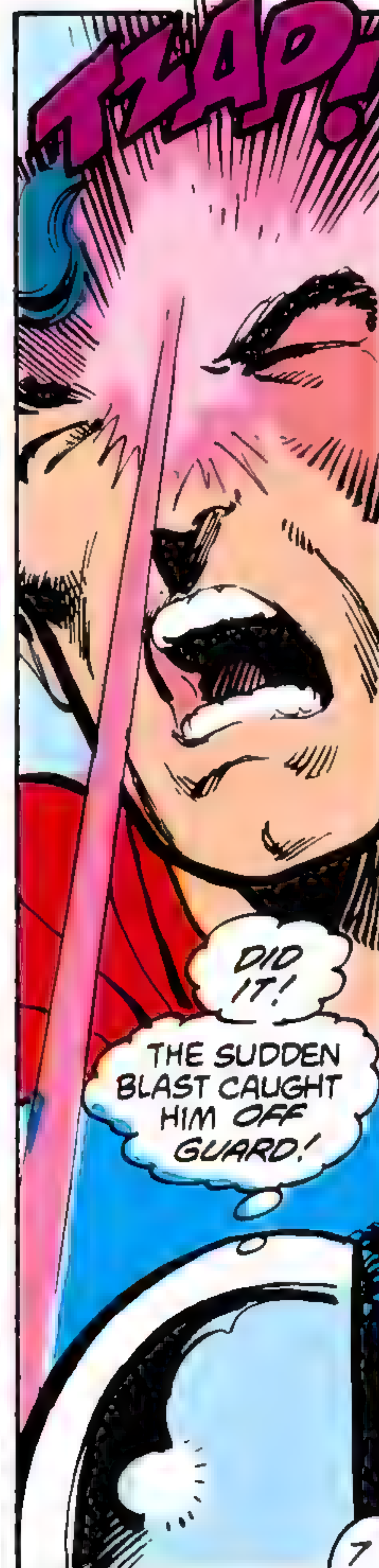
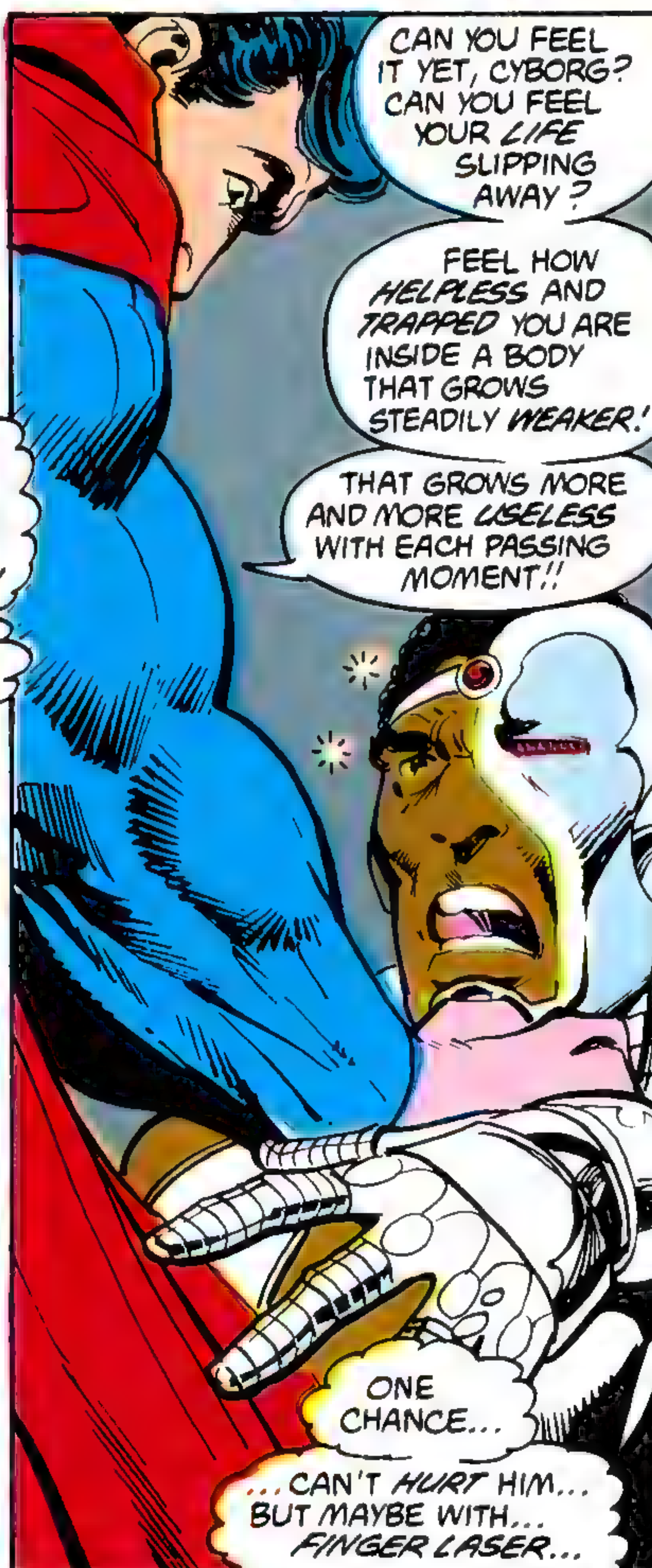
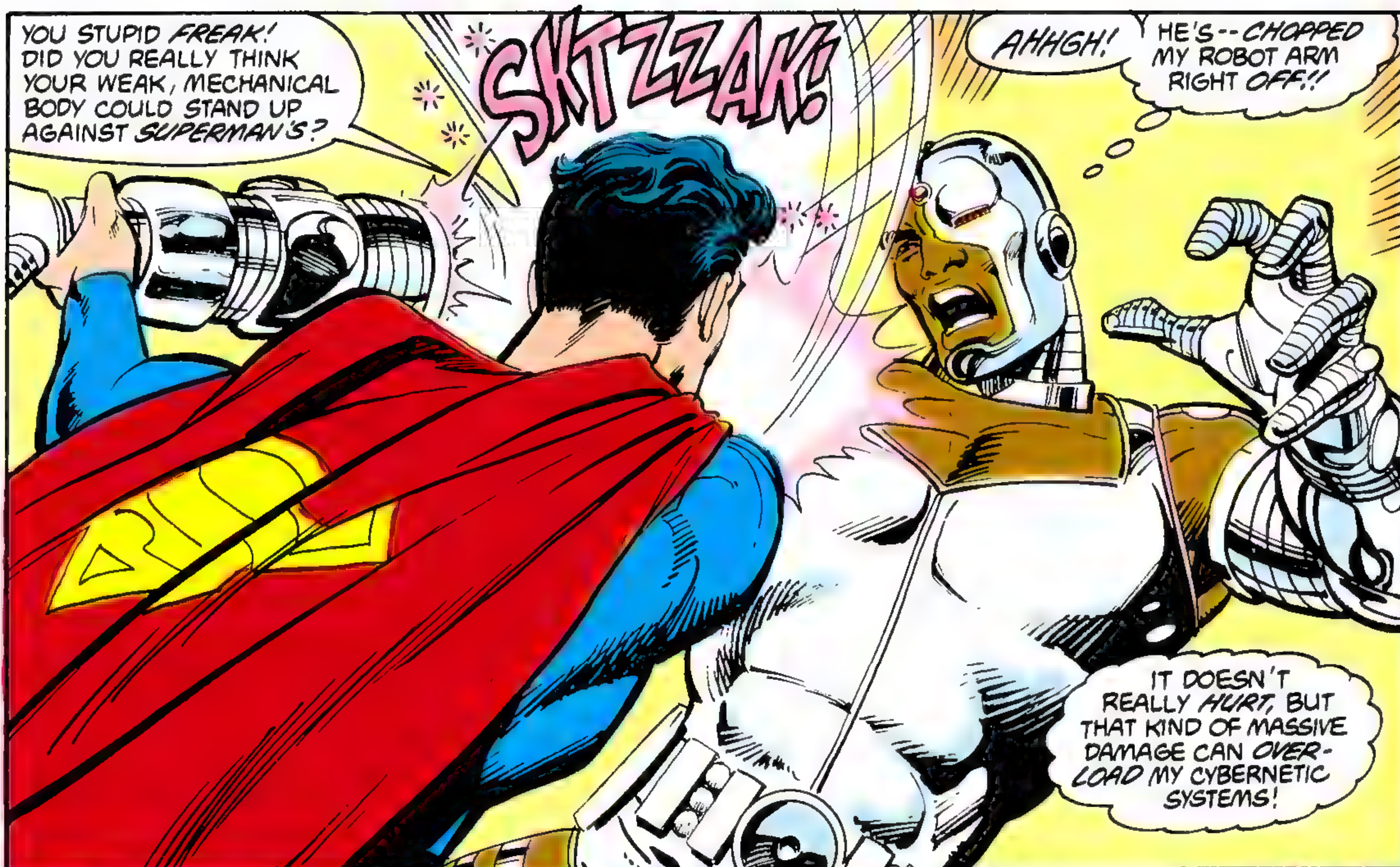
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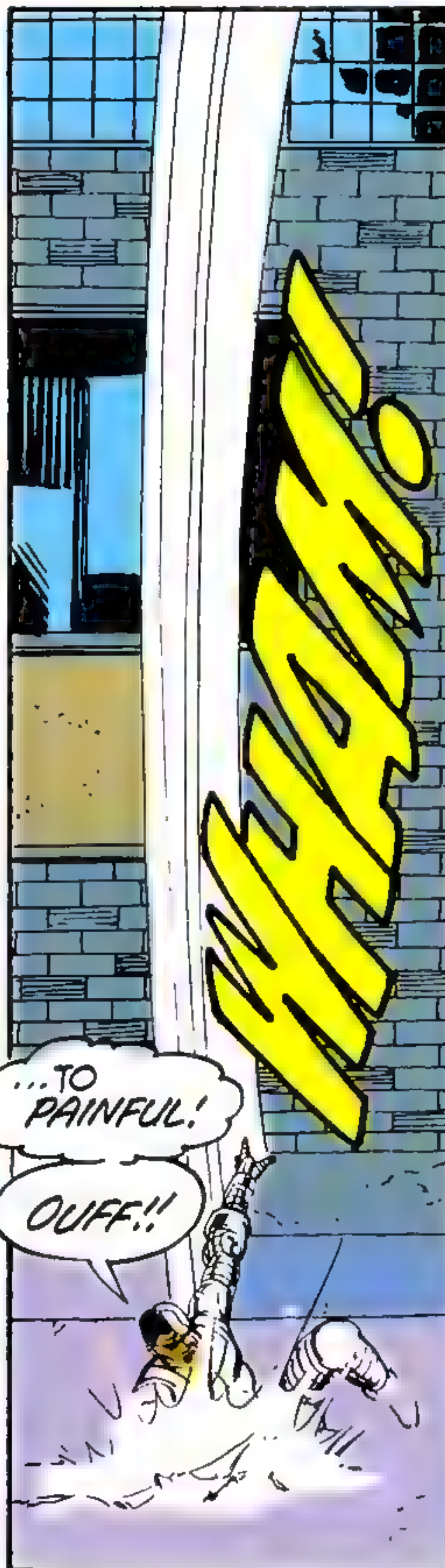
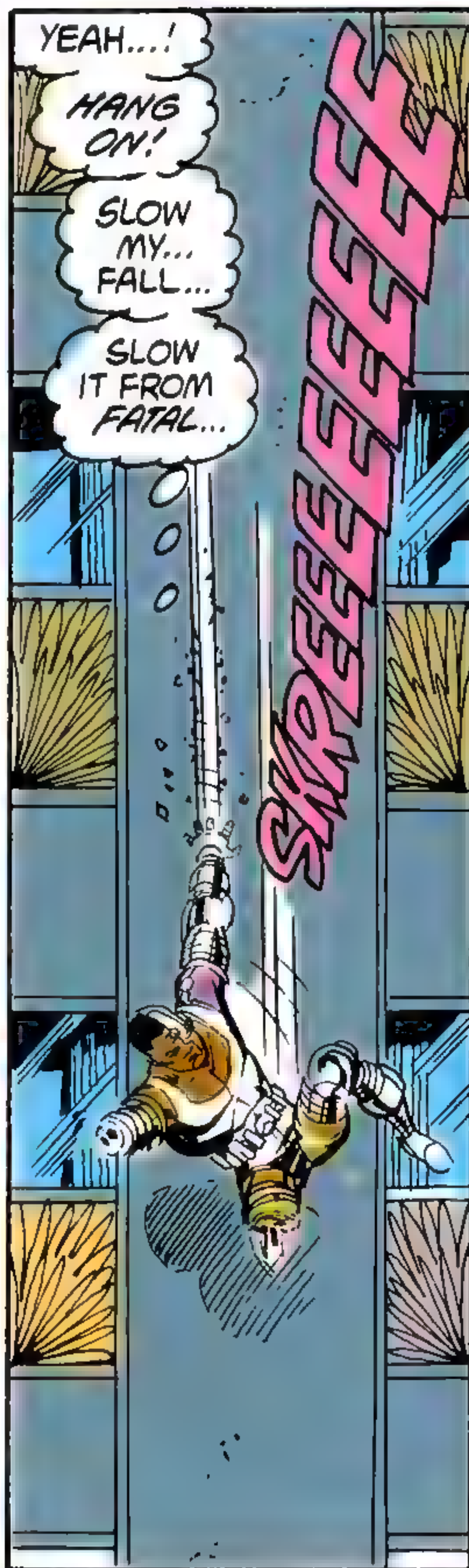
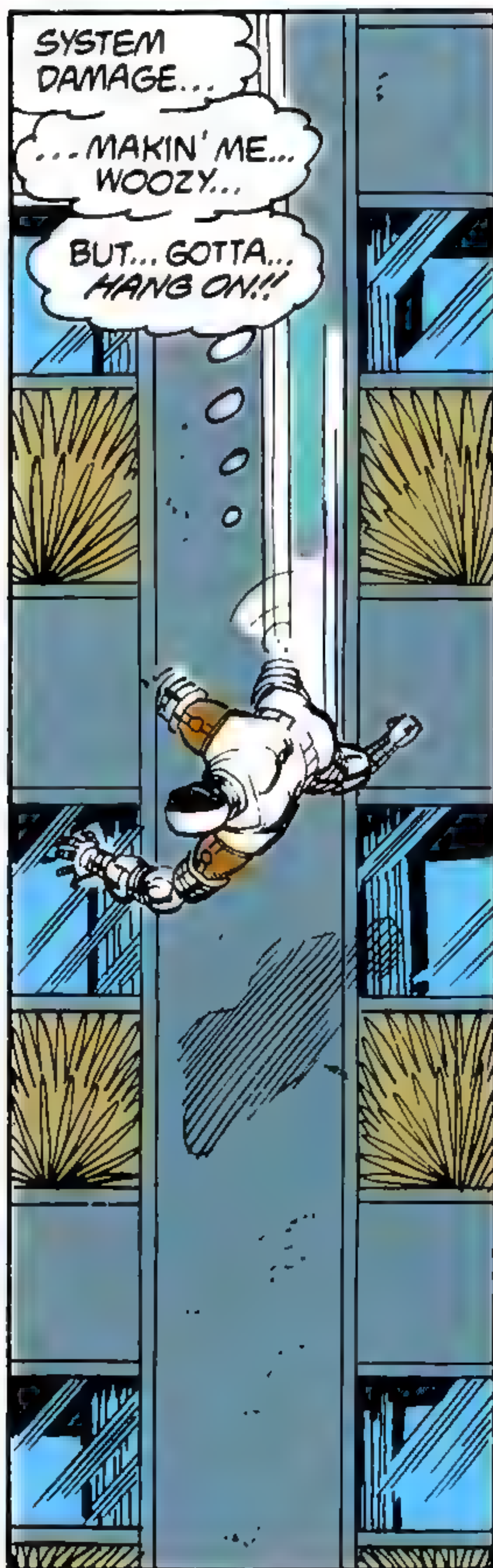
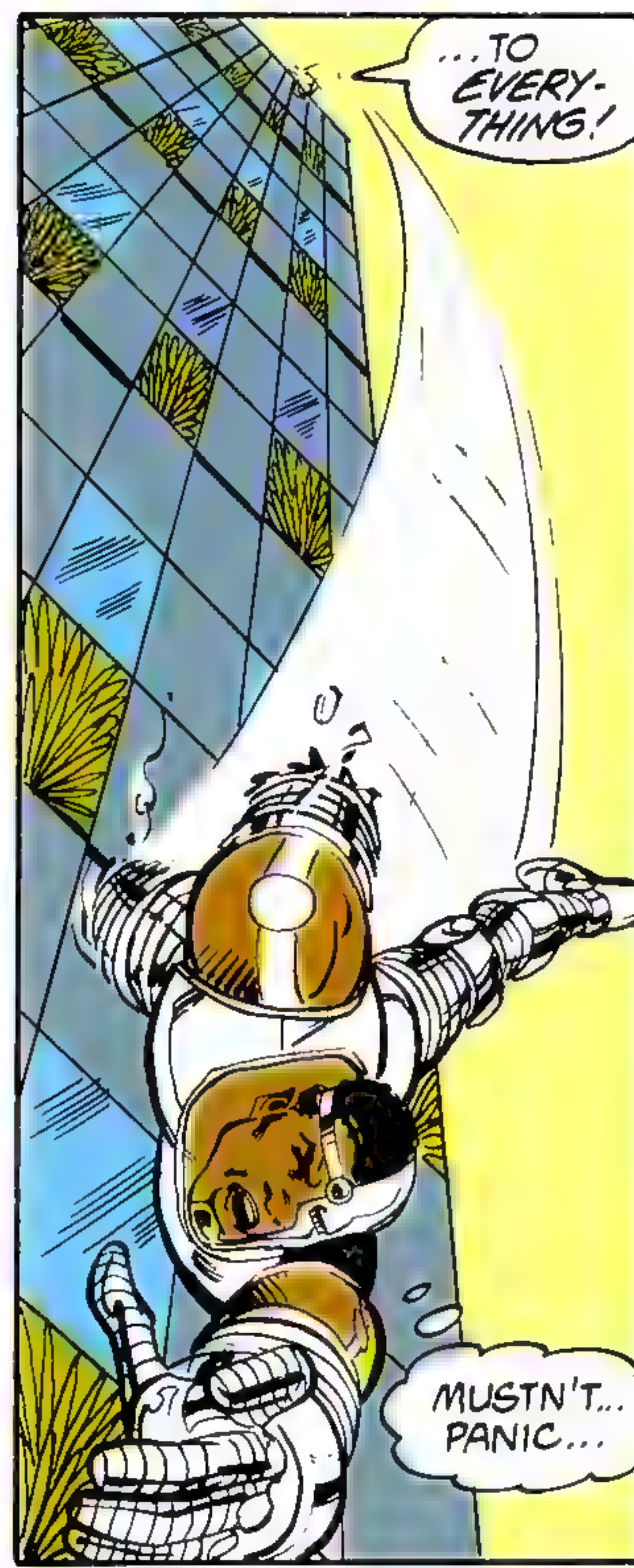
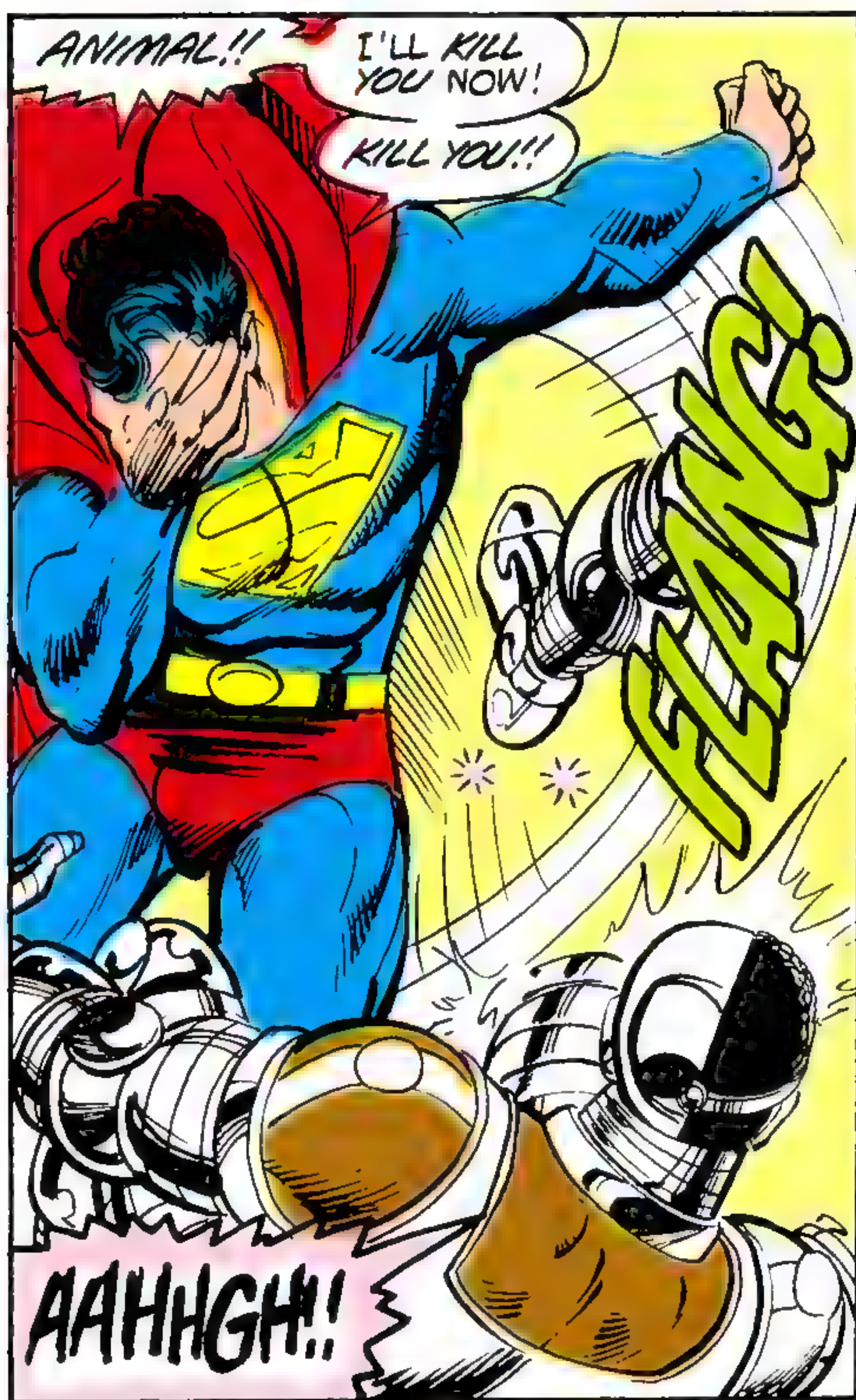


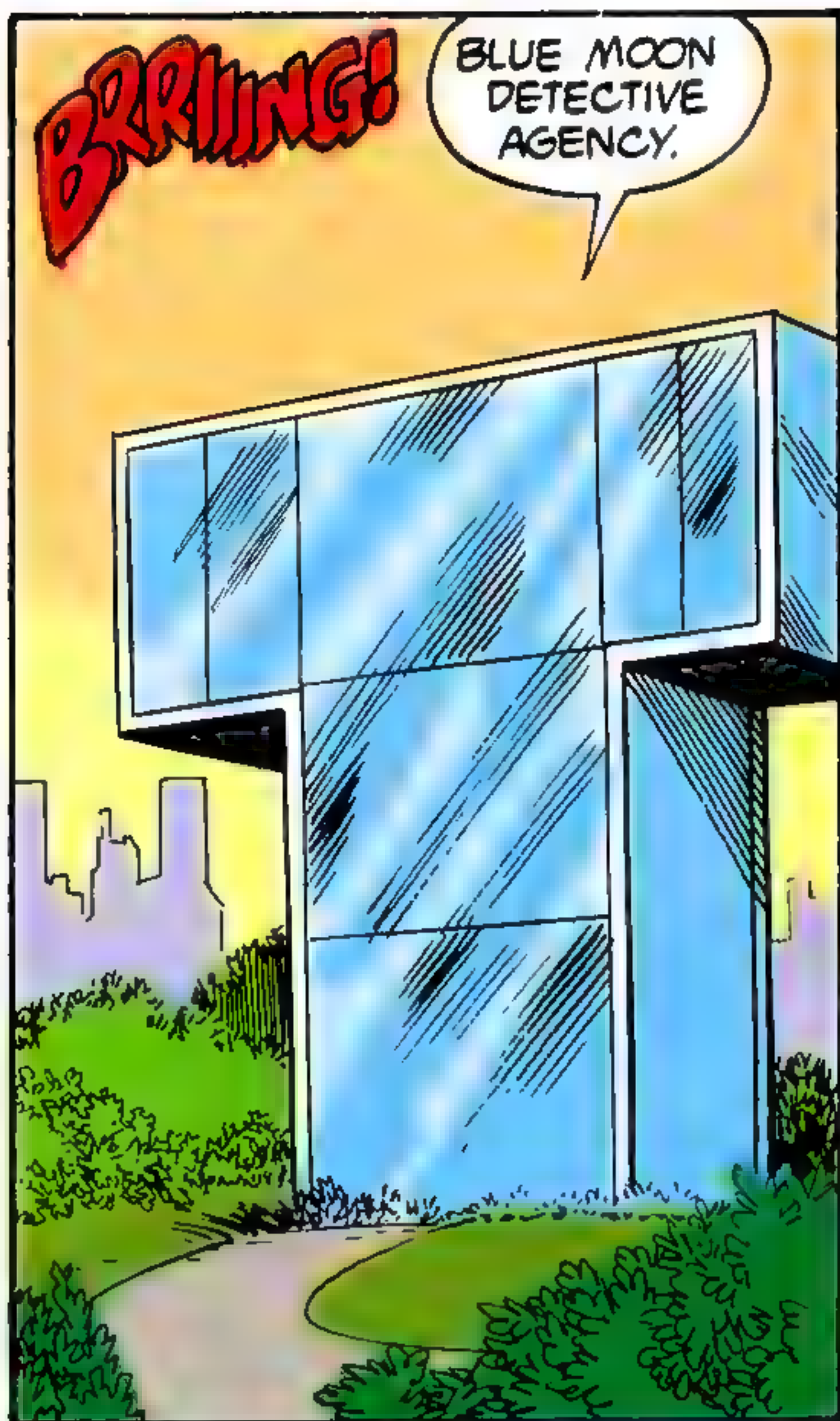


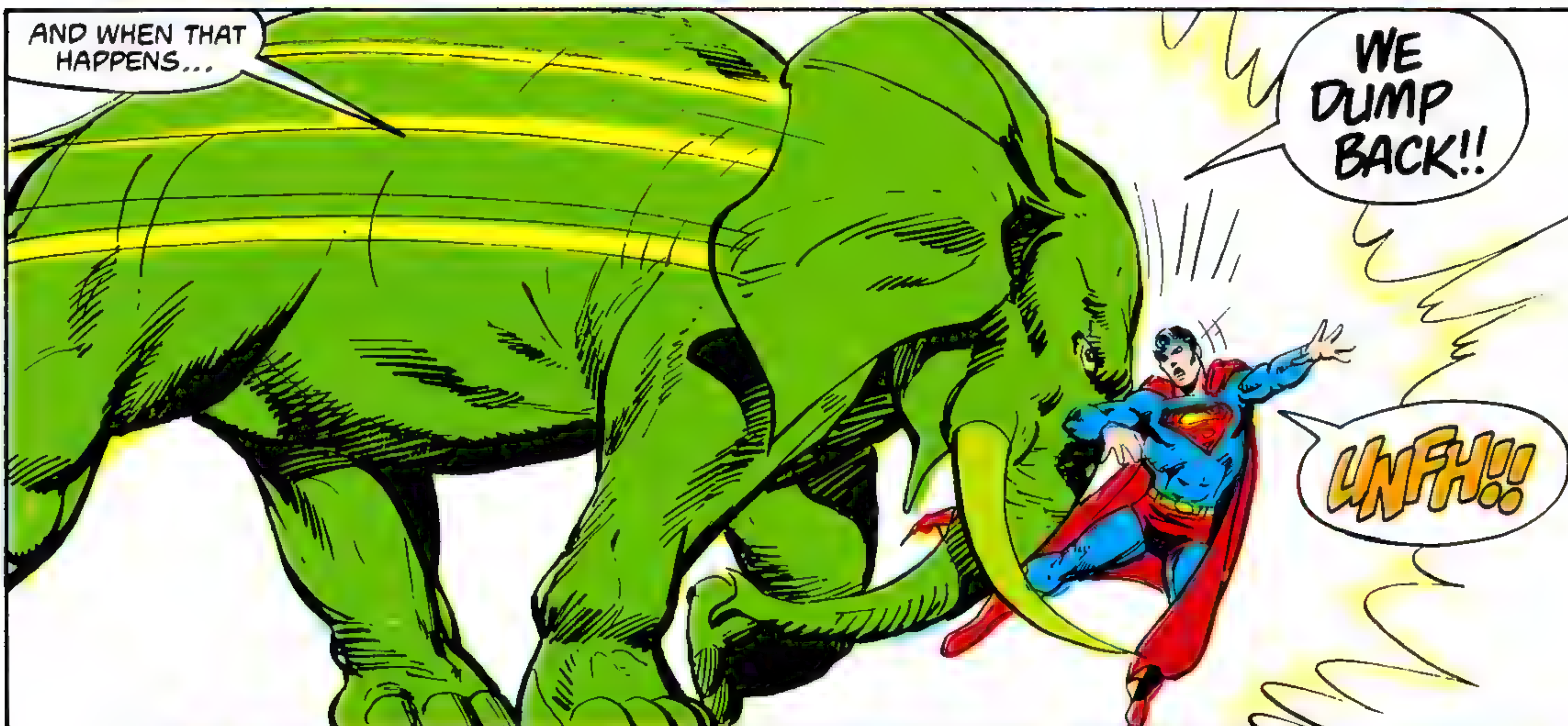
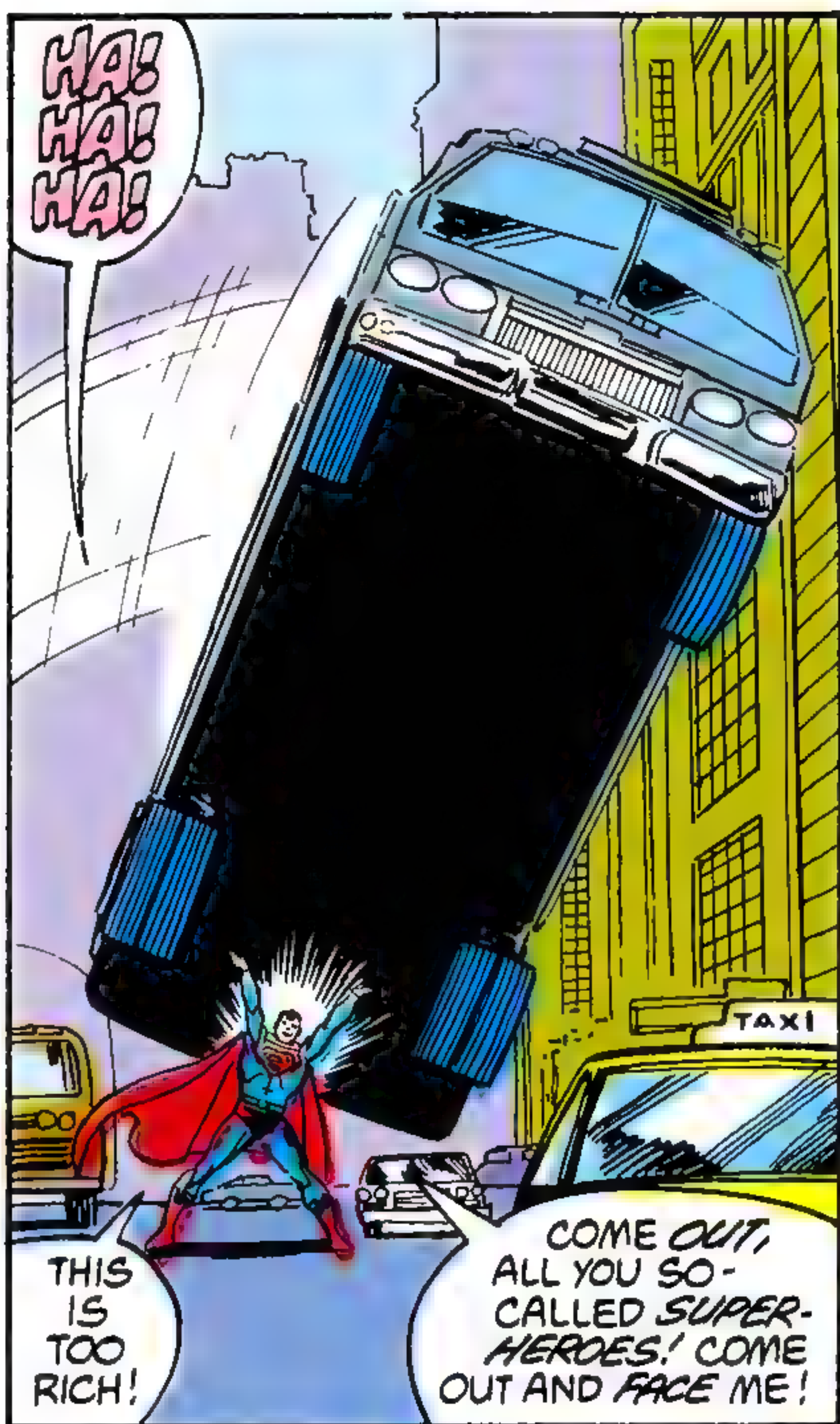










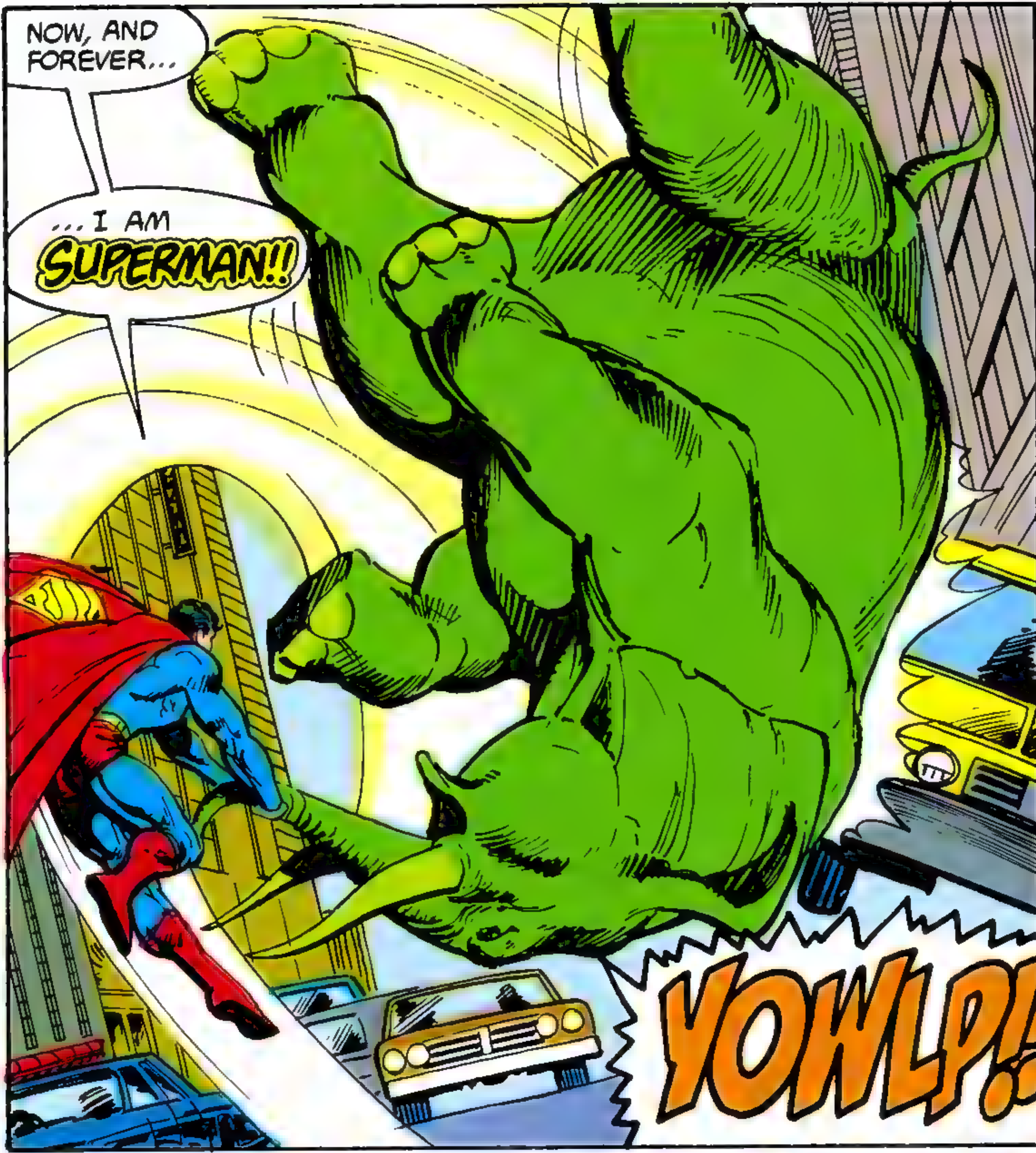




DOLT!

DO YOU
REALLY THINK
ME SO EASILY
UNDONE?

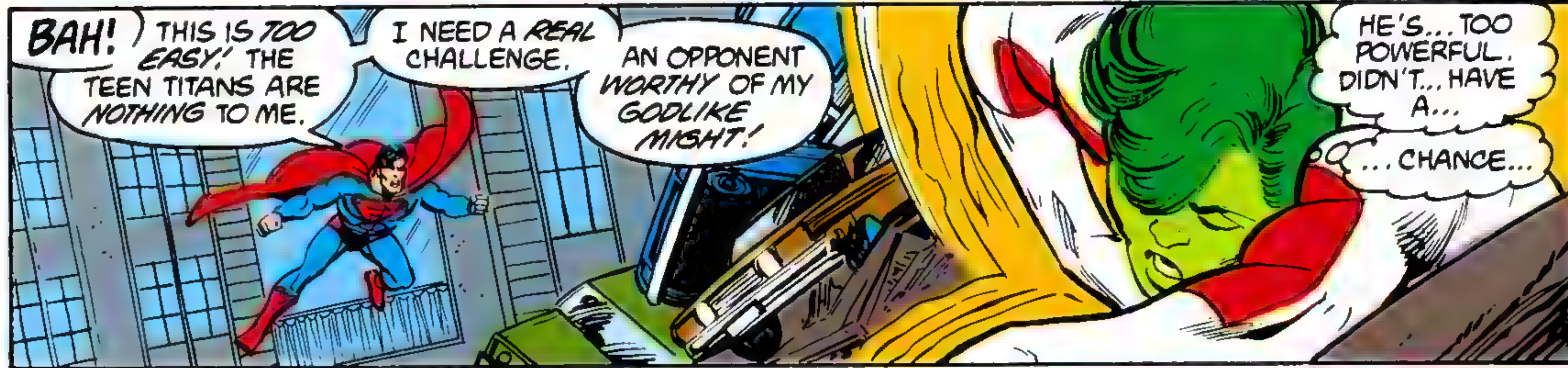
THIS IS NOT
SOME PETTY,
UNTREED, SUPER-
VILLAIN YOU'RE
DEALING
WITH.



NOW, AND
FOREVER...

... I AM
SUPERMAN!!

YOWLP!!



BAH!

THIS IS TOO
EASY! THE
TEEN TITANS ARE
NOTHING TO ME.

I NEED A REAL
CHALLENGE.

AN OPPONENT
WORTHY OF MY
GODLIKE
MIGHT!

HE'S... TOO
POWERFUL.
DIDN'T... HAVE
A...

... CHANCE...



IT IS RIDICULOUS
TO WASTE MY
POWER AGAINST
SUCH FOES AS
THESE.

I HAVE NO
INTEREST IN
BATTLING
CHILDREN!

WELL...

I MAY STILL
CALL MYSELF
A GIRL...



...BUT I THINK YOU'LL AGREE...

...I'M SOMETHING CONSIDERABLY MORE THAN A "CHILD."



AFTER ALL, THERE ARE VERY FEW CHILDREN WHO CAN DO...



WHOMG!

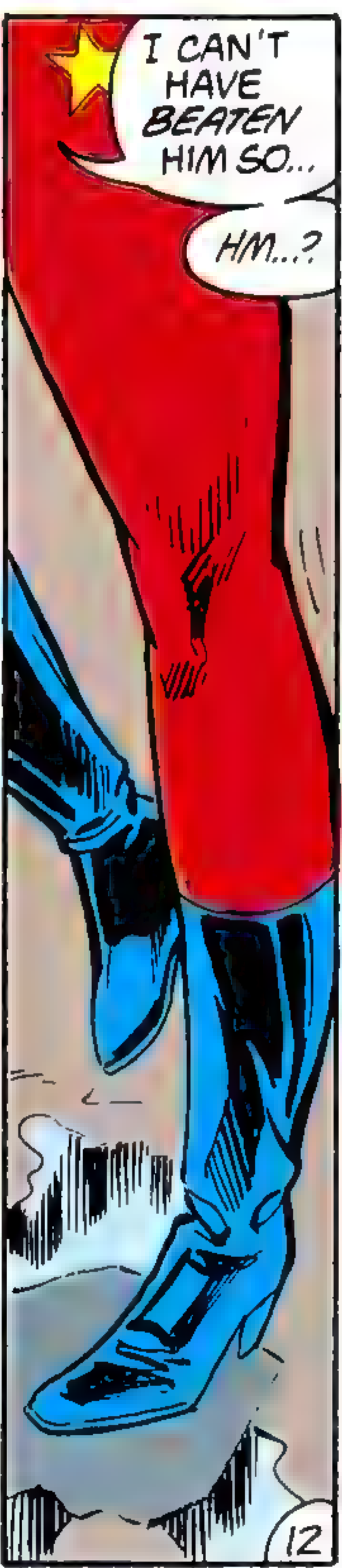
THIS!



?!?

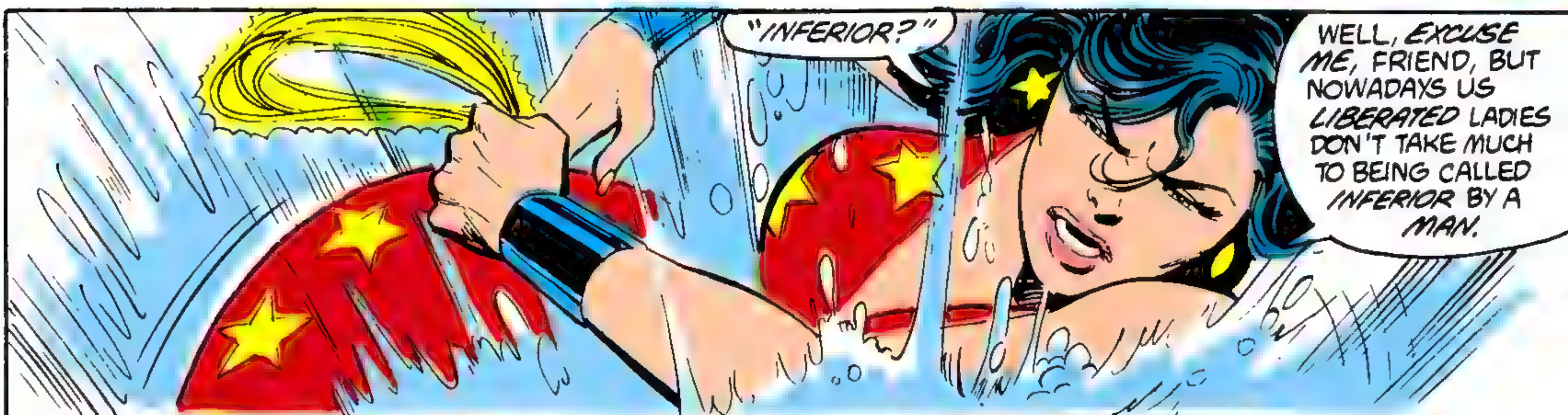
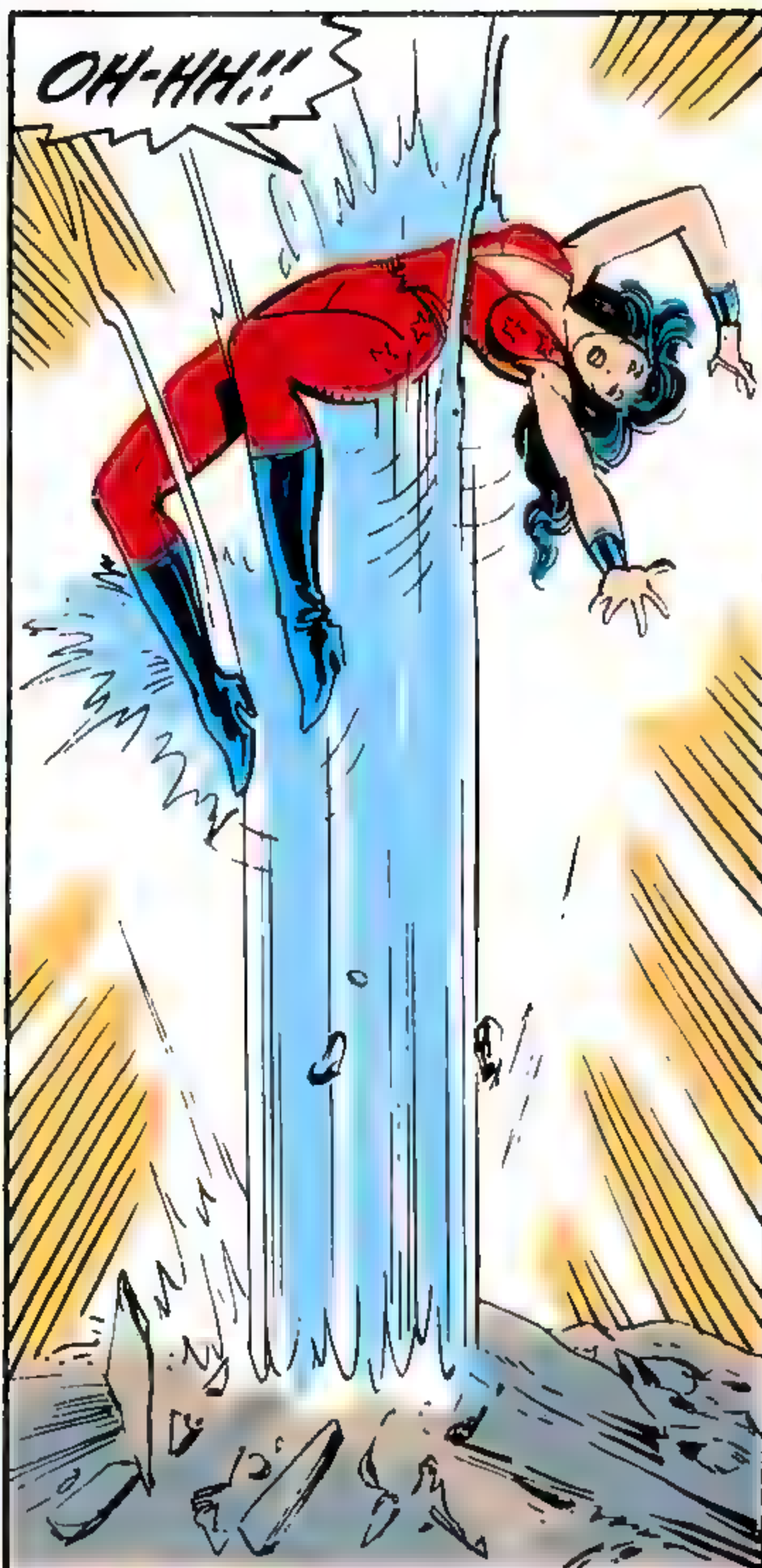
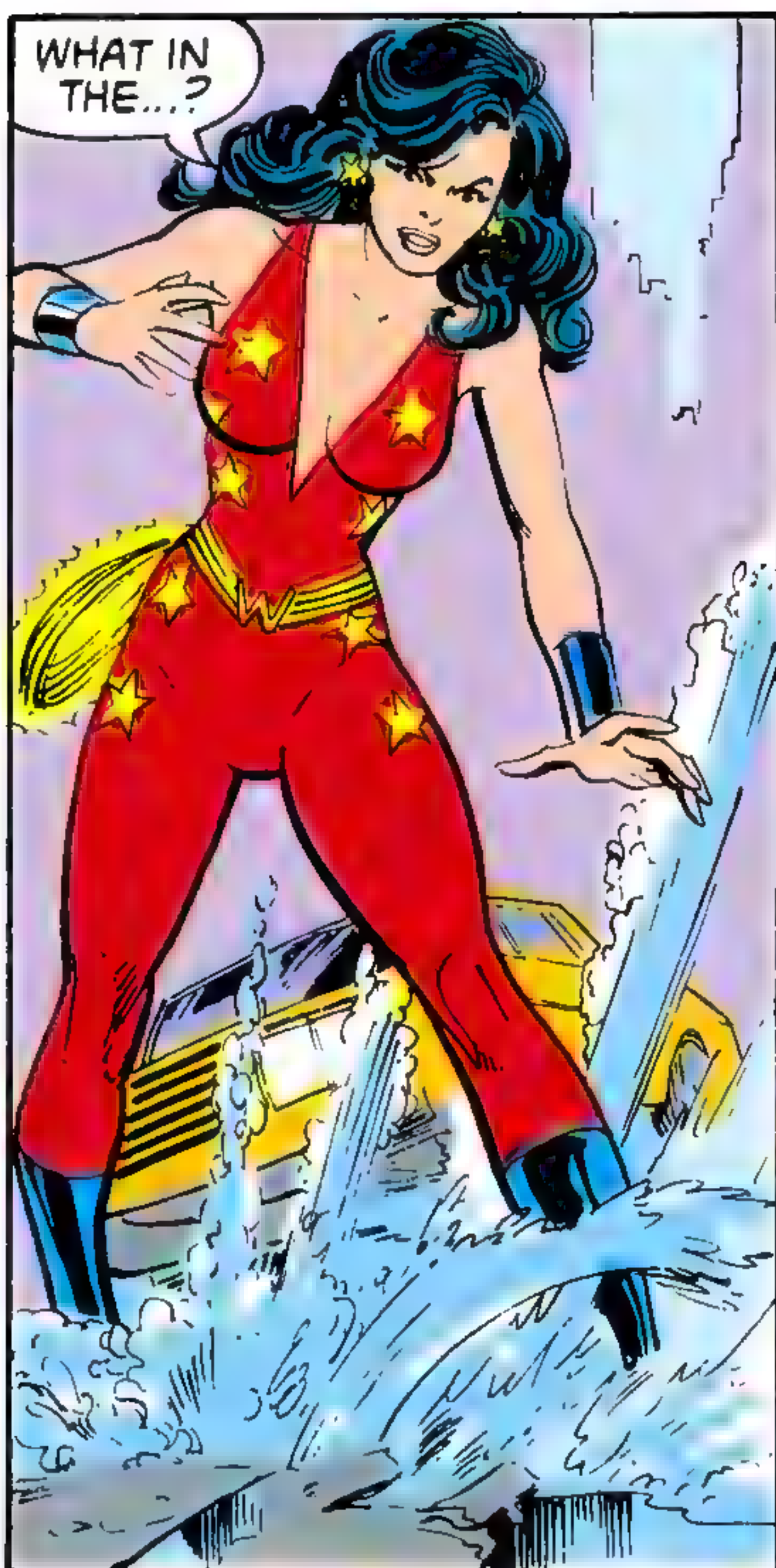
HE DIDN'T EVEN TRY TO GET OUT OF THE WAY.

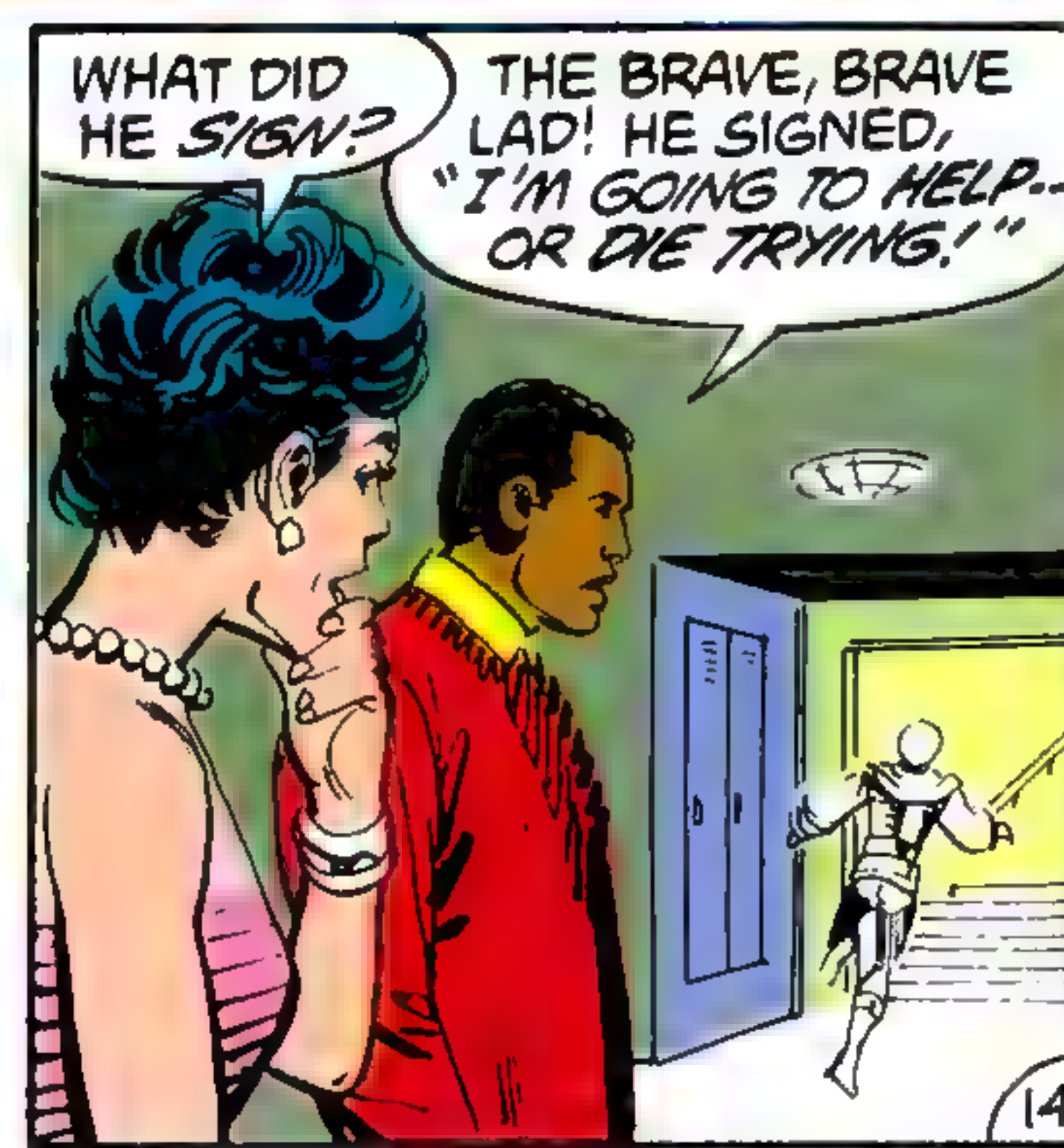
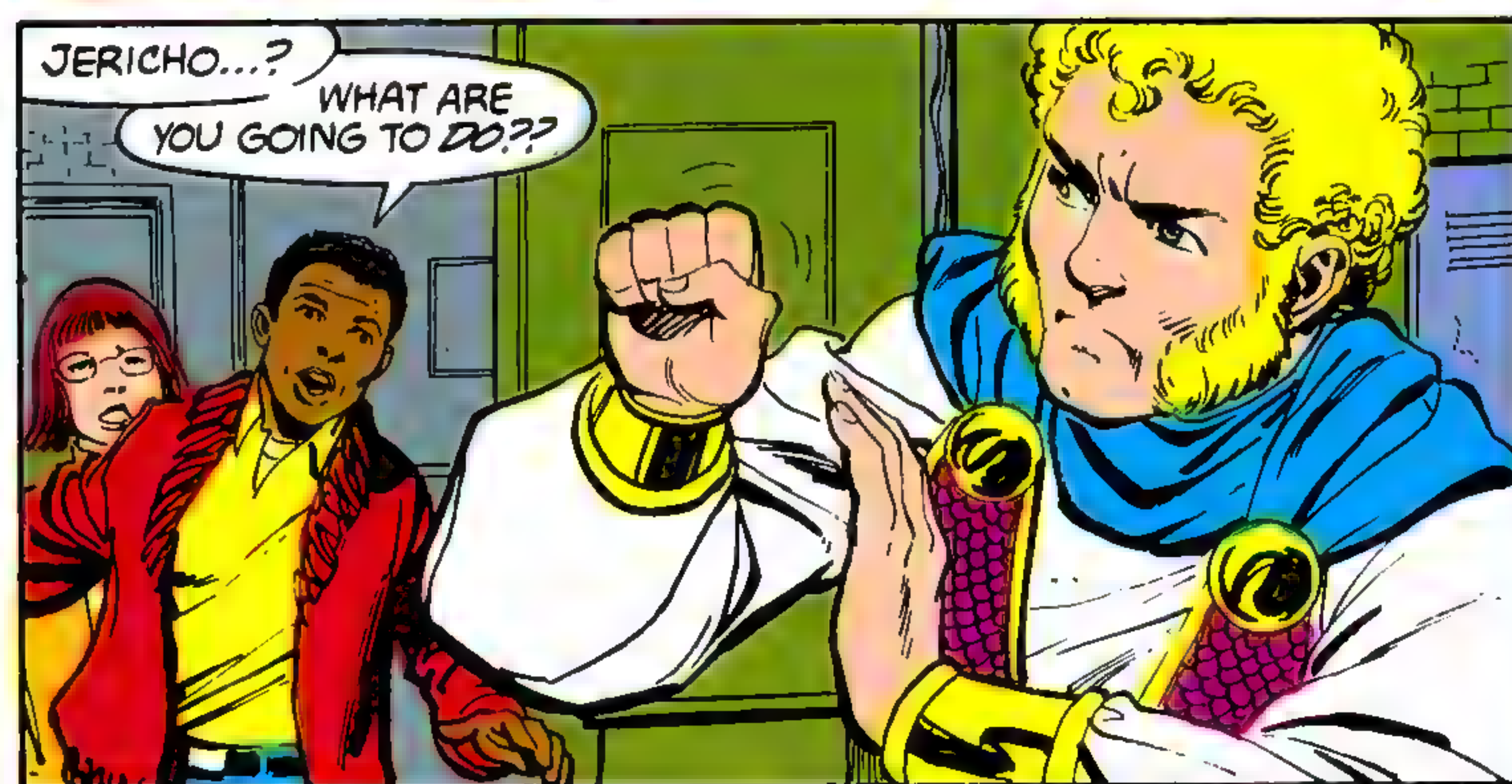
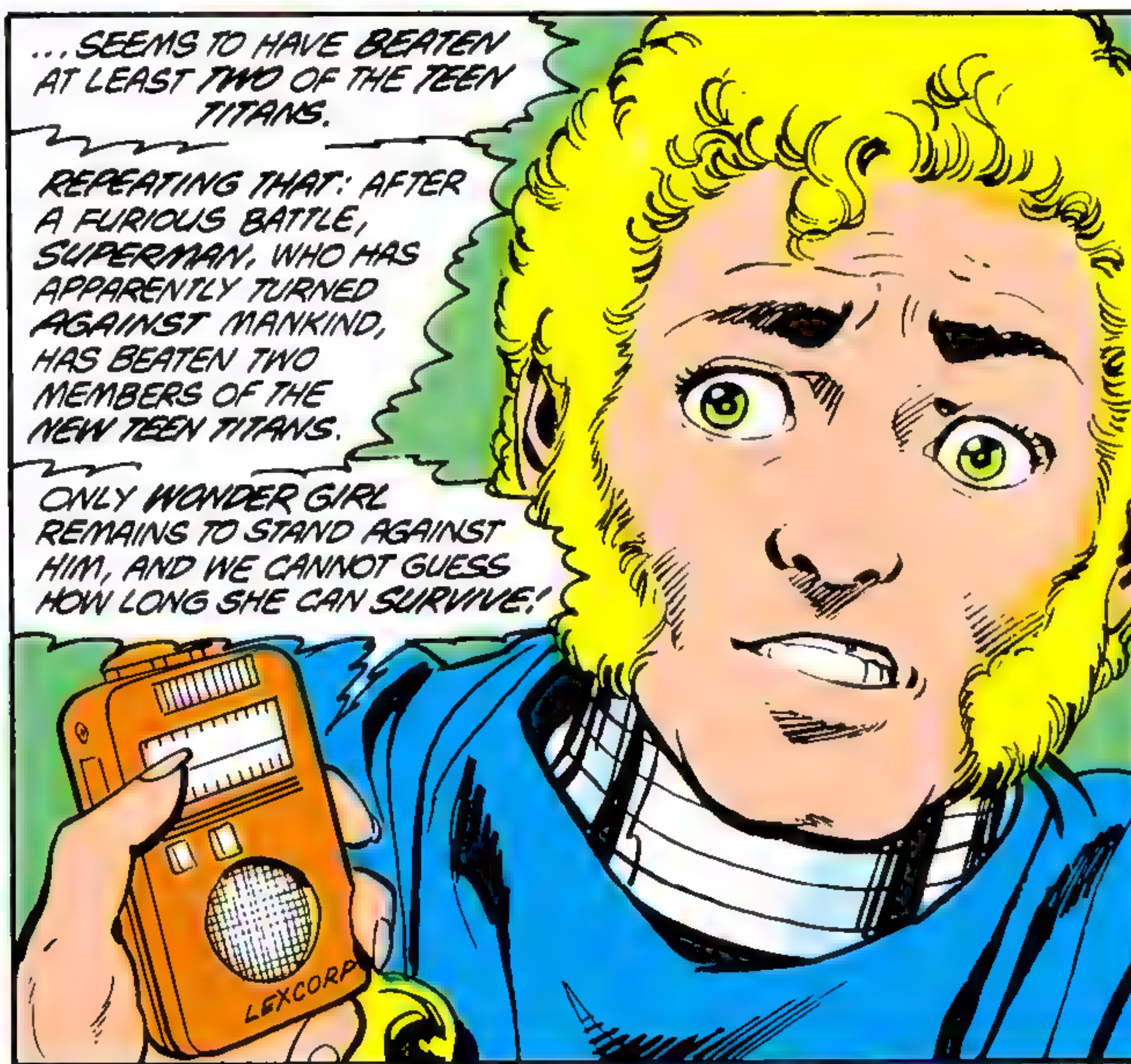
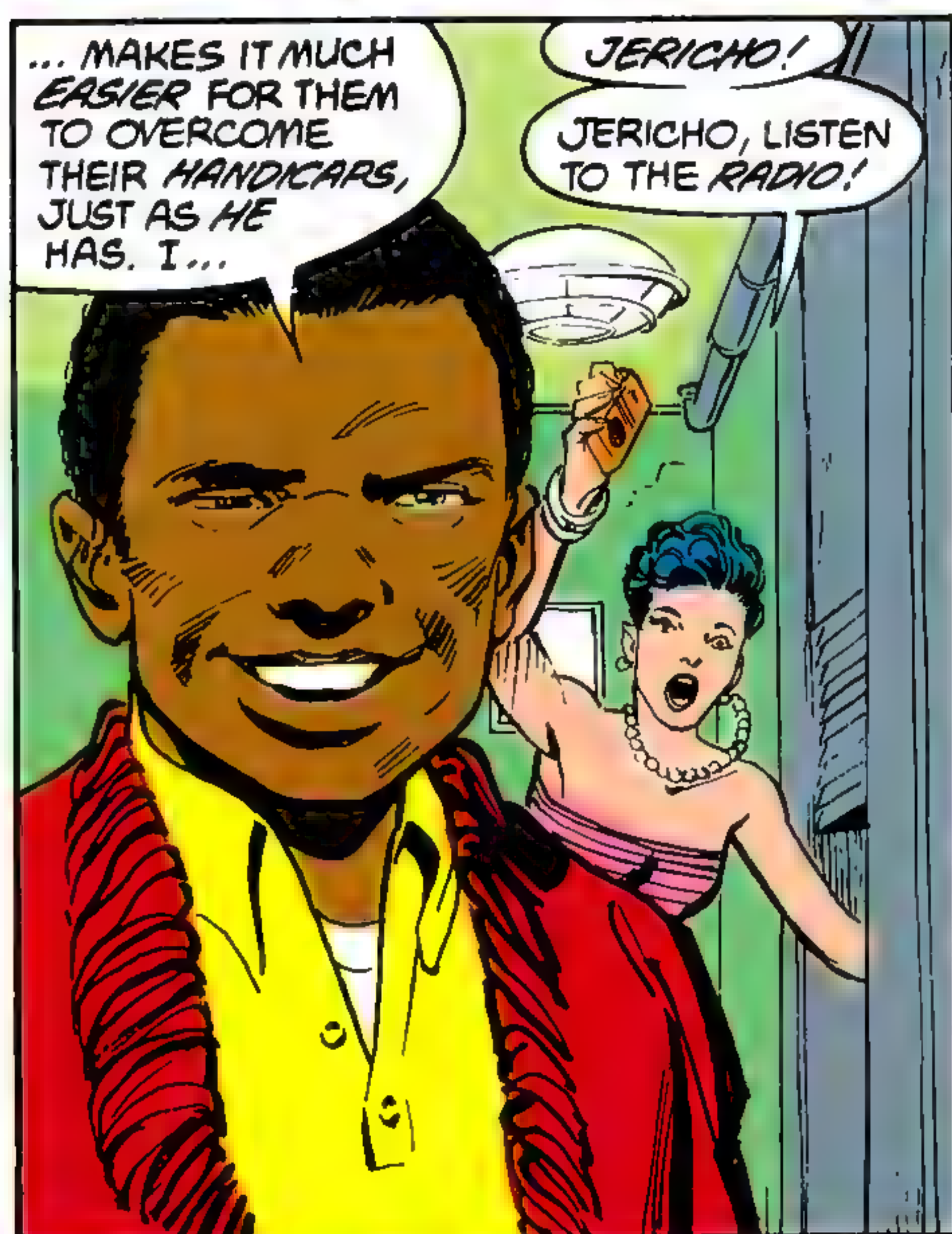
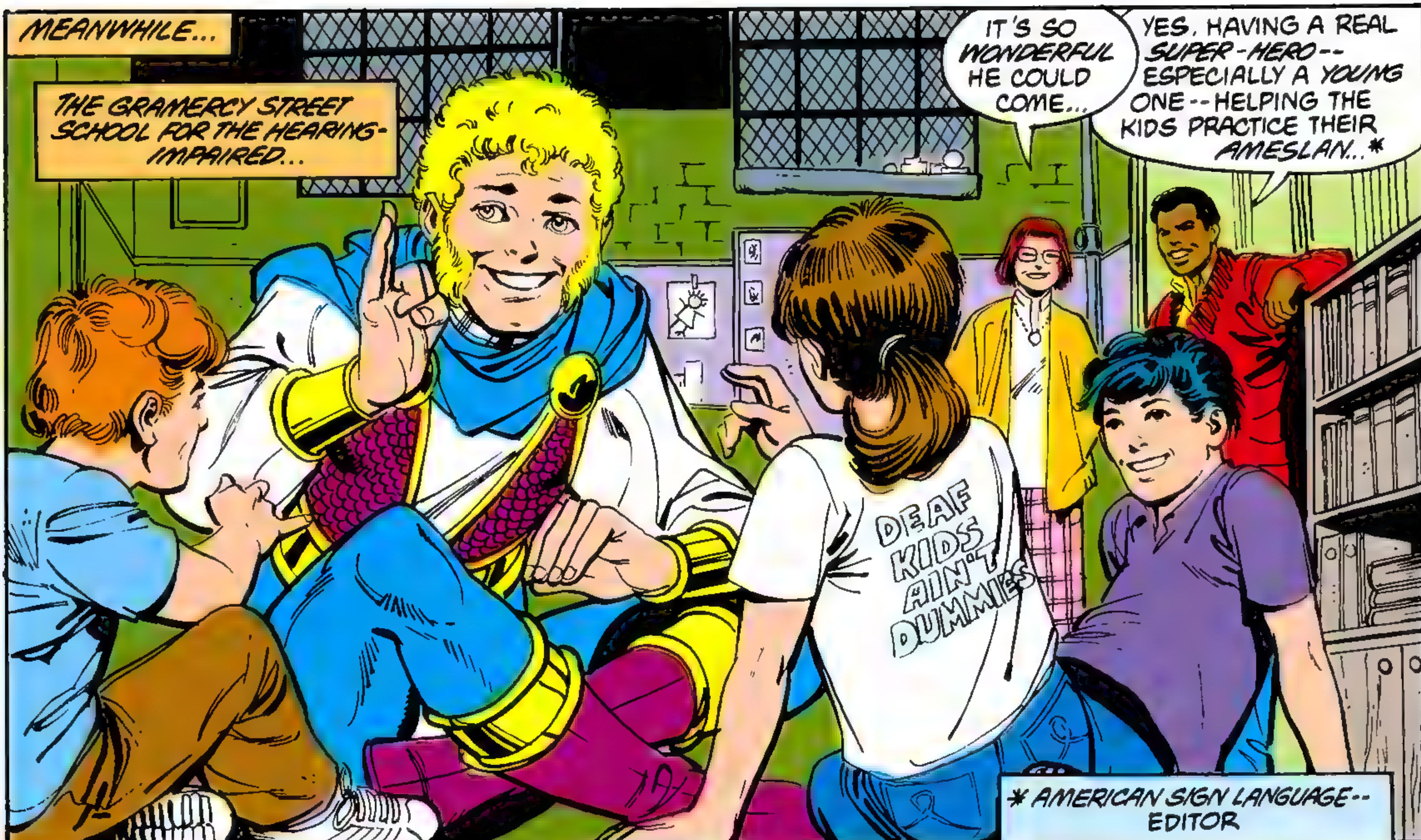
I DROVE HIM INTO THE GROUND LIKE A TENT PEG!!

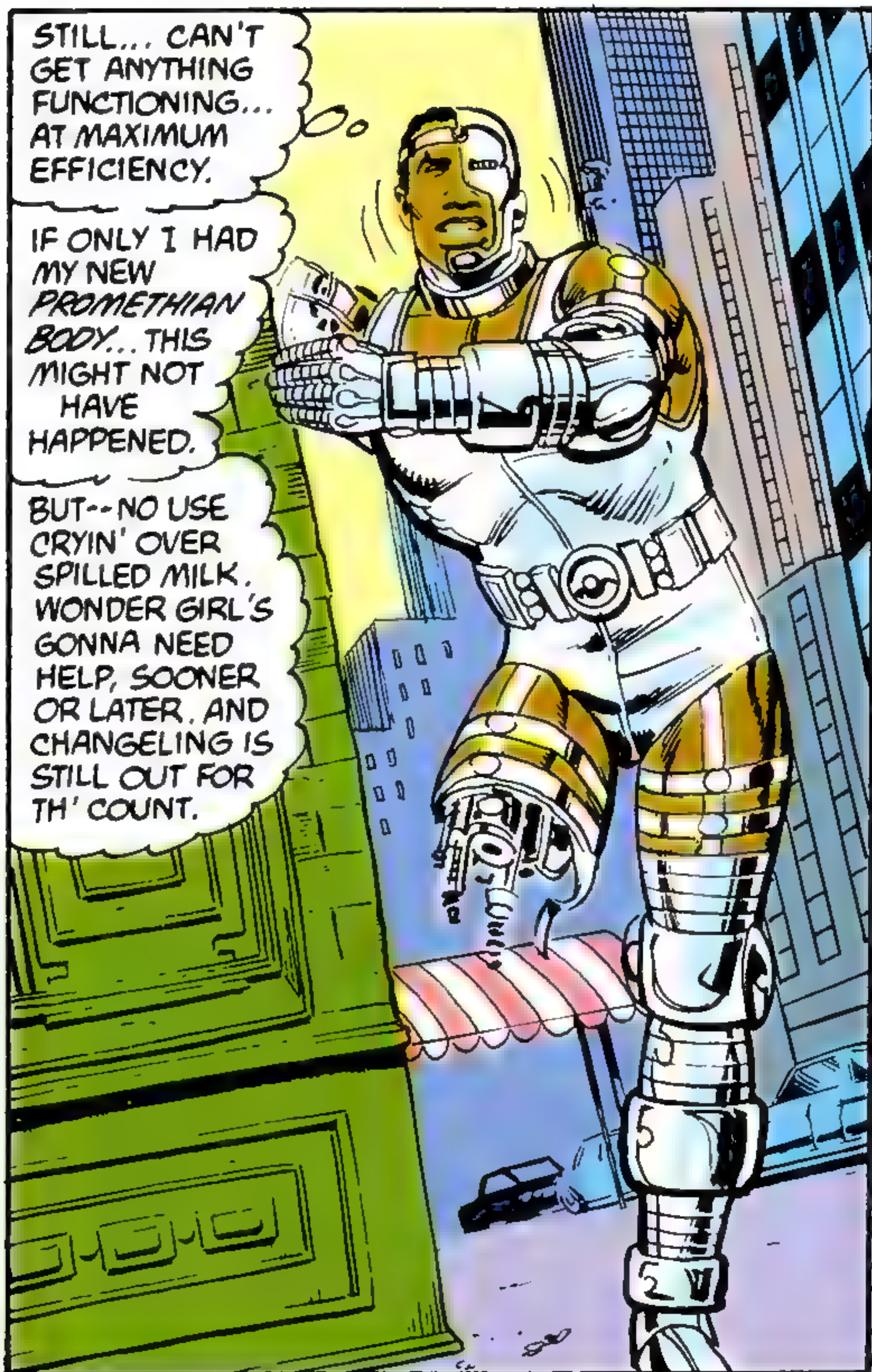


I CAN'T HAVE BEATEN HIM SO...

HM...?







STILL... CAN'T GET ANYTHING FUNCTIONING... AT MAXIMUM EFFICIENCY.

IF ONLY I HAD MY NEW PROMETHIAN BODY... THIS MIGHT NOT HAVE HAPPENED.

BUT--NO USE CRYIN' OVER SPILLED MILK. WONDER GIRL'S GONNA NEED HELP, SOONER OR LATER. AND CHANGELING IS STILL OUT FOR TH' COUNT.



OH NO!! HE'S BUSTED HER LASSO!

AND WITH HIS INCREDIBLE SUPER-SPEED, HE GRABBED HER BEFORE I EVEN SAW HIM MOVE!



FOOLISH, FOOLISH GIRL! HOW EASY IT WOULD BE TO ~~SNIFF~~ SLUFF OUT YOUR LIFE NOW. BUT... BUT PERHAPS I WON'T KILL YOU.

NOT JUST YET, AT LEAST.

YOU'RE VERY BEAUTIFUL, WONDER GIRL. THERE ARE OTHER THINGS WE CAN DO BEFORE YOU DIE.

WE CAN LEARN IF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN CAN SUFFER.

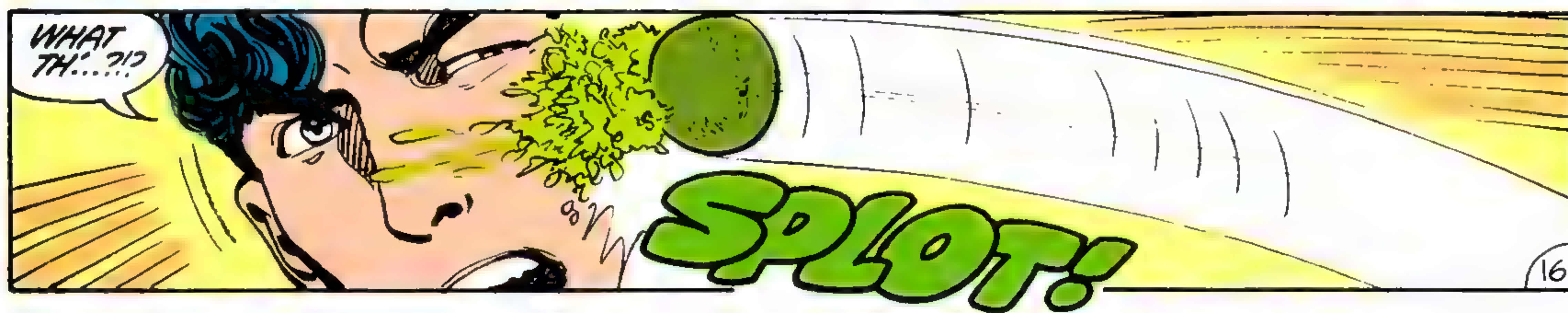
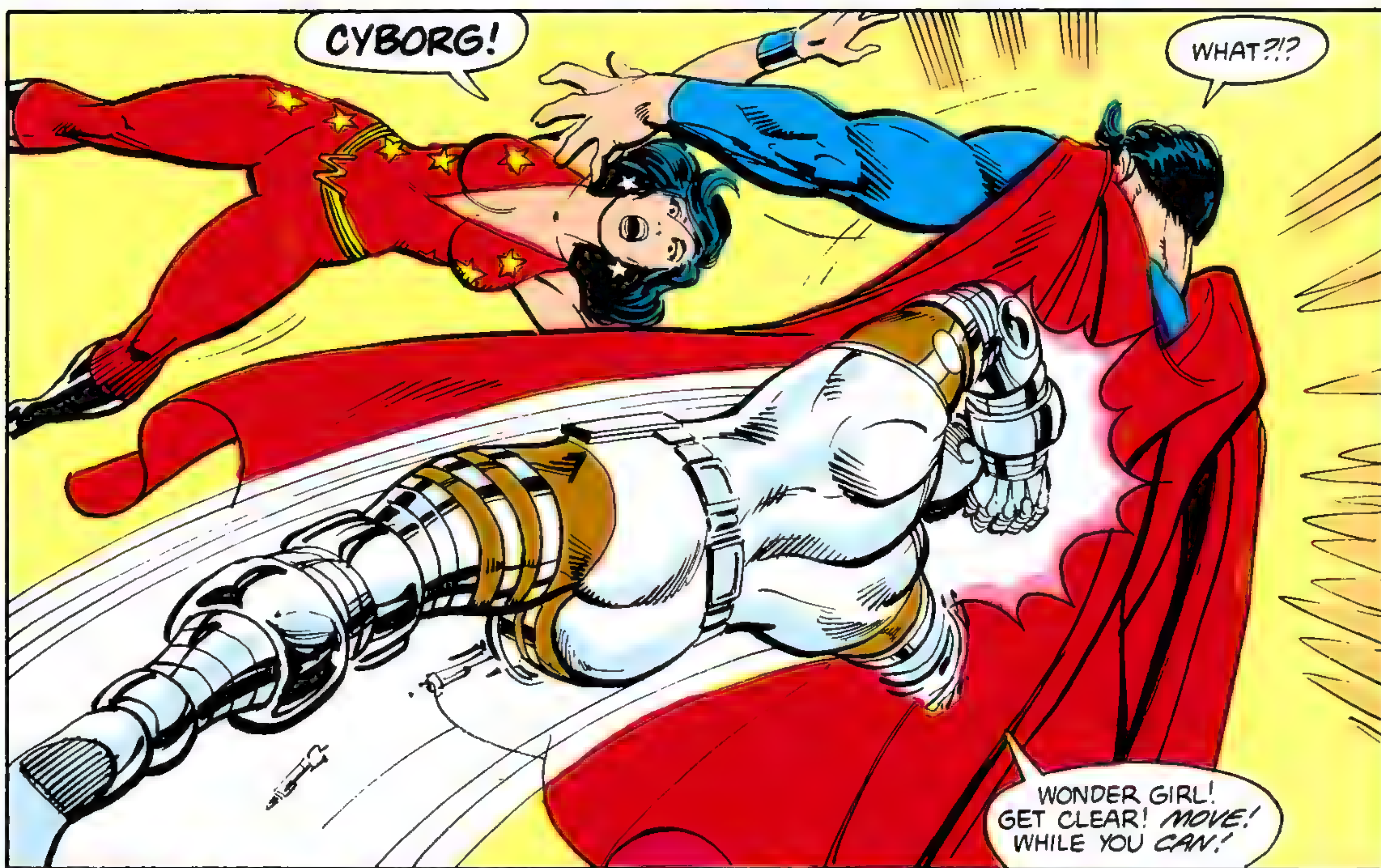
SUFFER AS I HAVE SUFFERED, SCOFFED AT BY ALL THE WORLD'S BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.

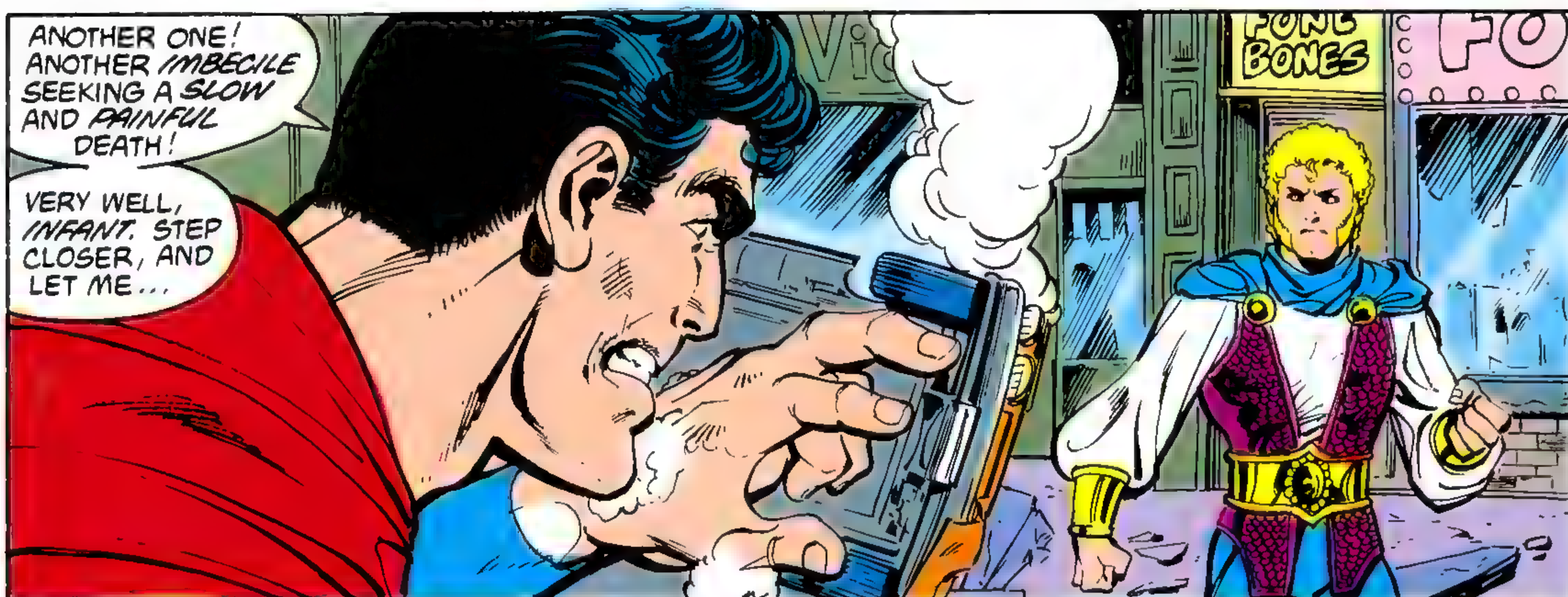


GOTTA DO SOMETHING!

CAN'T RISK USING ANY OF MY WEAPONS SYSTEMS. MIGHT HIT HER, TOO.

GOTTA SMASH INTO HIM, HARD AS I CAN WITH ONLY ONE LEG TO PROPEL ME. MAYBE GIVE HER A CHANCE TO GET CLEAR!







NHHAAHHGHN!!

GET OUT OF ME! GET OUT OF MY BODY!!



RAGE ALL YOU LIKE, SUPERMAN. YOU'RE STUCK!

JERICO'S POWER ALLOWS HIM TO ASSUME CONTROL OF THE MOTOR REFLEXES OF OTHER LIVING BEINGS.

YOU CAN STILL THINK AND TALK, BUT YOUR MUSCLES ARE UNDER HIS DIRECT CONTROL!

MY HANDS! THEY'RE... MOVING ... AGAINST MY WILL!



YEAH-- AND WHAT JERICO JUST SAID MAKES A LOT OF SENSE.

SUPERMAN'S BODY'S IS DIFFERENT THAN YOUR AVERAGE HUMAN. JERICO CAN'T GET TOTAL CONTROL OF HIM!

SO HE CAN'T STAY IN THERE FOREVER, AND THE MOMENT HE COMES OUT, SUPERMAN WILL GO OFF ON HIS CRAZY RAMPAGE AGAIN.



WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO, WONDY? THERE'S NOT A PRISON ON EARTH THAT CAN HOLD SUPERMAN!

I KNOW, I KNOW. AND HE'S ONLY VULNERABLE TO KRYPTONITE AND MAGIC...

... NEITHER OF WHICH ARE AVAILABLE AT YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD DRUGSTORE.

YOU WON'T NEED EITHER, TITANS.



IT WILL BE EASY ENOUGH TO IMPRISON THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THIS DESTRUCTION.

YOU SEE, THE MAN RESPONSIBLE IS NOT SUPERMAN...

... BECAUSE HE'S NOT SUPERMAN.

I'M SUPERMAN!!



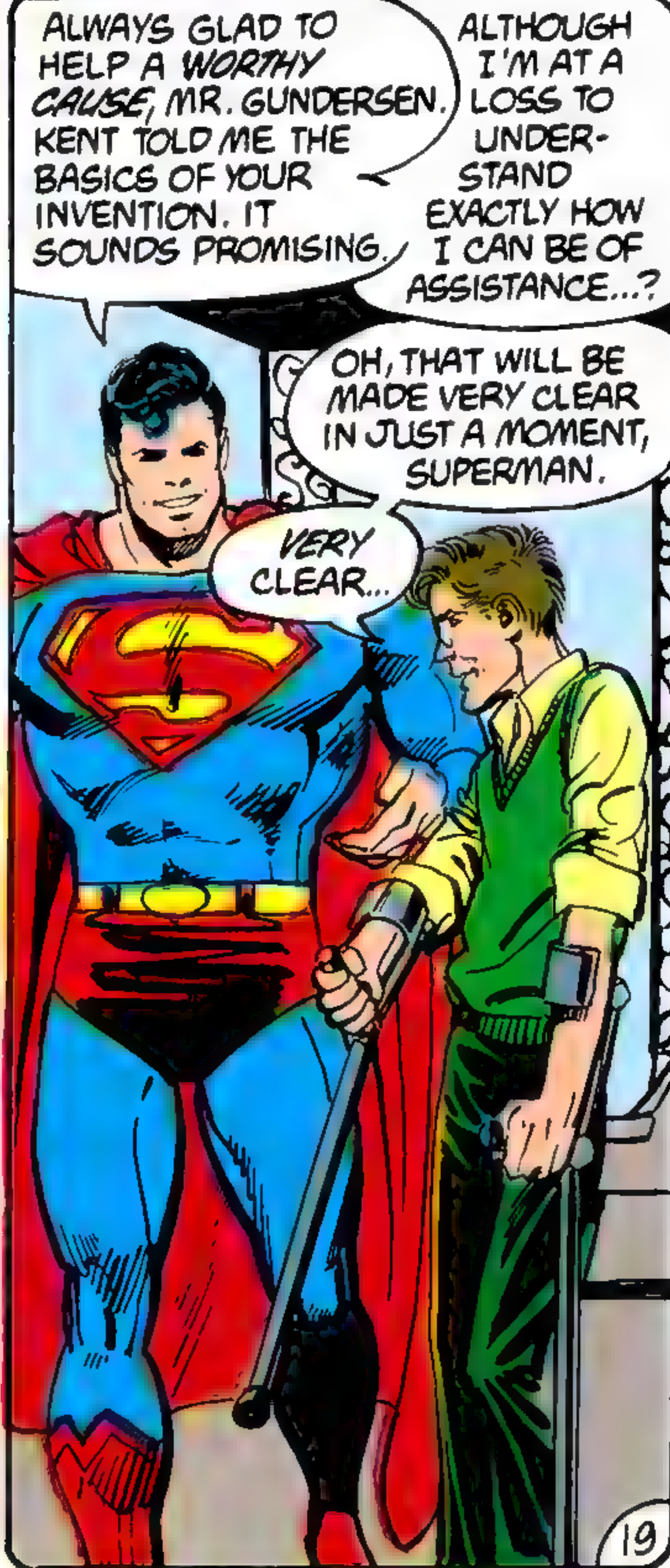
"OF COURSE, WONDER GIRL. IT ALL STARTED WITH A TELEPHONE CALL TO CLARK KENT..."

YES, MR. GUNDERSEN. I UNDERSTAND YOUR SITUATION. I'LL DO WHAT I CAN TO CONTACT SUPERMAN FOR YOU.

"THE CALL WAS FROM DAVID GUNDERSEN. HE CLAIMED TO BE AN AMATEUR SCIENTIST WHO NEEDED SUPERMAN'S HELP TO COMPLETE AN EXPERIMENT. IF THE EXPERIMENT WAS SUCCESSFUL, GUNDERSEN SAID IT WOULD CREATE A GREAT NEW, POLLUTION-FREE SOURCE OF ENERGY."

"KENT CONTACTED ME, AS PROMISED, AND I FLEW TO GUNDERSEN'S HOME."

SUPERMAN! I'M SO PLEASED YOU COULD COME!

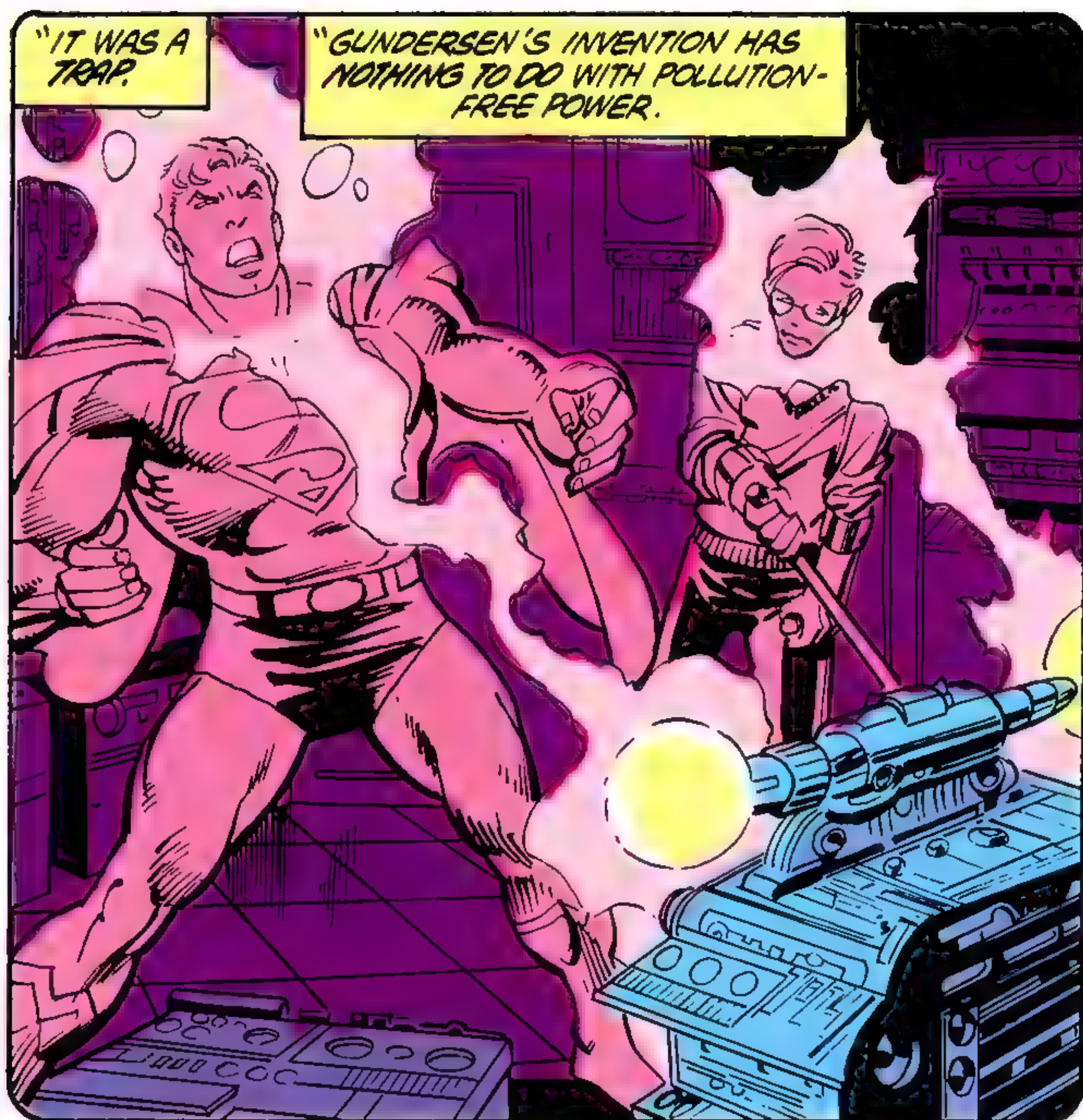


ALWAYS GLAD TO HELP A WORTHY CAUSE, MR. GUNDERSEN. KENT TOLD ME THE BASICS OF YOUR INVENTION. IT SOUNDS PROMISING.

ALTHOUGH I'M AT A LOSS TO UNDERSTAND EXACTLY HOW I CAN BE OF ASSISTANCE...?

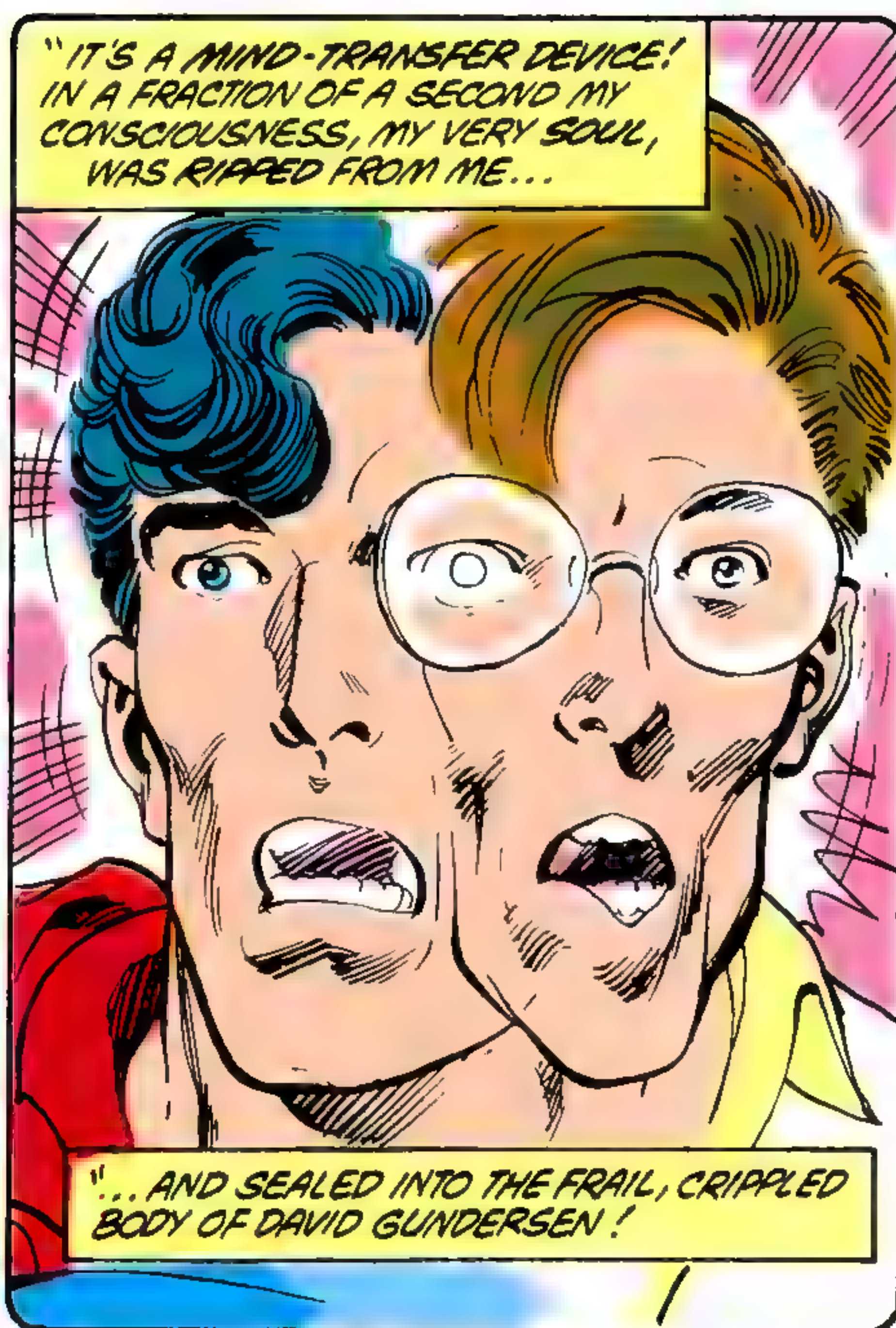
OH, THAT WILL BE MADE VERY CLEAR IN JUST A MOMENT, SUPERMAN.

VERY CLEAR...



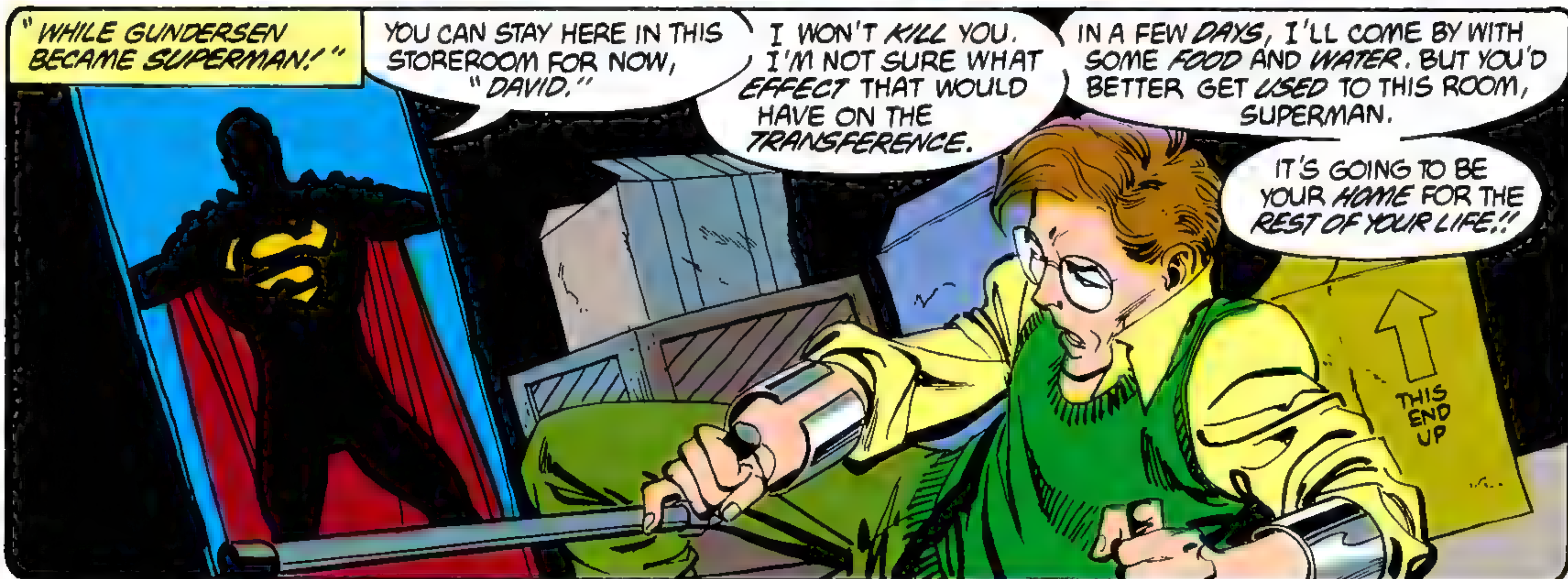
"IT WAS A TRAP."

"GUNDERSEN'S INVENTION HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH POLLUTION-FREE POWER."



"IT'S A MIND-TRANSFER DEVICE! IN A FRACTION OF A SECOND MY CONSCIOUSNESS, MY VERY SOUL, WAS RIPPED FROM ME..."

"... AND SEALED INTO THE FRAIL, CRIPPLED BODY OF DAVID GUNDERSEN!"



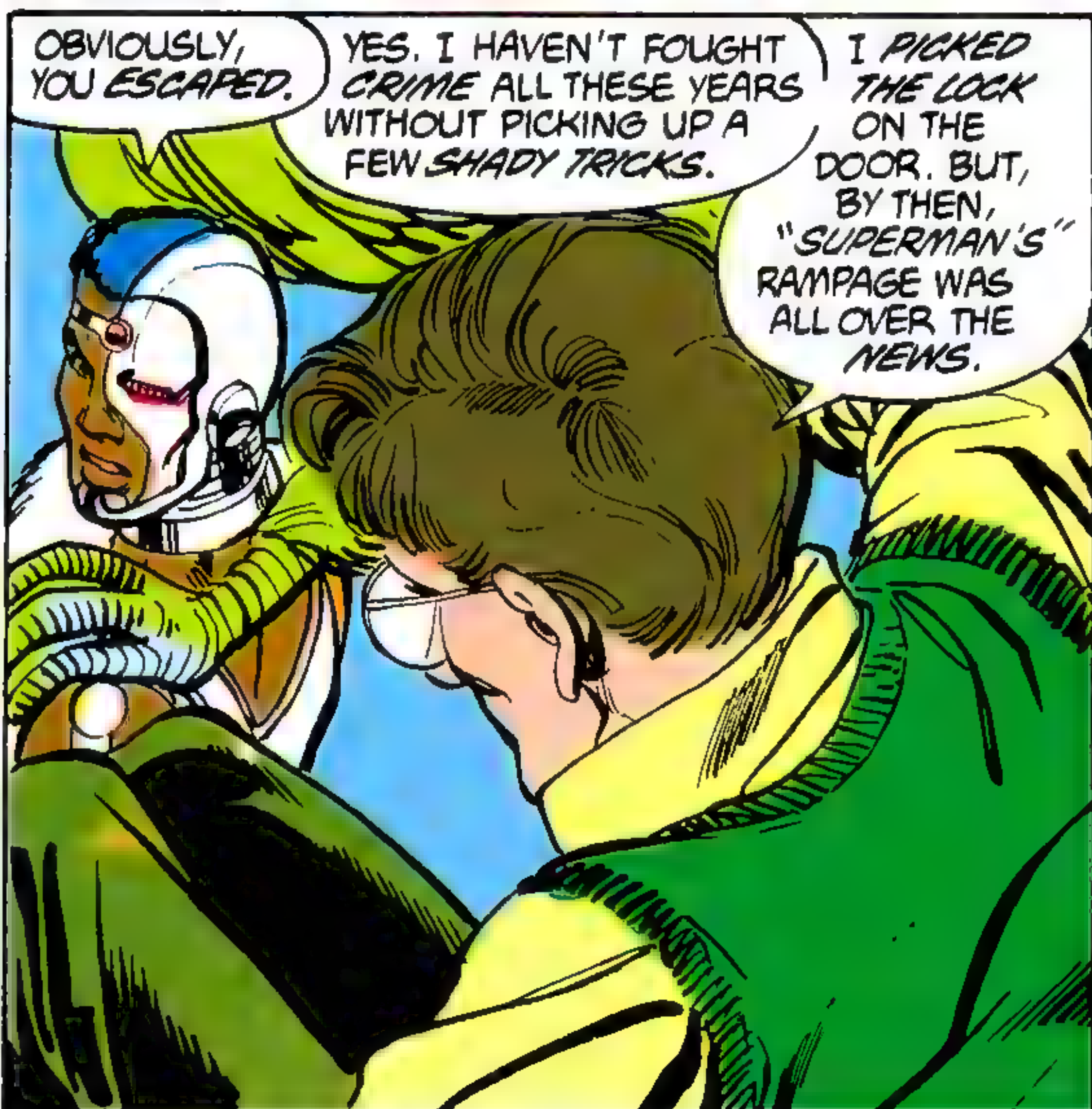
"WHILE GUNDERSEN BECAME SUPERMAN!"

"YOU CAN STAY HERE IN THIS STOREROOM FOR NOW, 'DAVID.'"

"I WON'T KILL YOU. I'M NOT SURE WHAT EFFECT THAT WOULD HAVE ON THE TRANSFERENCE."

"IN A FEW DAYS, I'LL COME BY WITH SOME FOOD AND WATER. BUT YOU'D BETTER GET USED TO THIS ROOM, SUPERMAN."

"IT'S GOING TO BE YOUR HOME FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE!!"



"OBVIOUSLY, YOU ESCAPED."

"YES. I HAVEN'T FOUGHT CRIME ALL THESE YEARS WITHOUT PICKING UP A FEW SHADY TRICKS."

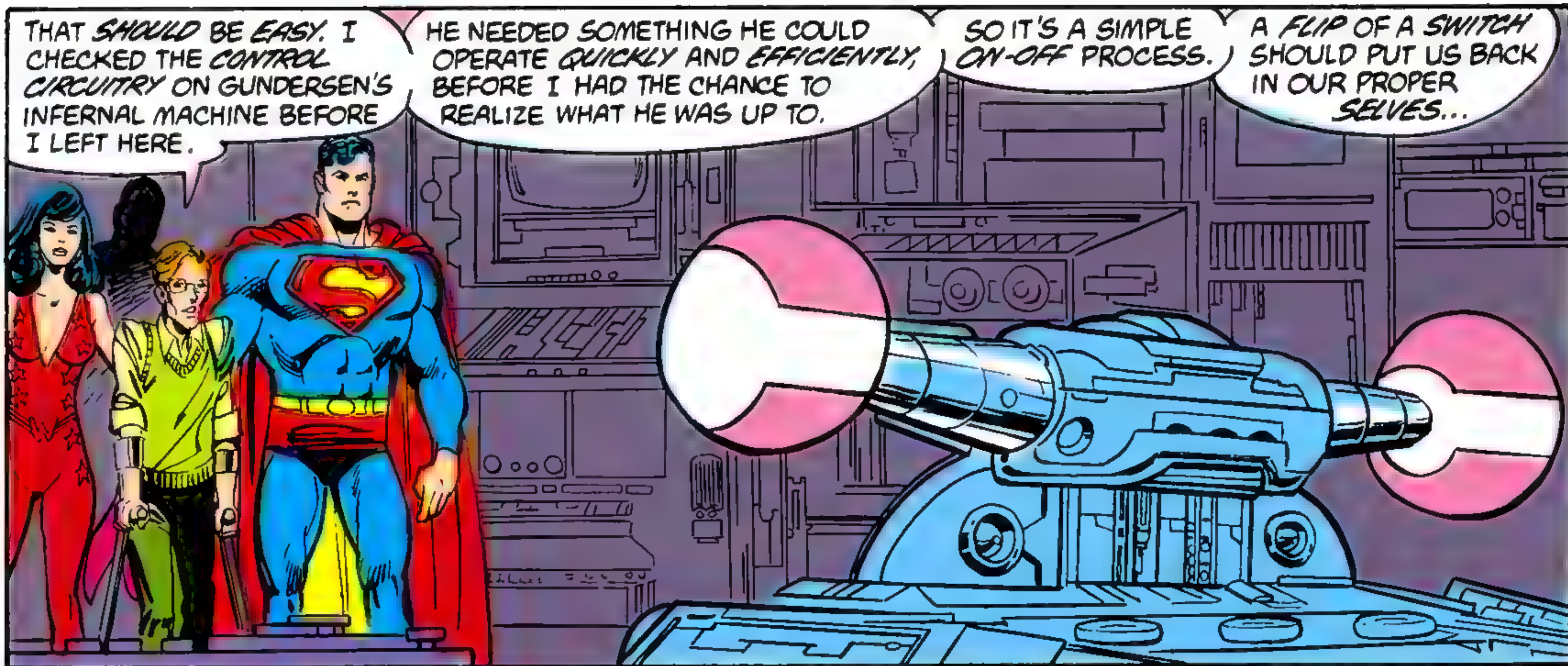
"I PICKED THE LOCK ON THE DOOR. BUT, BY THEN, 'SUPERMAN'S' RAMPAGE WAS ALL OVER THE NEWS."



"WHEN I HEARD YOU TITANS WERE INVOLVED, I CALLED A TAXI AND HAD MYSELF DRIVEN TO THE BATTLE-ZONE-- ANOTHER STRANGE EXPERIENCE FOR ME!"

"BUT..."

"BUT, SUPERMAN! WHAT CAN WE DO NOW? HOW CAN WE GET THE TWO OF YOU BACK IN YOUR PROPER BODIES??"



THAT *SHOULD* BE EASY. I CHECKED THE *CONTROL CIRCUITRY* ON GUNDERSEN'S INFERNAL MACHINE BEFORE I LEFT HERE.

HE NEEDED SOMETHING HE COULD OPERATE *QUICKLY* AND *EFFICIENTLY*, BEFORE I HAD THE CHANCE TO REALIZE WHAT HE WAS UP TO.

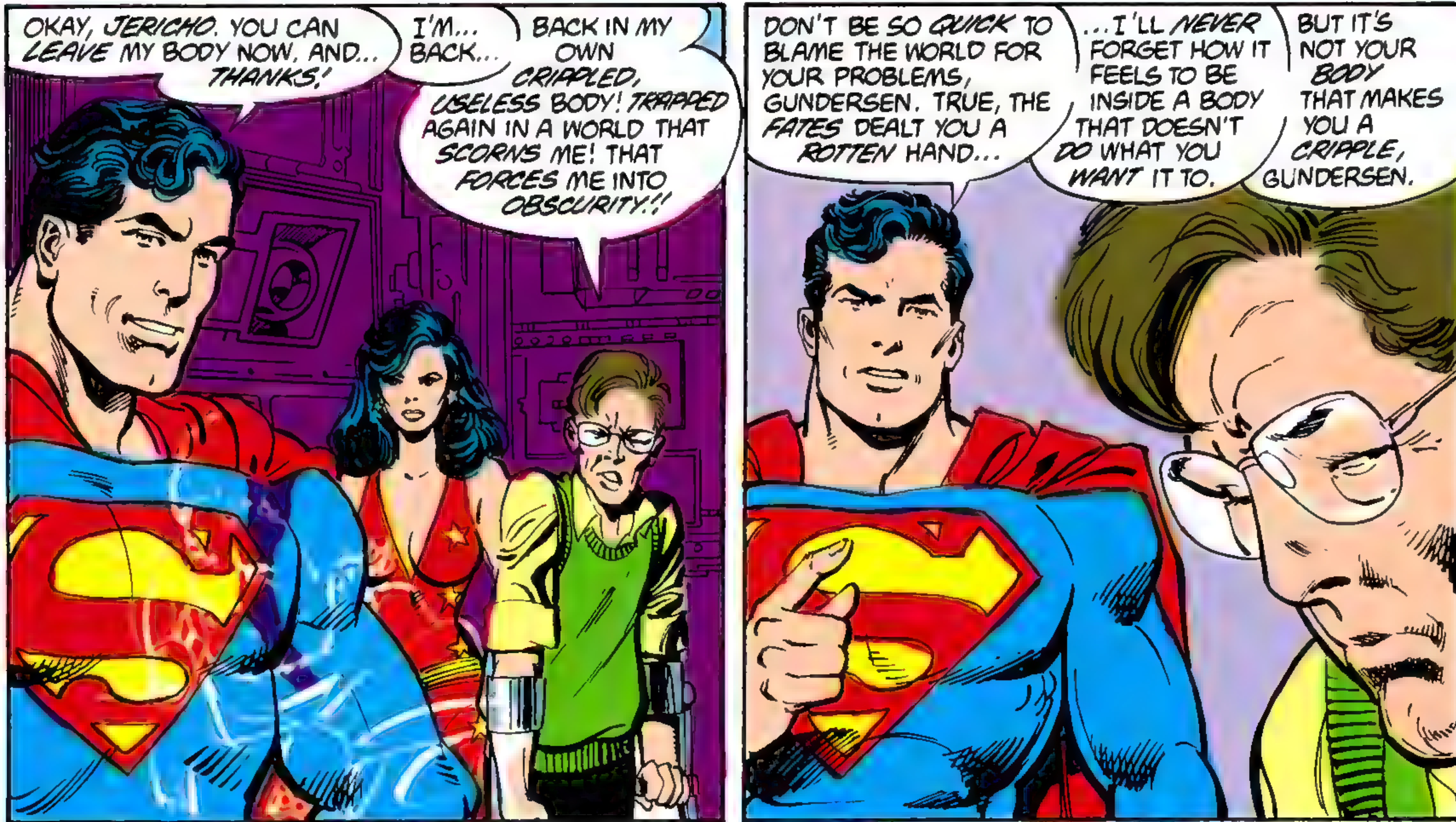
SO IT'S A SIMPLE *ON-OFF* PROCESS.

A *FLIP* OF A *SWITCH* SHOULD PUT US BACK IN OUR PROPER *SELVES*...



...LIKE *SO*!

NOOOO!!



OKAY, JERICHO. YOU CAN LEAVE MY BODY NOW, AND... *THANKS*!

I'M... BACK...

BACK IN MY OWN *CRIPPLED, USELESS* BODY! TRAPPED AGAIN IN A WORLD THAT *SCORNS* ME! THAT *FORCES* ME INTO *OBSCURITY*!!

DON'T BE SO *QUICK* TO BLAME THE WORLD FOR YOUR PROBLEMS, GUNDERSEN. TRUE, THE *FATES* DEALT YOU A *ROTTEN* HAND...

...I'LL NEVER FORGET HOW IT FEELS TO BE INSIDE A BODY THAT DOESN'T DO WHAT YOU WANT IT TO.

BUT IT'S NOT YOUR *BODY* THAT MAKES YOU A *CRIPPLE*, GUNDERSEN.

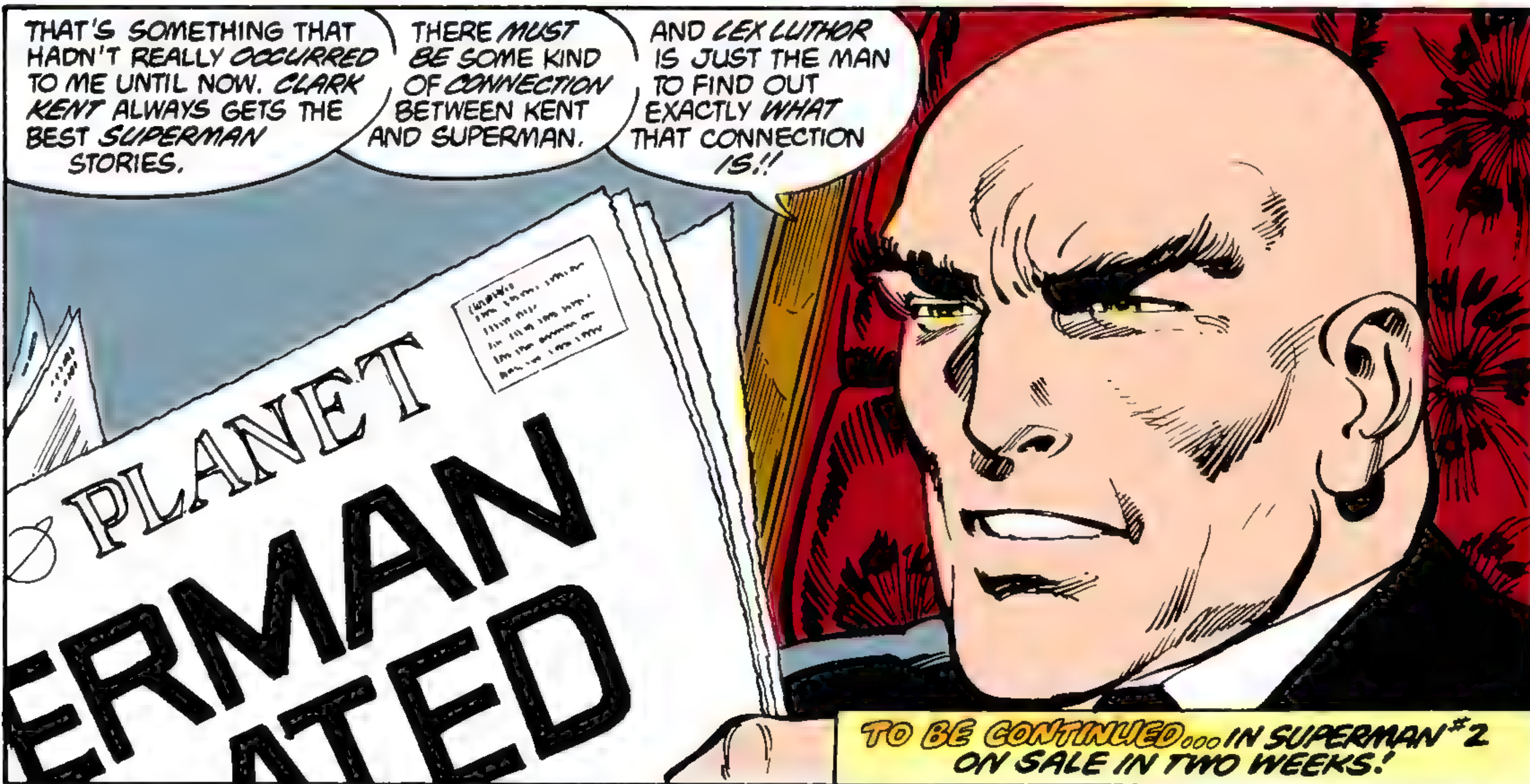
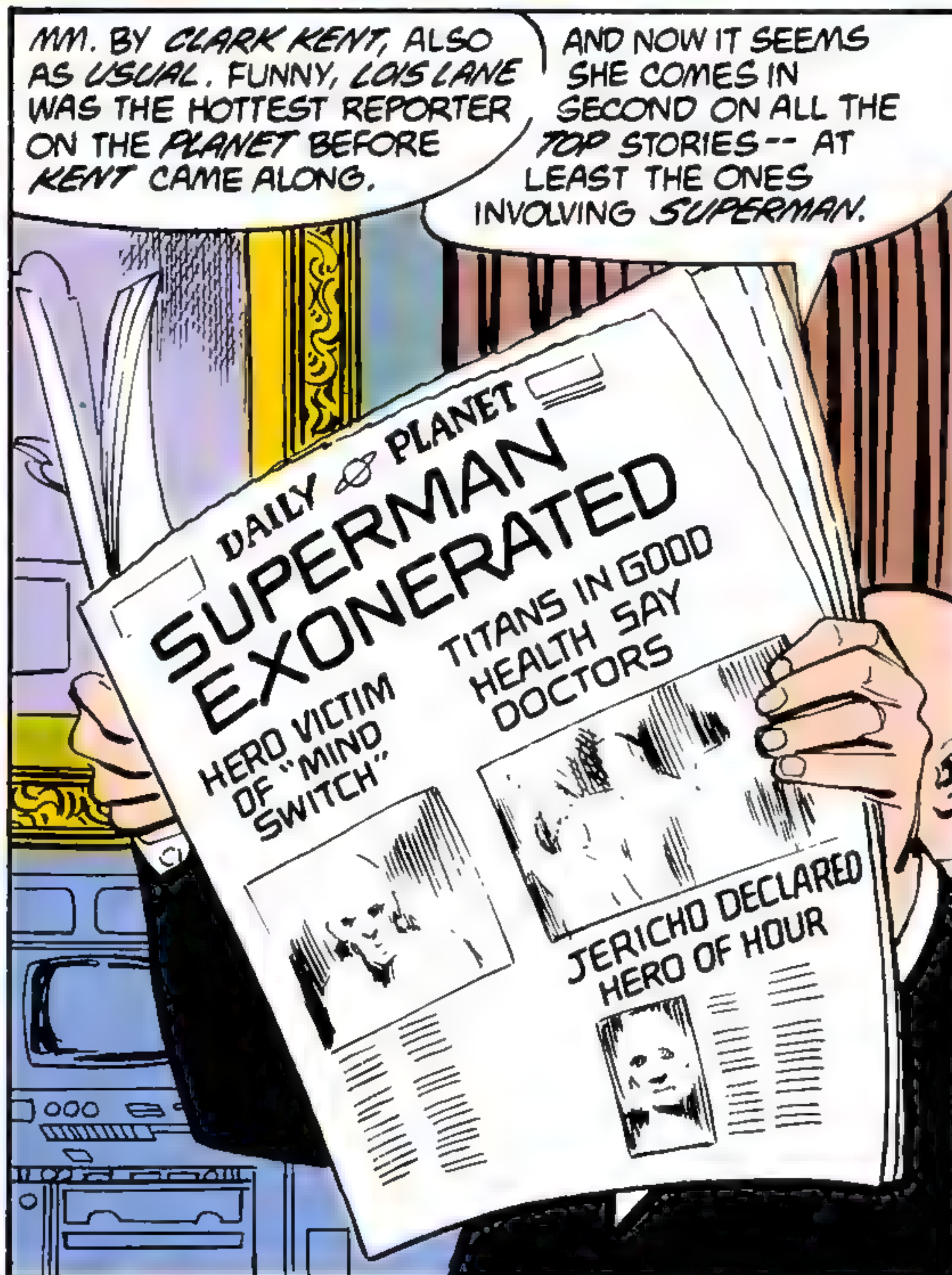
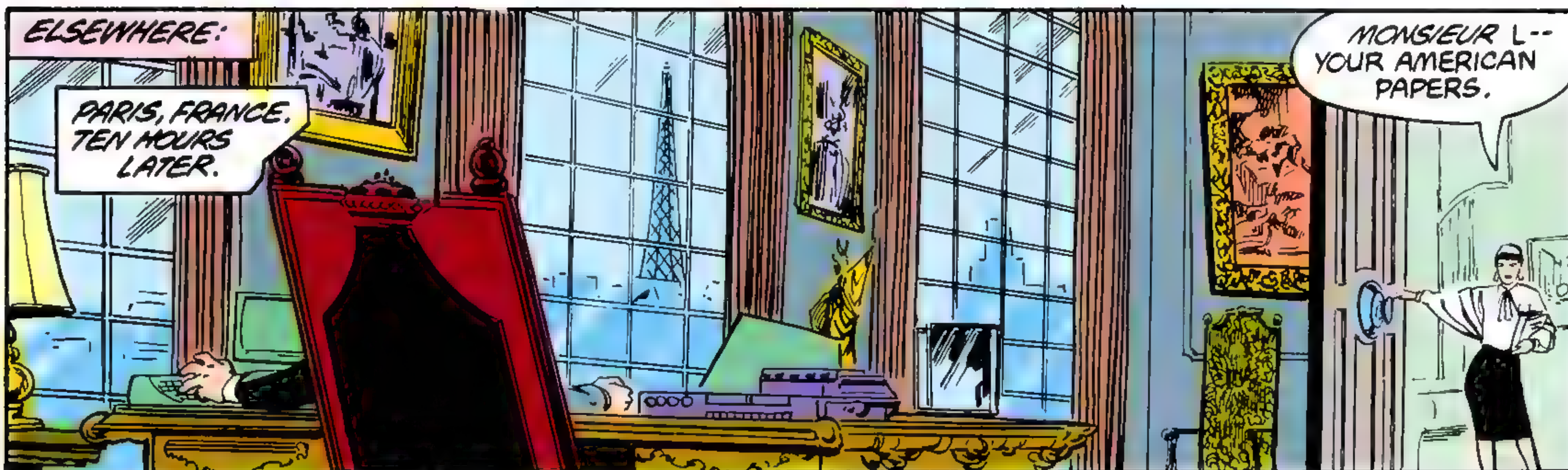
HISTORY IS *FULL* OF MEN AND WOMEN WHO OVERCAME INCREDIBLE HANDICAPS.

HELEN KELLER, WHO BECAME ONE OF OUR GREATEST *AUTHORS*, EVEN THOUGH *BLIND*, *DEAF*, AND *MUTE*; *DOUGLAS BADER*, THE *LEGLESS* FIGHTER ACE OF WORLD WAR TWO; *FRANKLYN ROOSEVELT*, WHO BECAME *PRESIDENT* OF THE *UNITED STATES*, EVEN THOUGH CONFINED TO A *WHEELCHAIR*.

AND JERICHO, HERE. HE CANNOT *SPEAK*, BUT THAT DID NOT STOP HIM FROM BECOMING A *SUPER-HERO*!

YOU TOOK MY POWERS, AND BECAME NOTHING MORE THAN A COMMON *HOODLUM*!

NO-- IT'S NOT YOUR *BODY* THAT *CRIPPLES* YOU, GUNDERSEN. IT'S YOUR *MIND*!



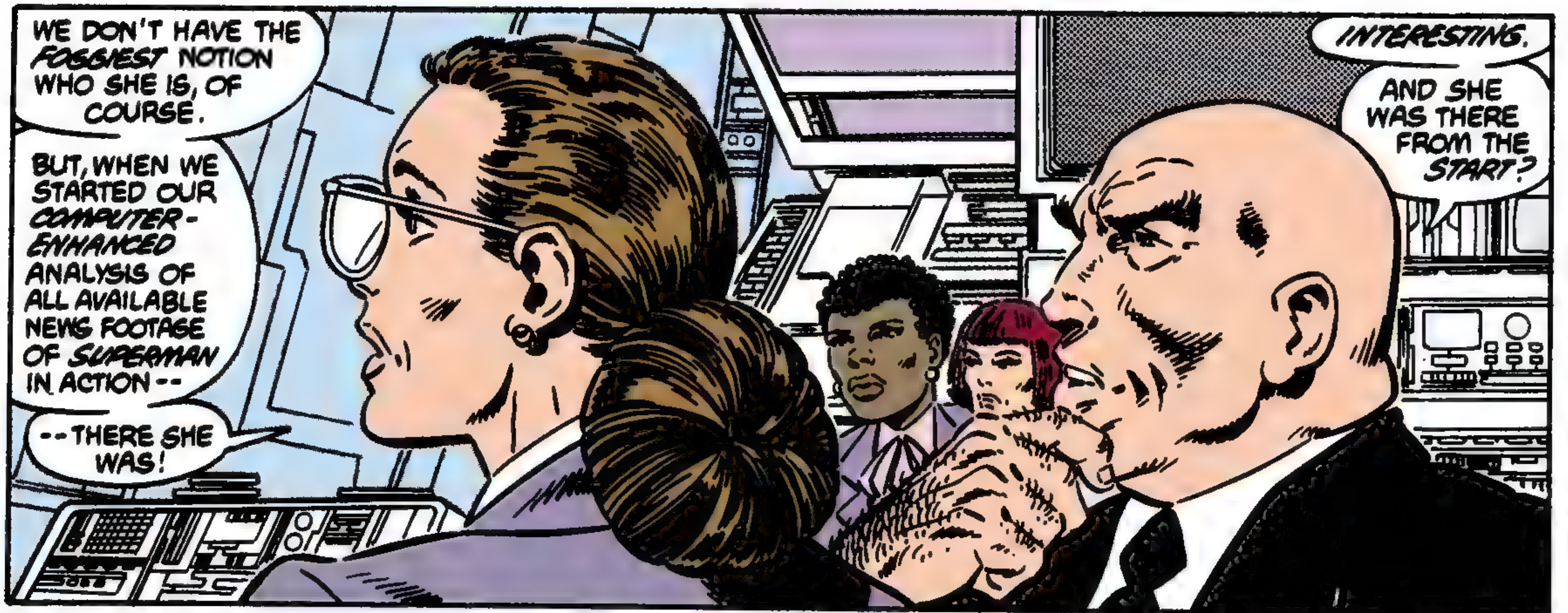
SUPERMAN™

Created by
JERRY SIEGEL &
JOE SHUSTER

THE SECRET REVEALED!

JOHN BYRNE ◦ TERRY AUSTIN ◦ JOHN COSTANZA ◦ TOM ZILKO ◦ ANDREW HELFER
story & pencils inks lettering coloring editing
SPECIAL THANKS TO KEITH WILLIAMS FOR BACKGROUND INKS





WE DON'T HAVE THE FASSEST NOTION WHO SHE IS, OF COURSE.

BUT, WHEN WE STARTED OUR COMPUTER-ENHANCED ANALYSIS OF ALL AVAILABLE NEWS FOOTAGE OF SUPERMAN IN ACTION--

-- THERE SHE WAS!

INTERESTING.

AND SHE WAS THERE FROM THE START?



NO, SIR.) THERE'S NO SIGN OF HER IN ANY OF THE VISIBLE CROWD FOOTAGE FROM SUPERMAN'S FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE-- WHEN HE SAVED THE CRASHING SPACE PLANE.

SHE SEEMS TO TURN UP FIRST ABOUT THREE WEEKS AFTER HIS PUBLIC DEBUT.



FASCINATING.

A SUPER-GROUPIE, DO YOU THINK?

OR SOMETHING MORE-- SOMEONE CONNECTED TO SUPERMAN.

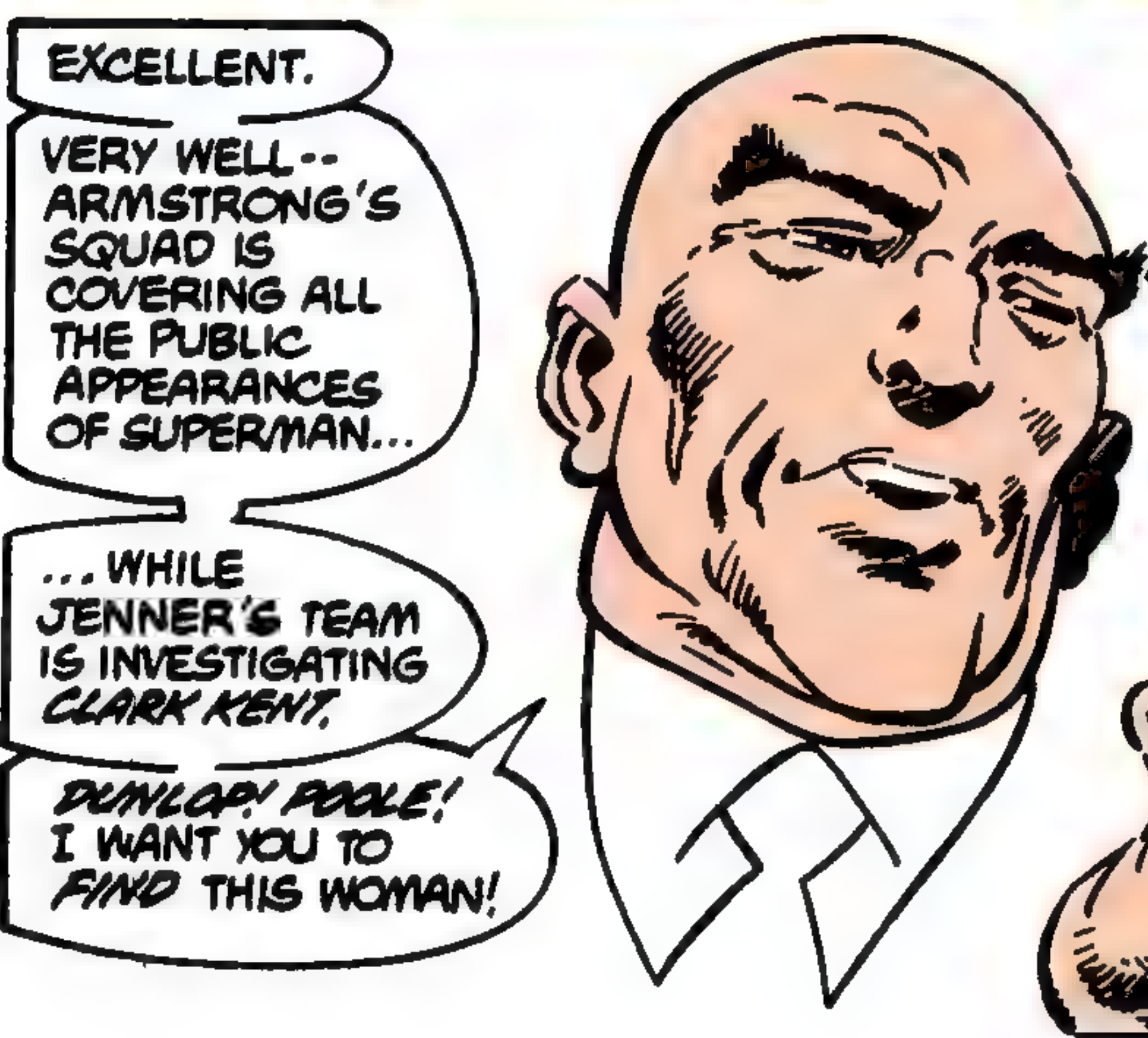
A LOVER. A RELATIVE.

CAN YOU GIVE ME A HARD COPY OF THAT FACE?

OF COURSE.



HERE WE GO, SIR.



EXCELLENT.

VERY WELL-- ARMSTRONG'S SQUAD IS COVERING ALL THE PUBLIC APPEARANCES OF SUPERMAN...

... WHILE JENNER'S TEAM IS INVESTIGATING CLARK KENT.

DUNLOP! POOLE! I WANT YOU TO FIND THIS WOMAN!



THAT'S A PRETTY TALL ORDER, MR. L. WE CAN'T SEE ANY TRACE OF HER IN FOOTAGE LESS THAN SIX MONTHS OLD.

IT'S LIKE SHE JUST VANISHED!



THEN YOU WILL HAVE TO GIVE IT A LITTLE *EXTRA EFFORT*, WON'T YOU? THIS *PROJECT* IS ALREADY TWO WEEKS PAST MY ORIGINAL SCHEDULE.

I WILL NOT *TOLERATE* FURTHER DELAYS!

GET TO IT!

Y-YES, SIR!



AND, AS FOR YOU, *AMANDA*, I AM WELL PLEASED!

YOU MAY JOIN ME TONIGHT FOR-- *DINNER*. I'LL SEND SOMEONE 'ROUND TO YOUR QUARTERS WITH A SELECTION OF GOWNS FOR YOU TO CHOOSE FROM, AND SOMEONE TO DO YOUR *HAIR* FOR YOU.

OH...!

TH-THANK YOU, *MR. LUTHOR*! I'M *HONORED*, OF COURSE! BUT I HAVE A *PRIOR COMMITMENT*.

PERHAPS SOME OTHER TIME...?



PERHAPS YOU DID NOT *UNDERSTAND* ME, MY DEAR.

I SAID *TONIGHT!*

AD-OWW!!

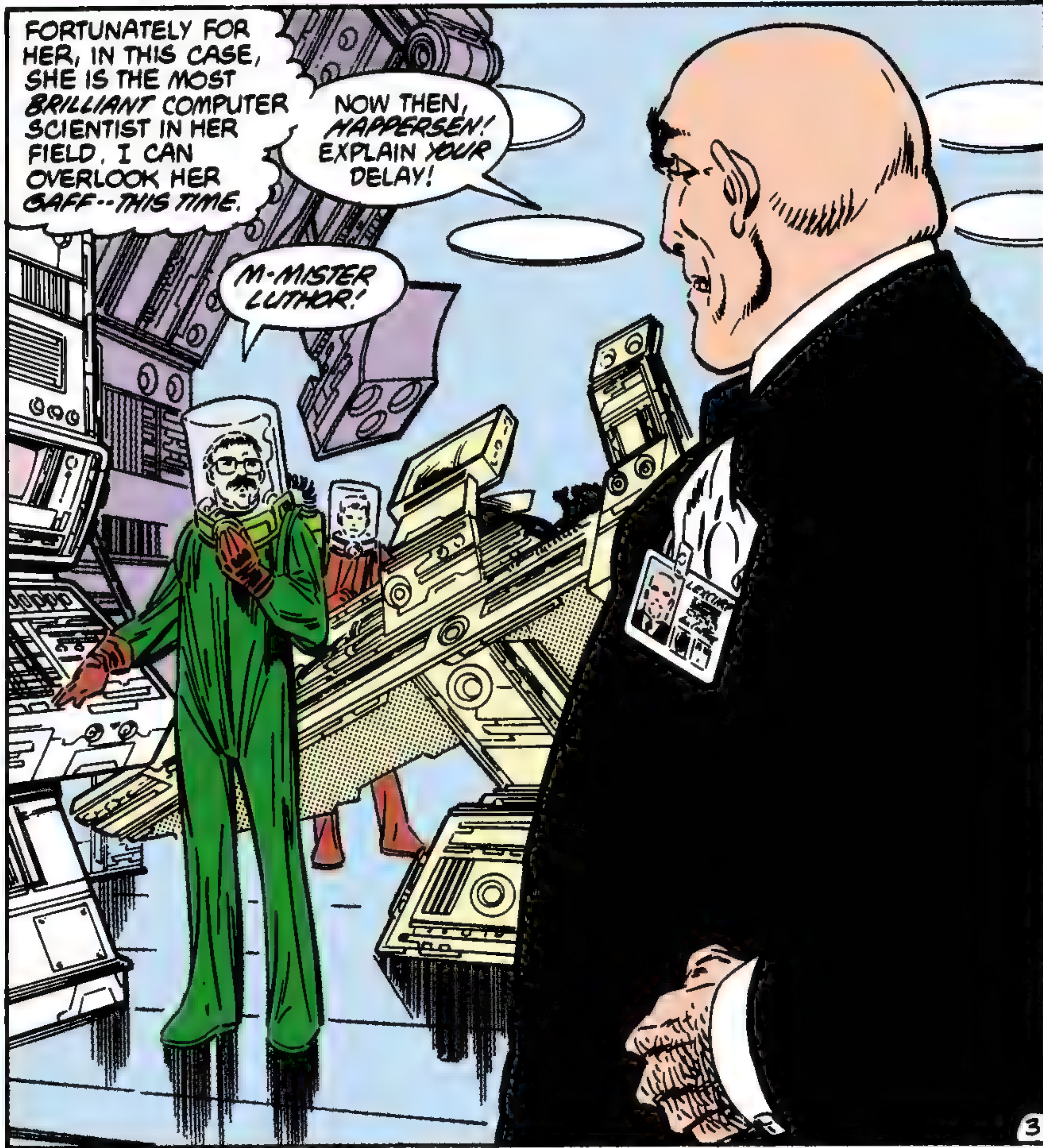
Y-ES!

YES, SIR. TONIGHT.



VERY FOOLISH OF *AMANDA MCCOY* TO ATTEMPT TO DECLINE MY *INVITATION* LIKE THAT!

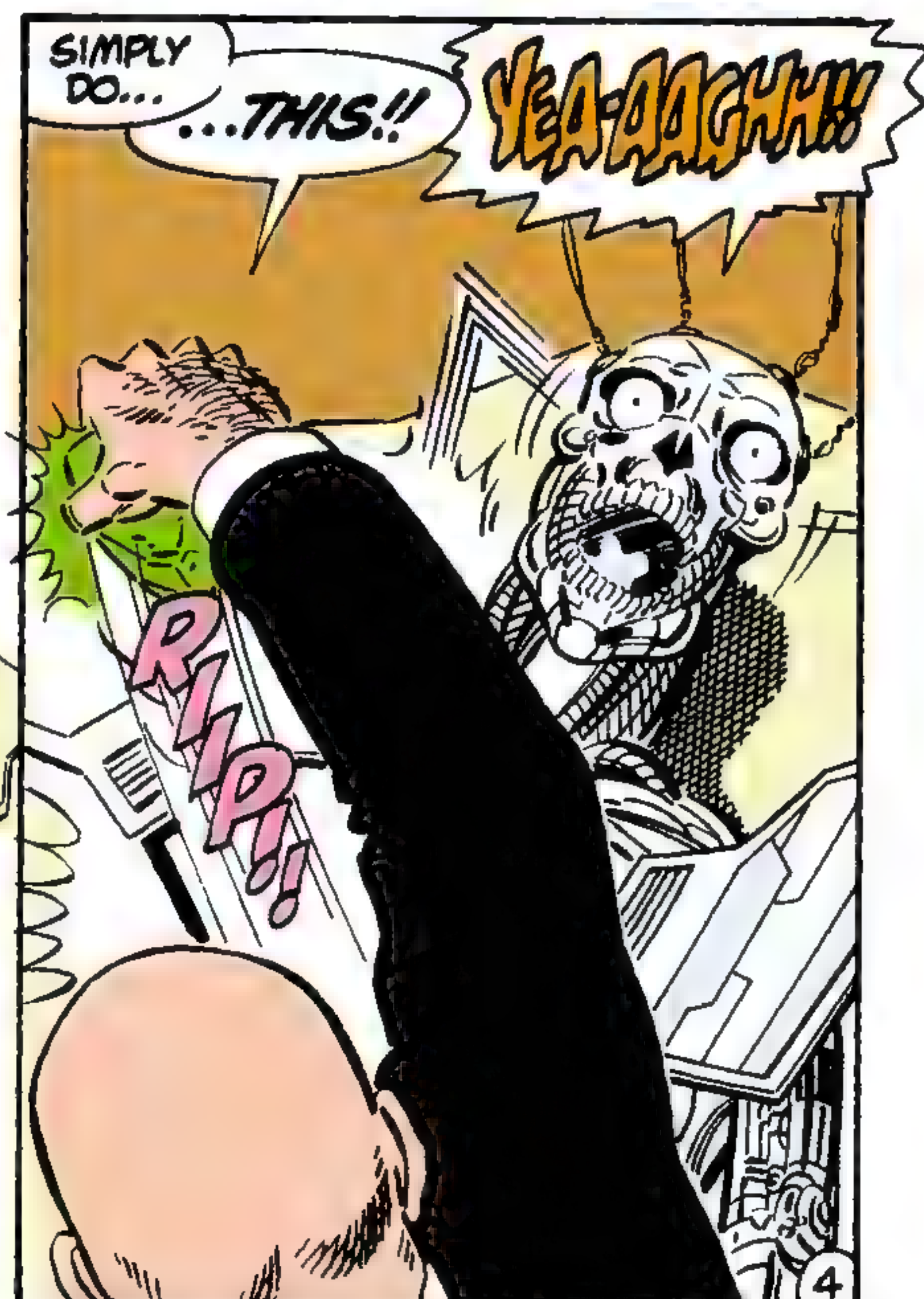
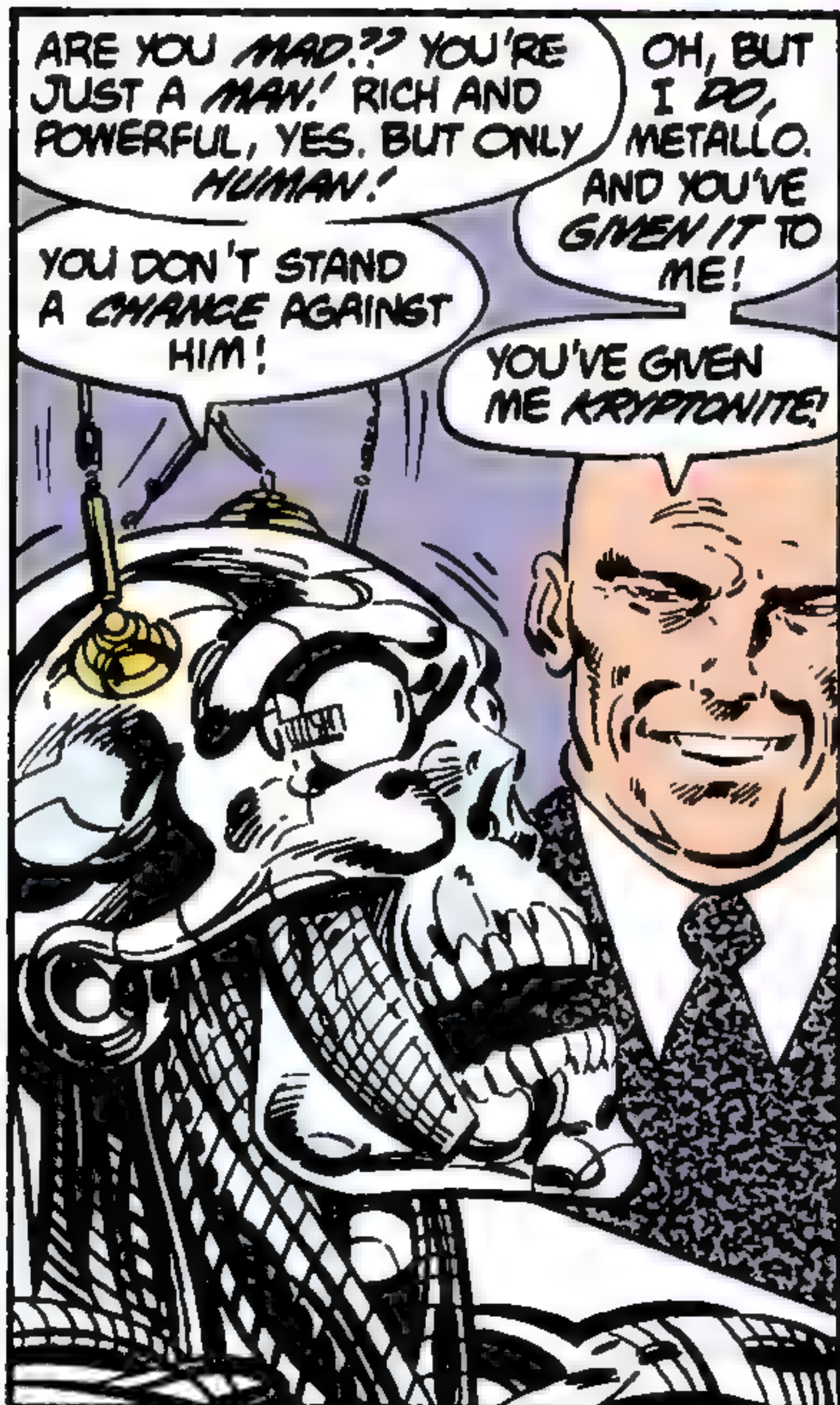
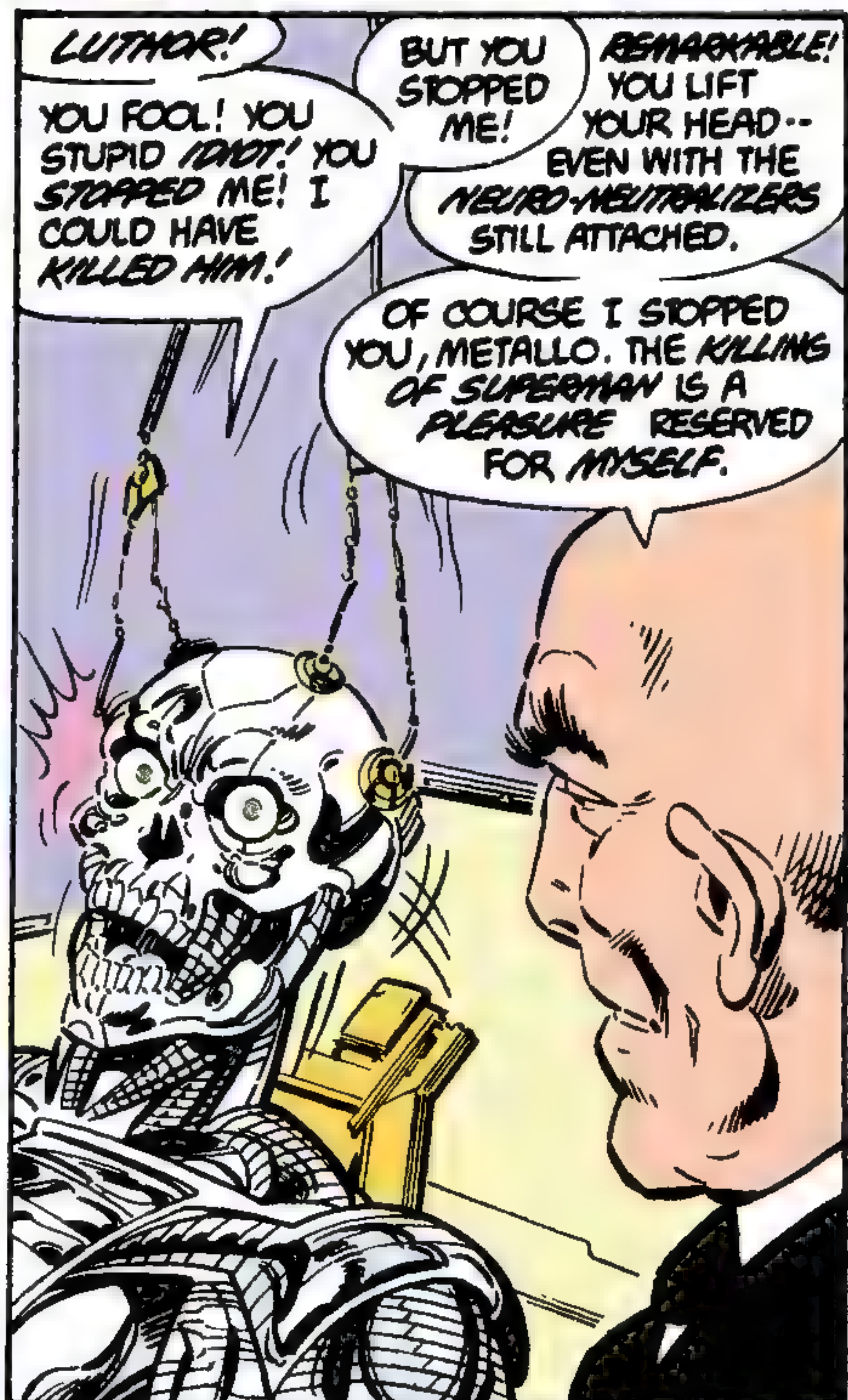
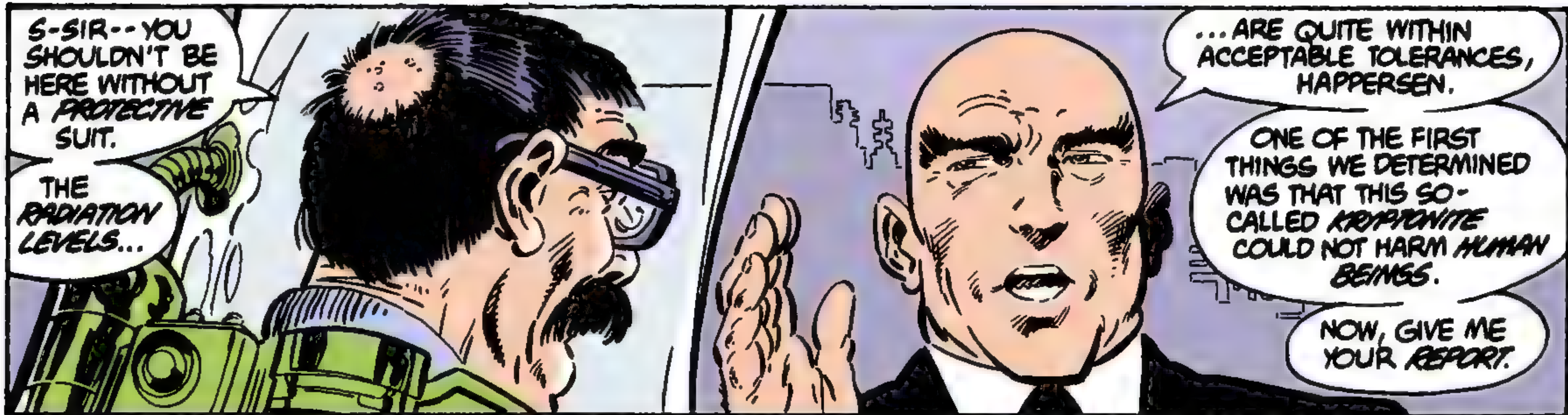
SHE'S BEEN WITH *LEXCORP* LONG ENOUGH TO KNOW MY SLIGHTEST *WORD* IS TO BE CONSIDERED A *COMMAND*!

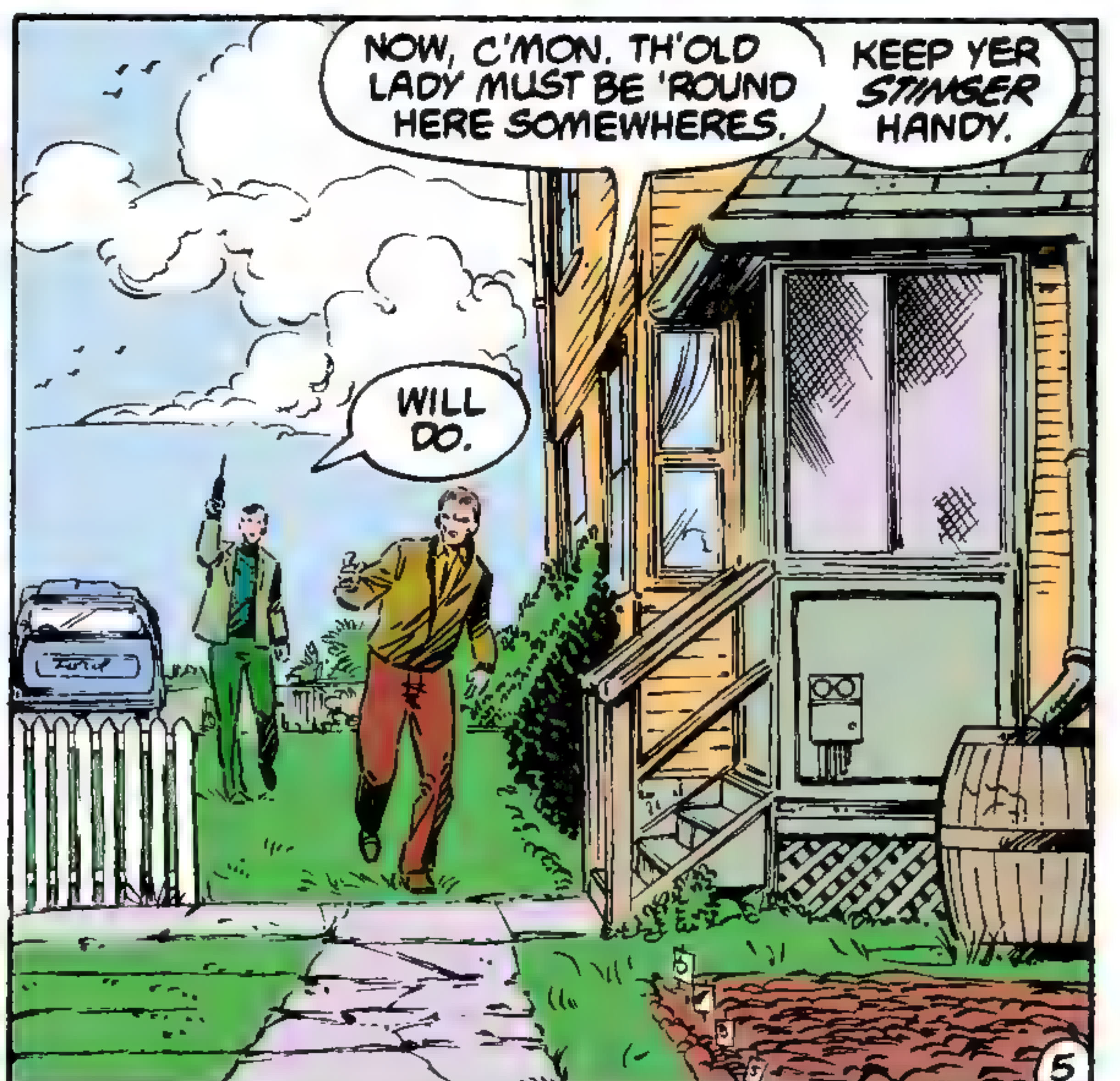
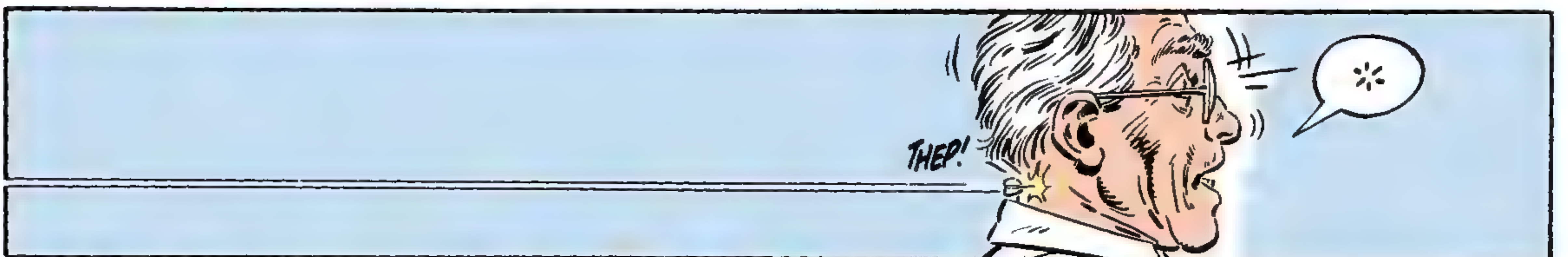
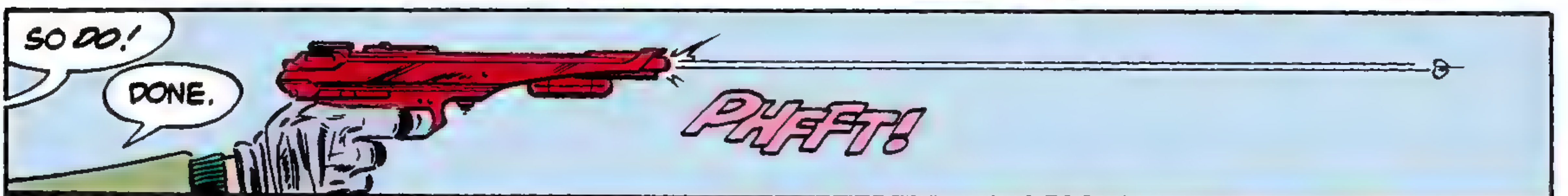
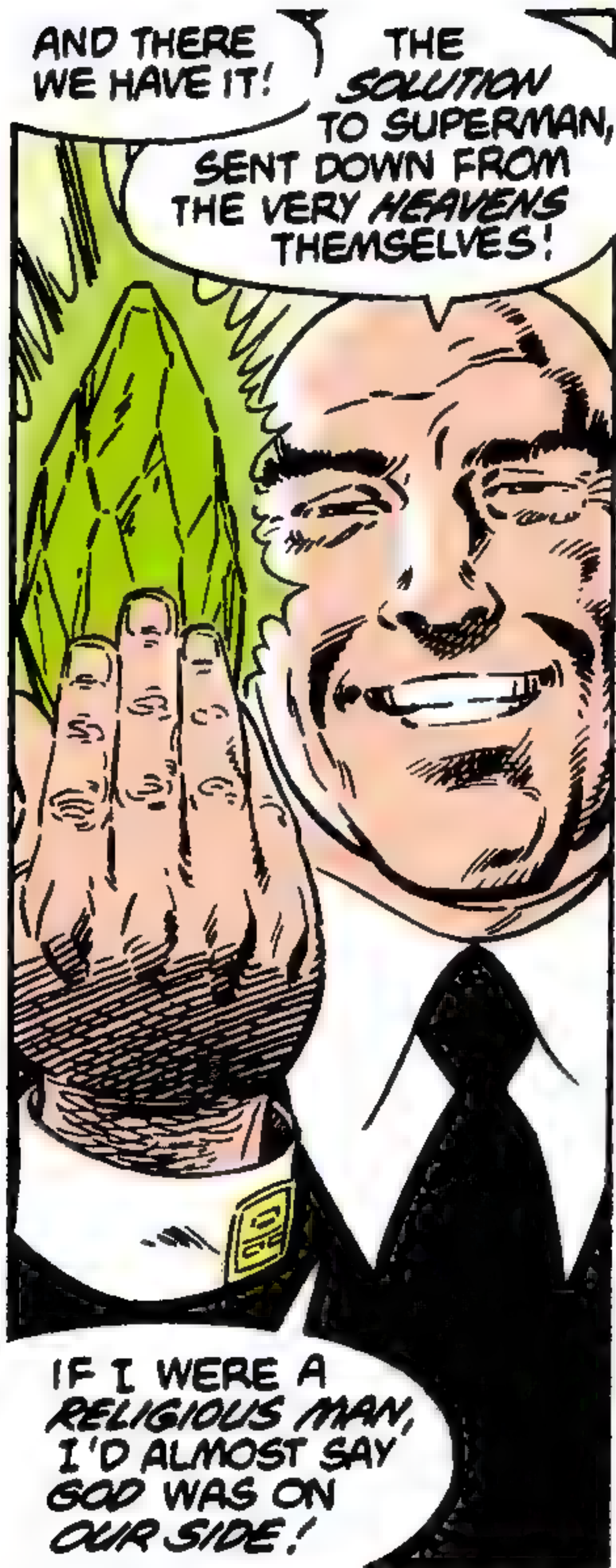


FORTUNATELY FOR HER, IN THIS CASE, SHE IS THE MOST *BRILLIANT* COMPUTER SCIENTIST IN HER FIELD. I CAN OVERLOOK HER *GAFF--THIS TIME*.

NOW THEN, *HAPPENSEN*! EXPLAIN YOUR DELAY!

M-MISTER *LUTHOR*!



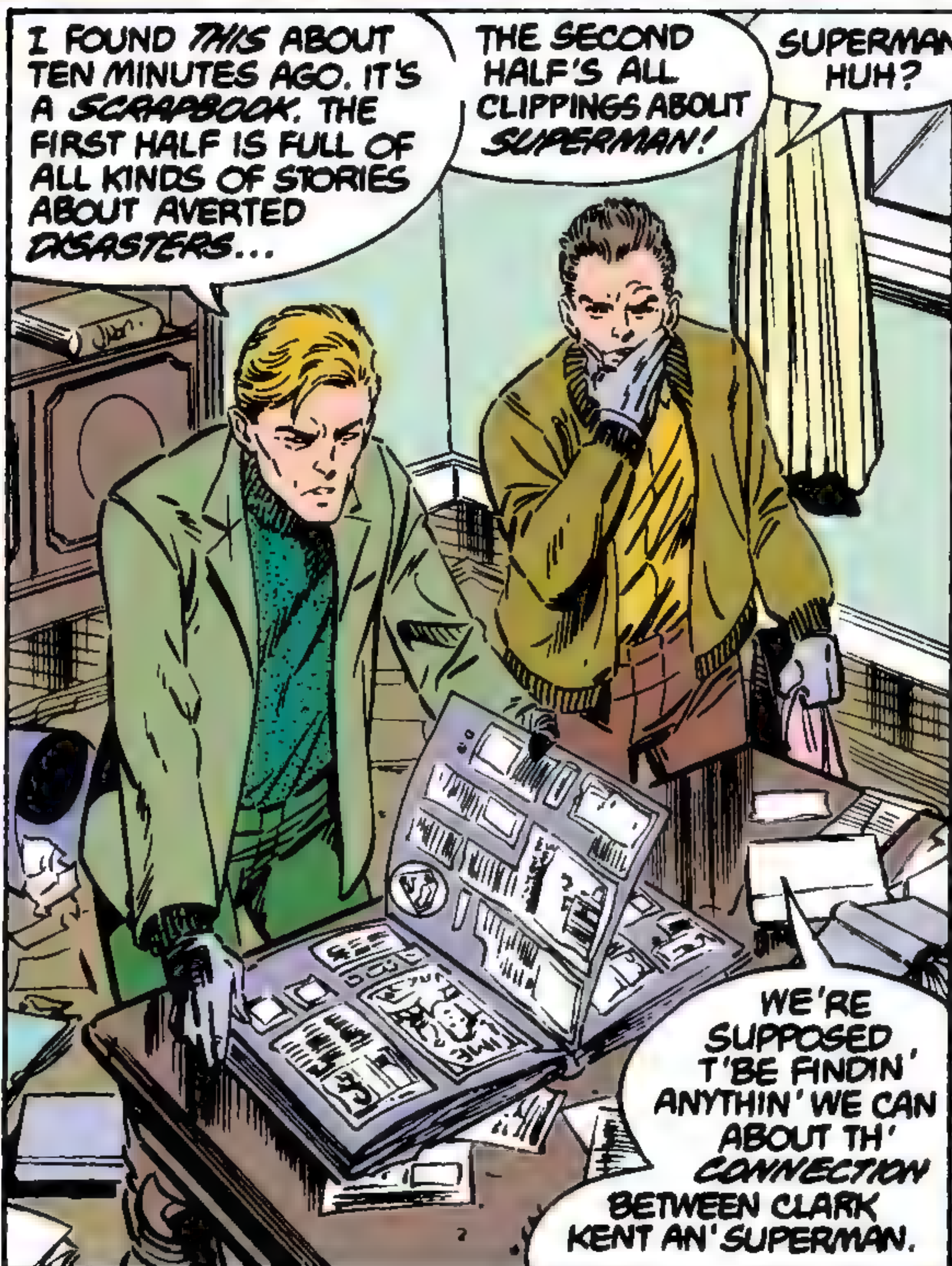


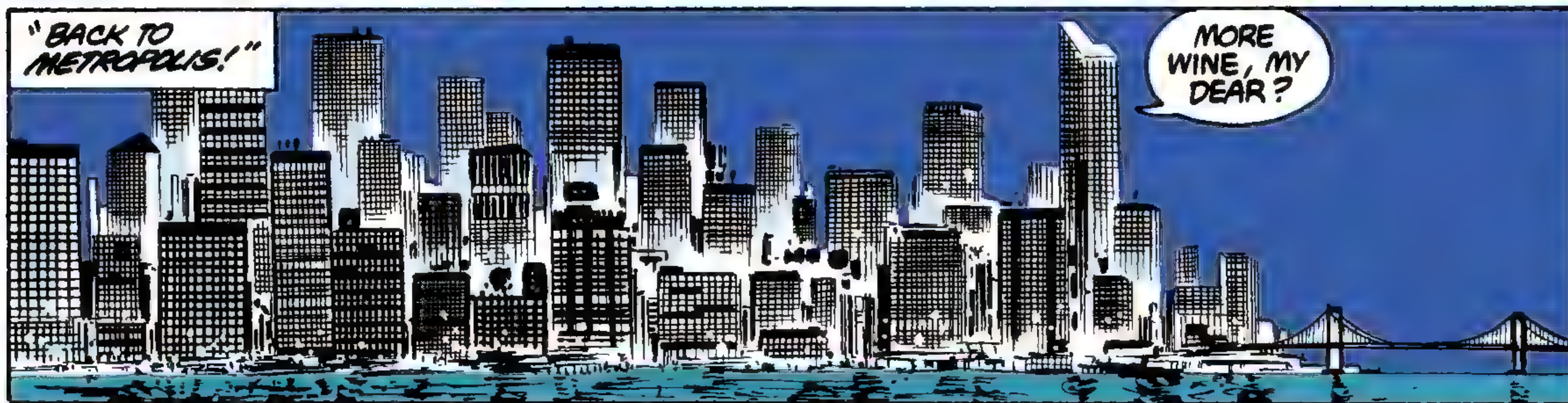
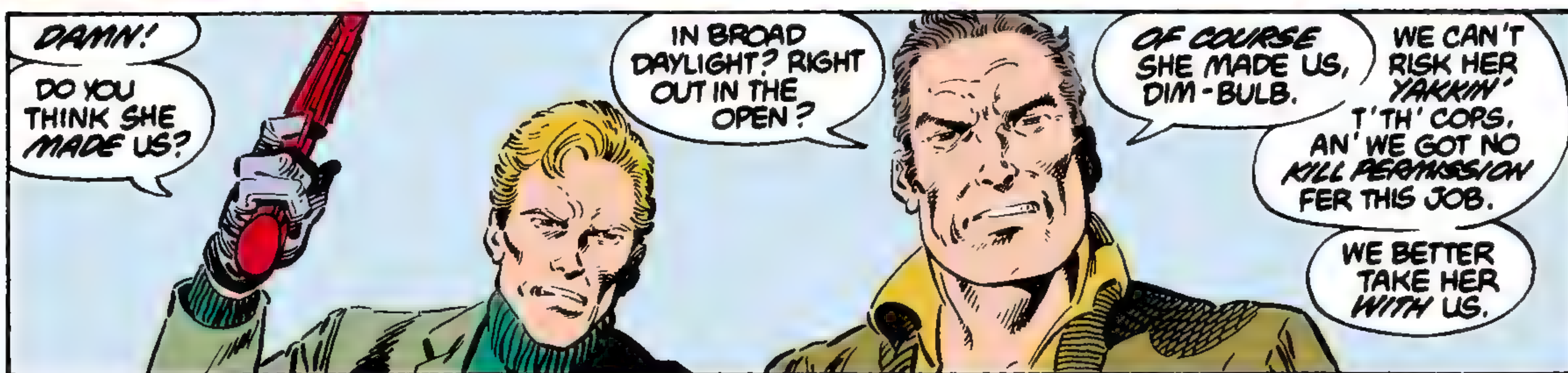
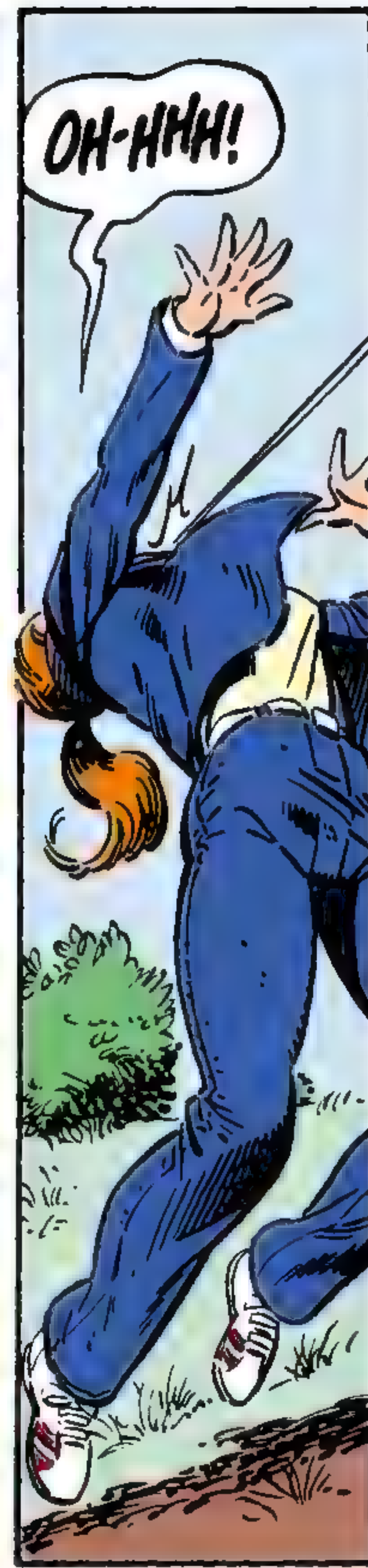


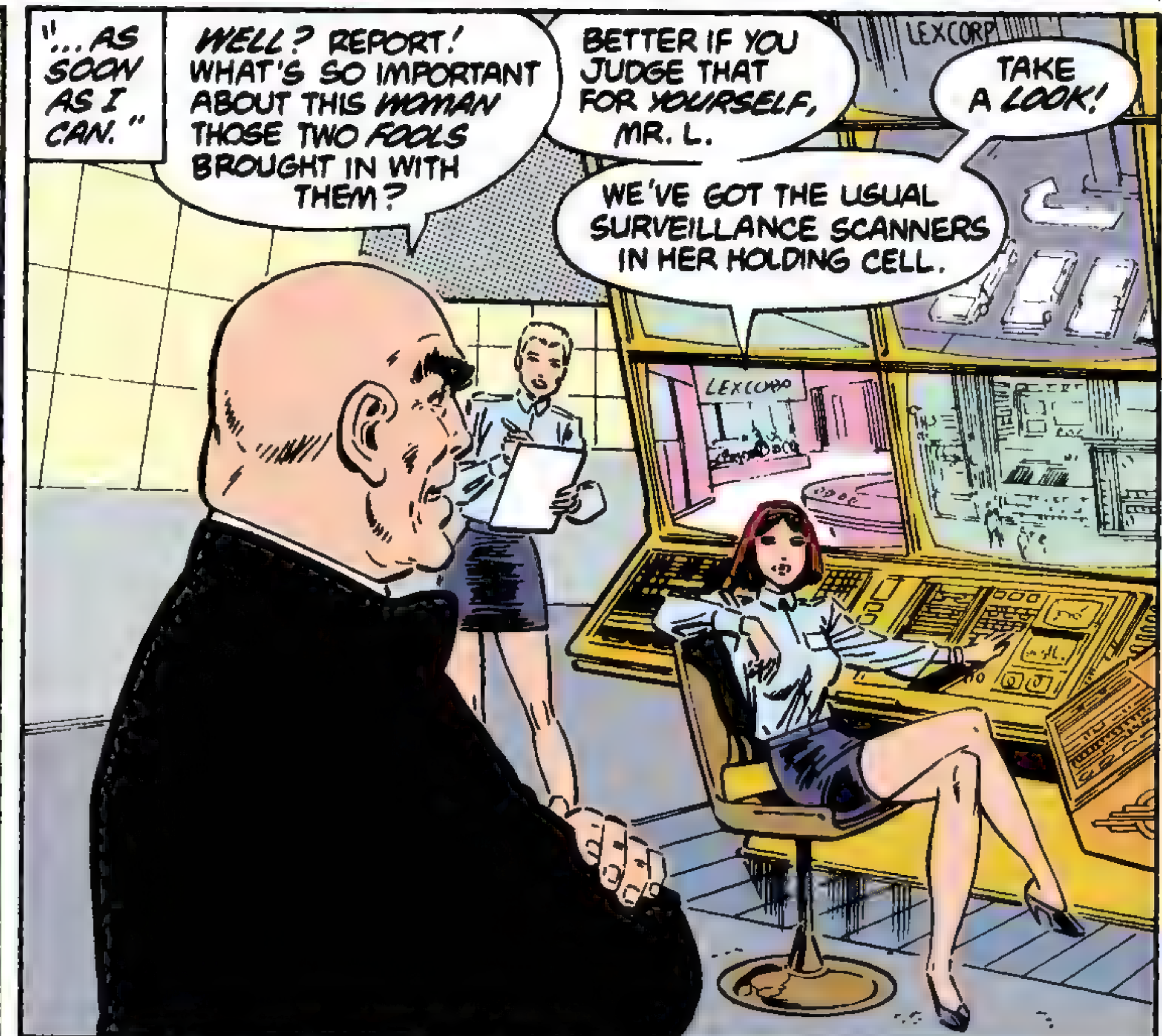
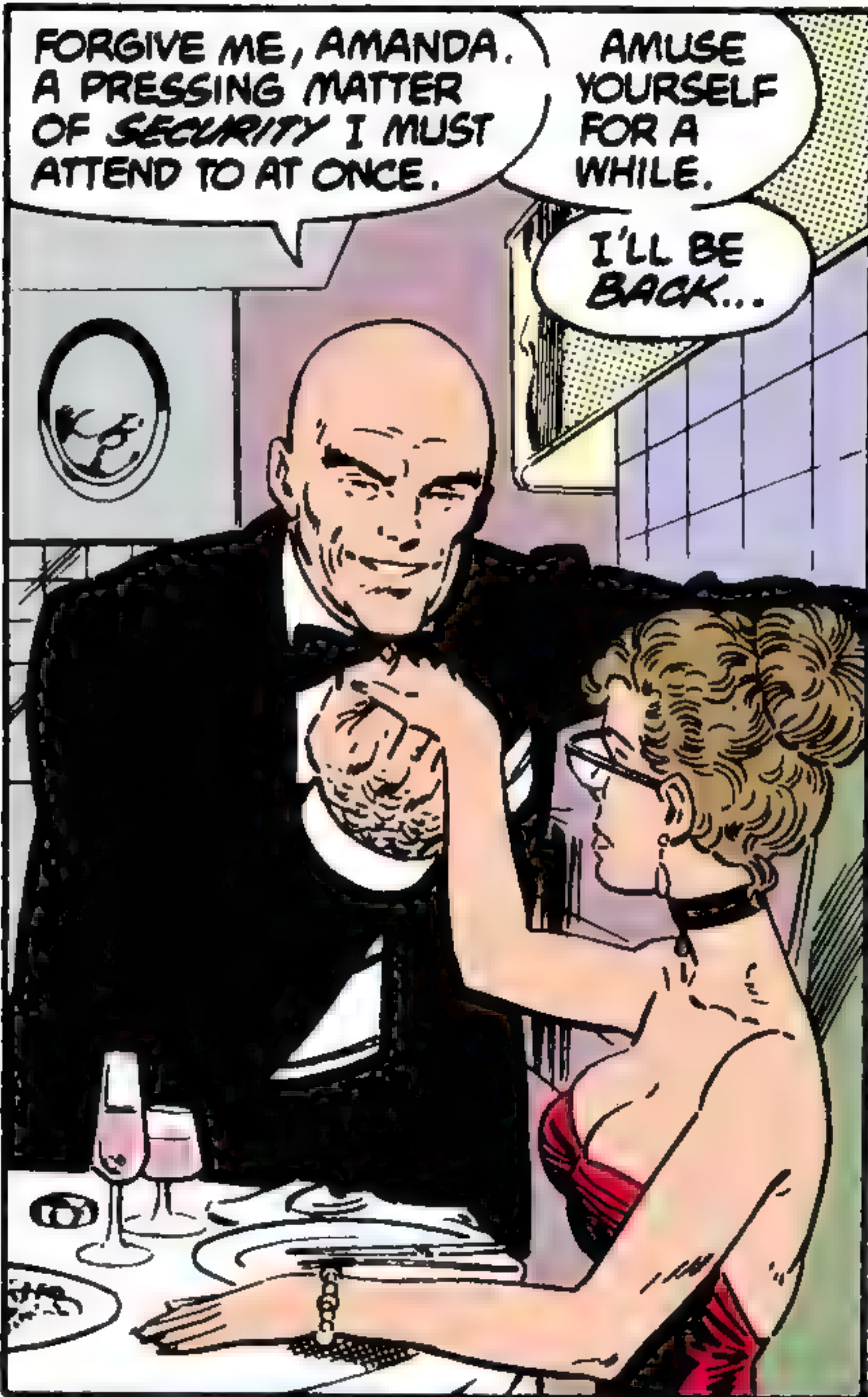
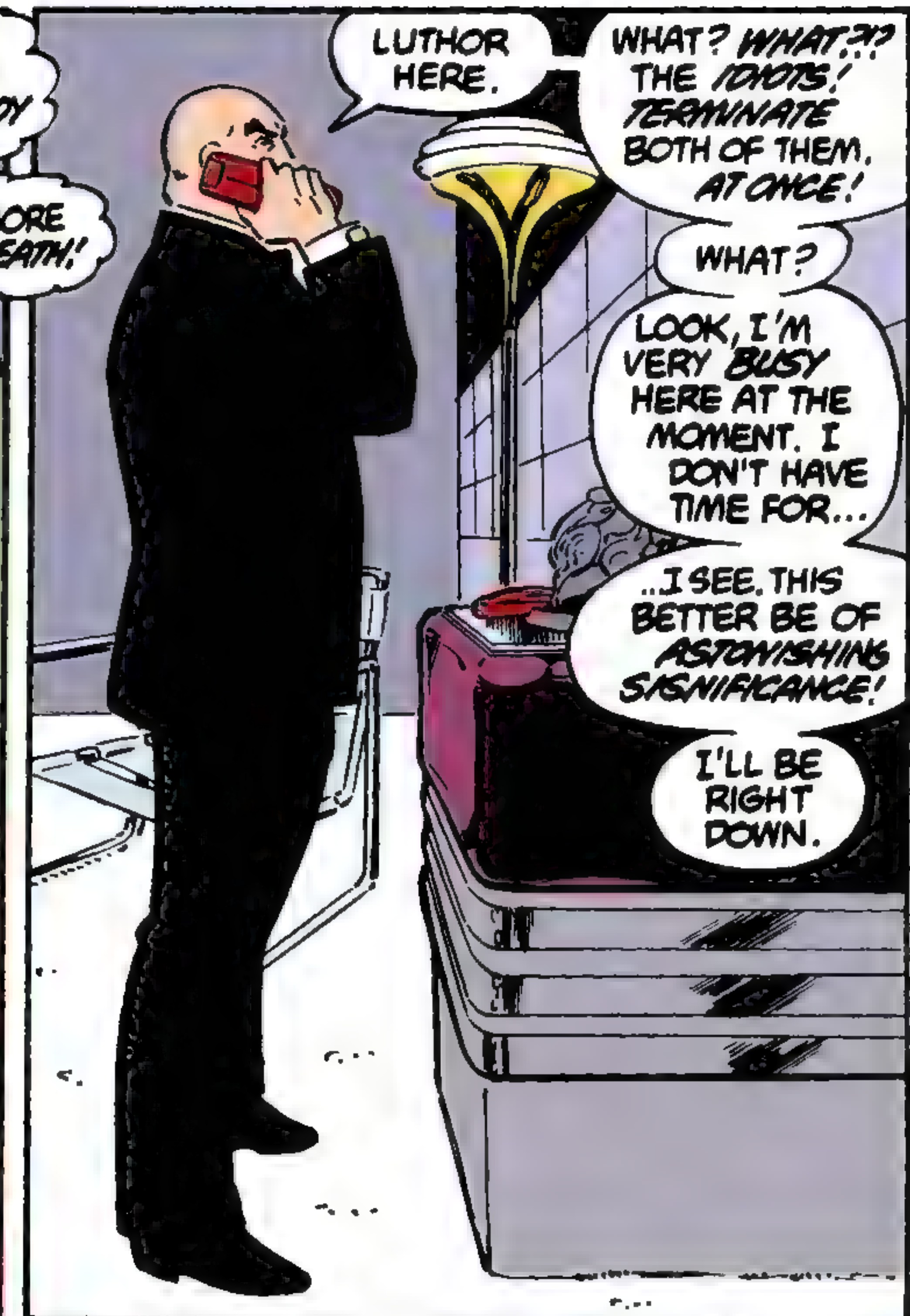
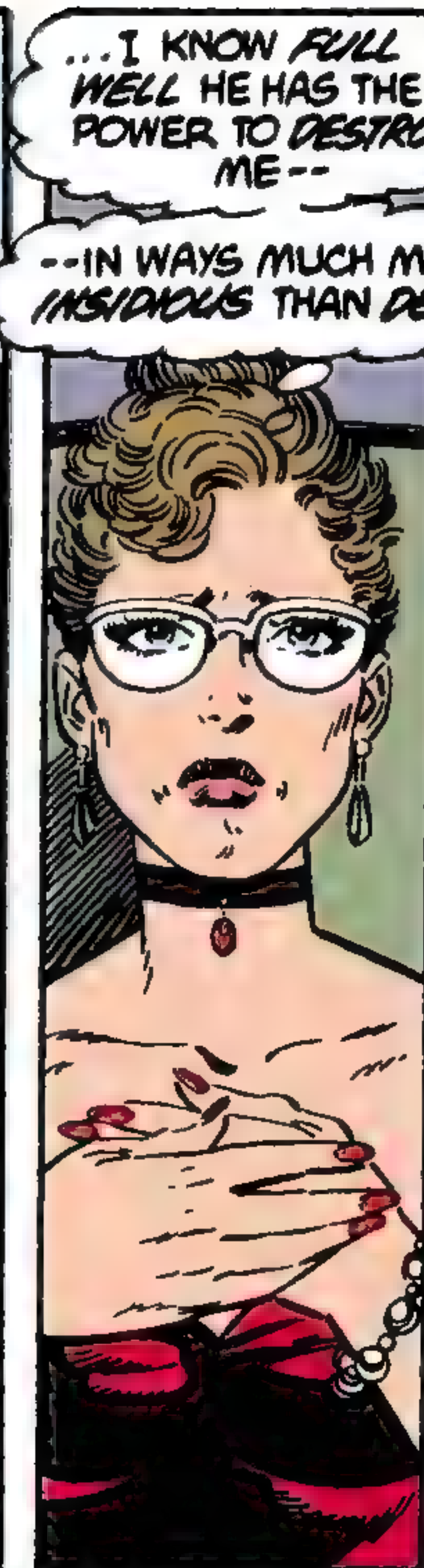
JONATHAN?
IS THAT Y...

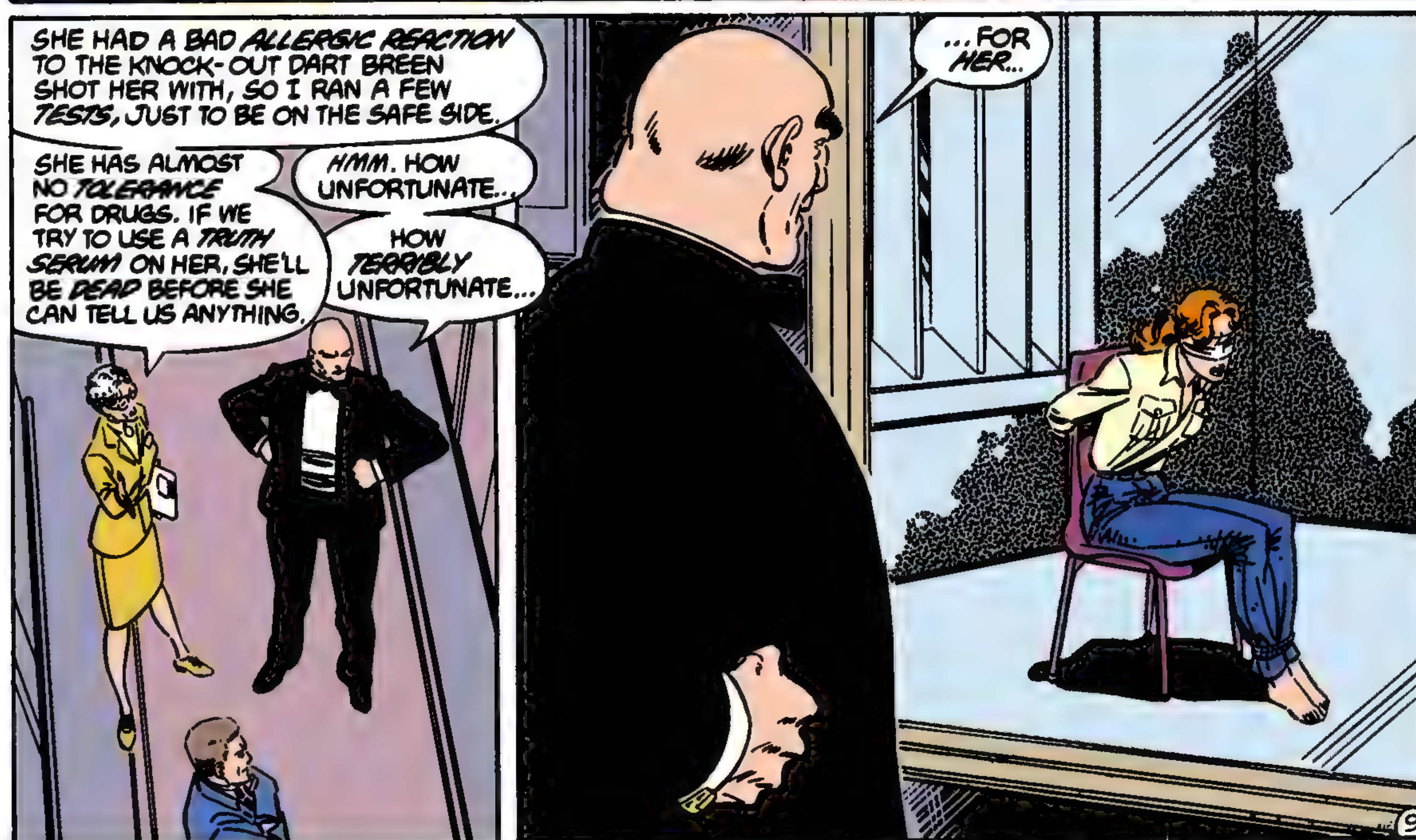
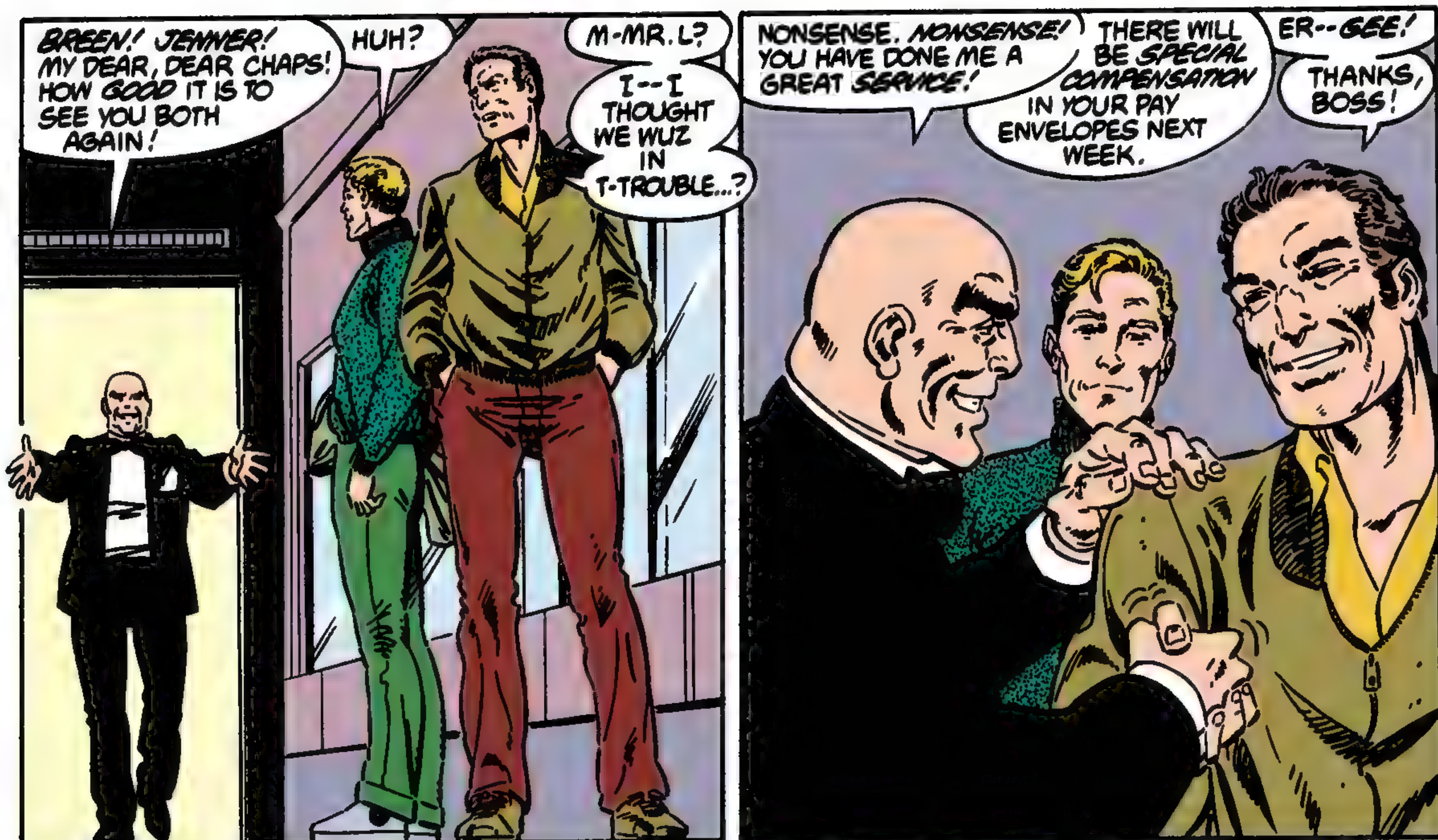


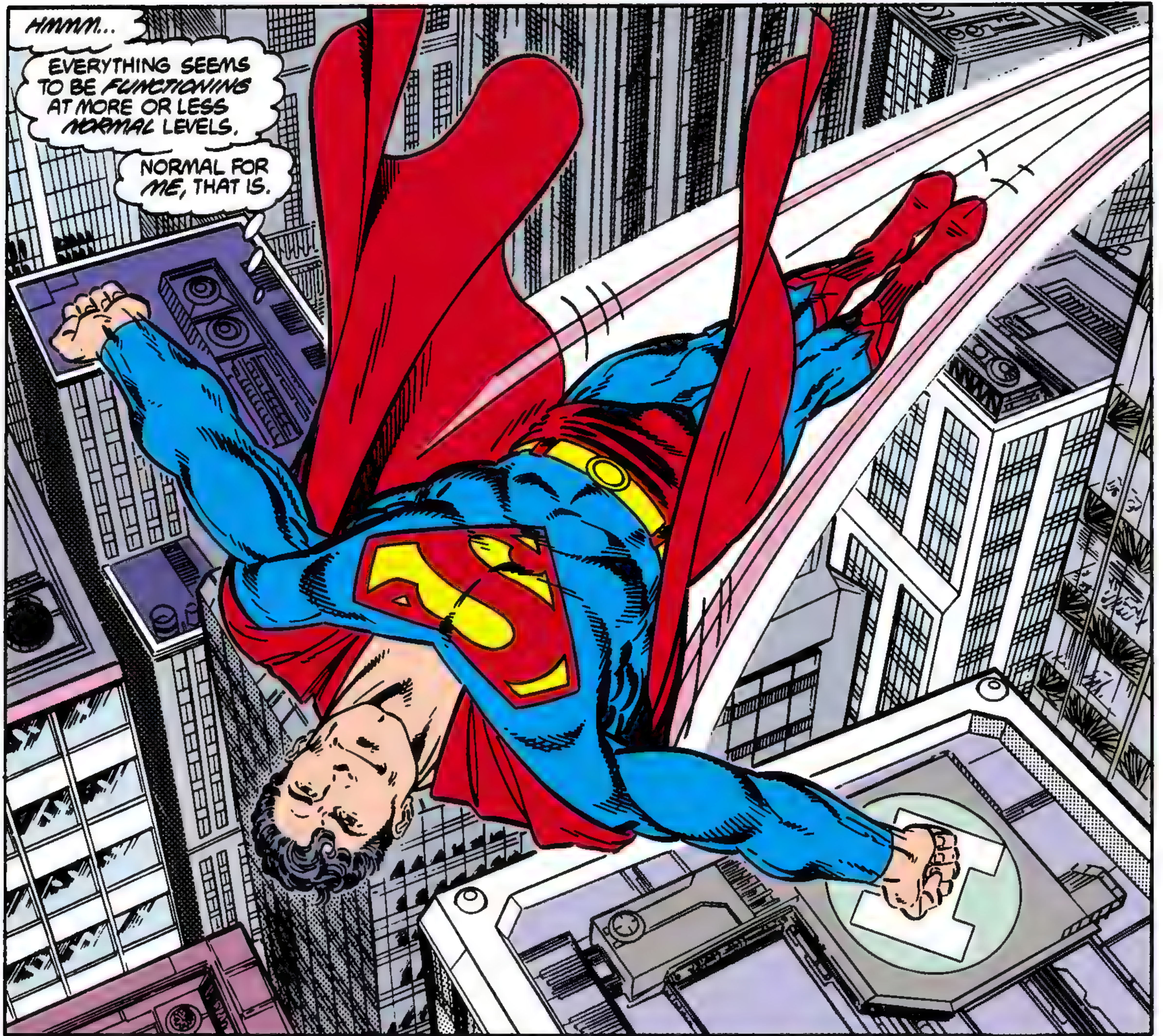
...ooo...







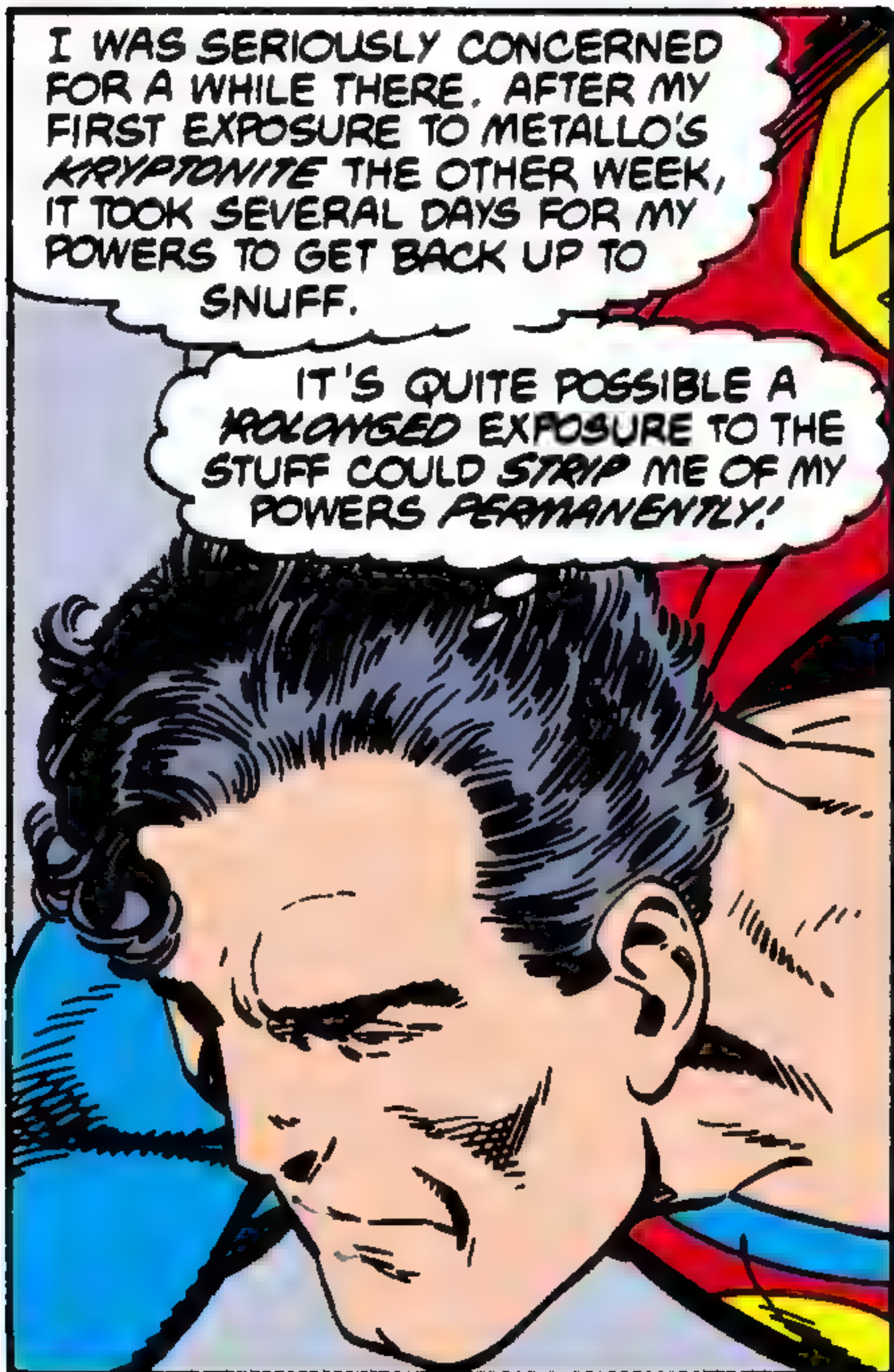




HMMM...

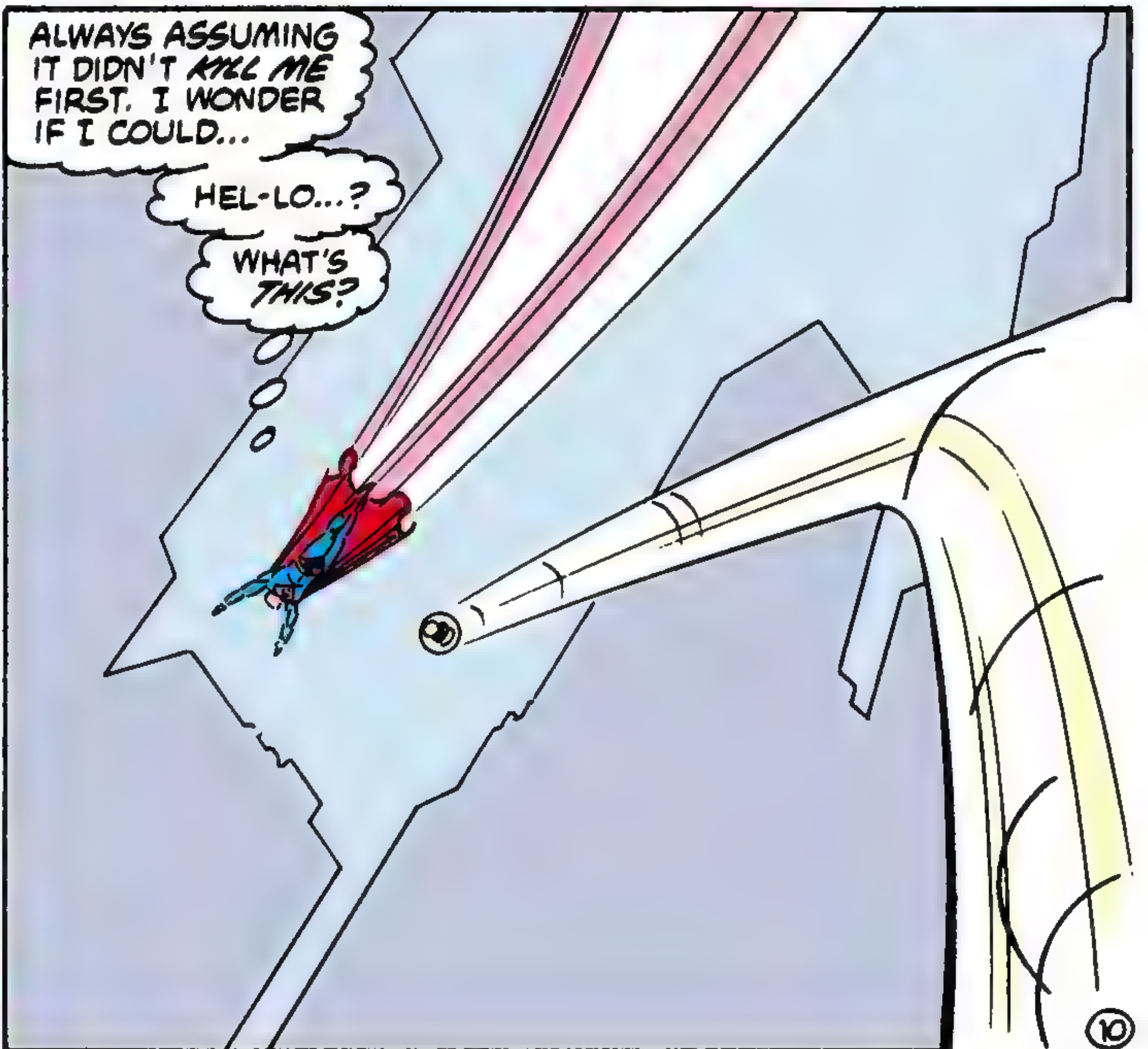
EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE FUNCTIONING AT MORE OR LESS NORMAL LEVELS.

NORMAL FOR ME, THAT IS.



I WAS SERIOUSLY CONCERNED FOR A WHILE THERE. AFTER MY FIRST EXPOSURE TO METALLO'S KRYPTONITE THE OTHER WEEK, IT TOOK SEVERAL DAYS FOR MY POWERS TO GET BACK UP TO SNUFF.

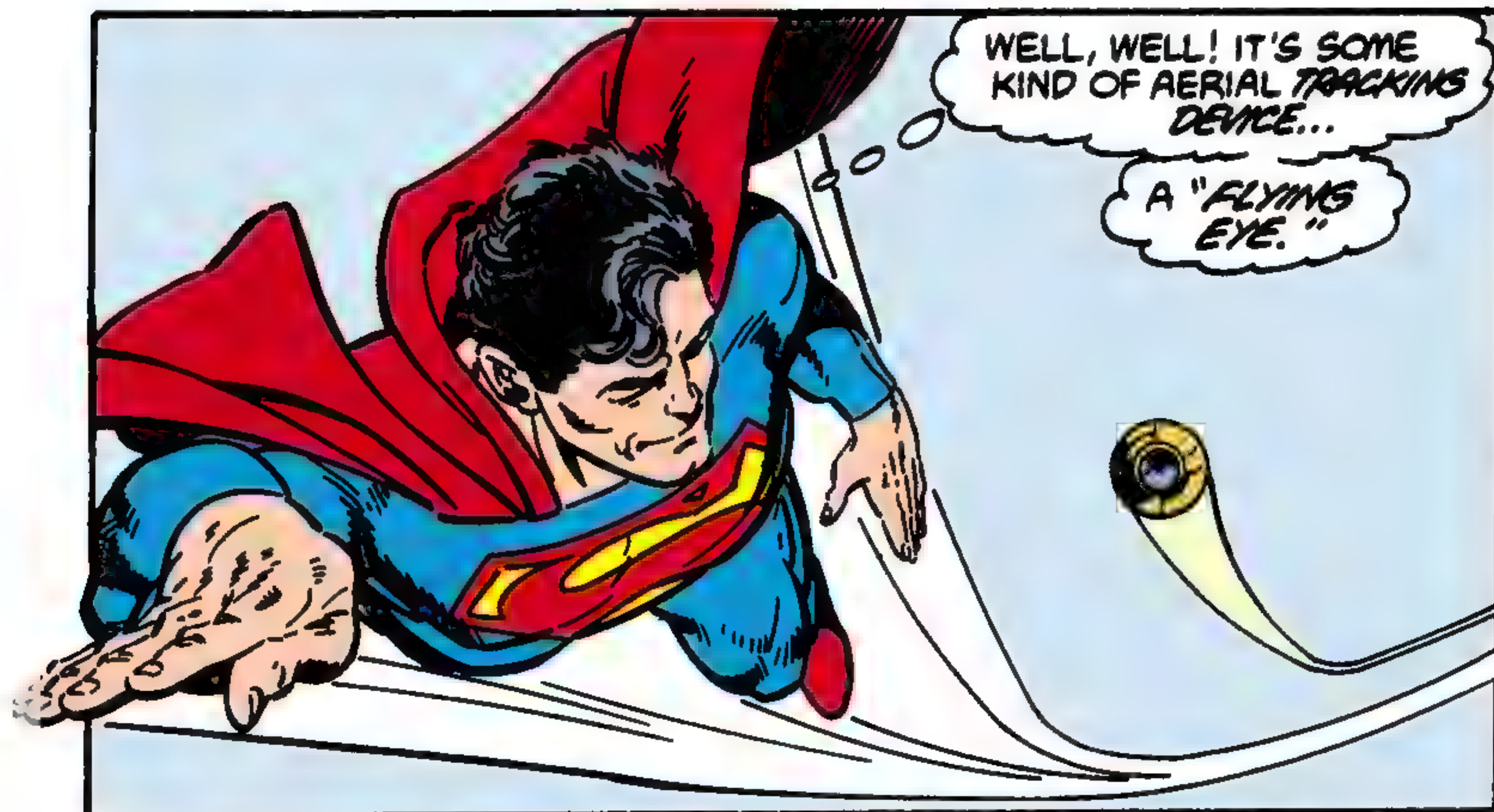
IT'S QUITE POSSIBLE A *ROLAYSED* EXPOSURE TO THE STUFF COULD STRIP ME OF MY POWERS PERMANENTLY!



ALWAYS ASSUMING IT DIDN'T *KILL* ME FIRST. I WONDER IF I COULD...

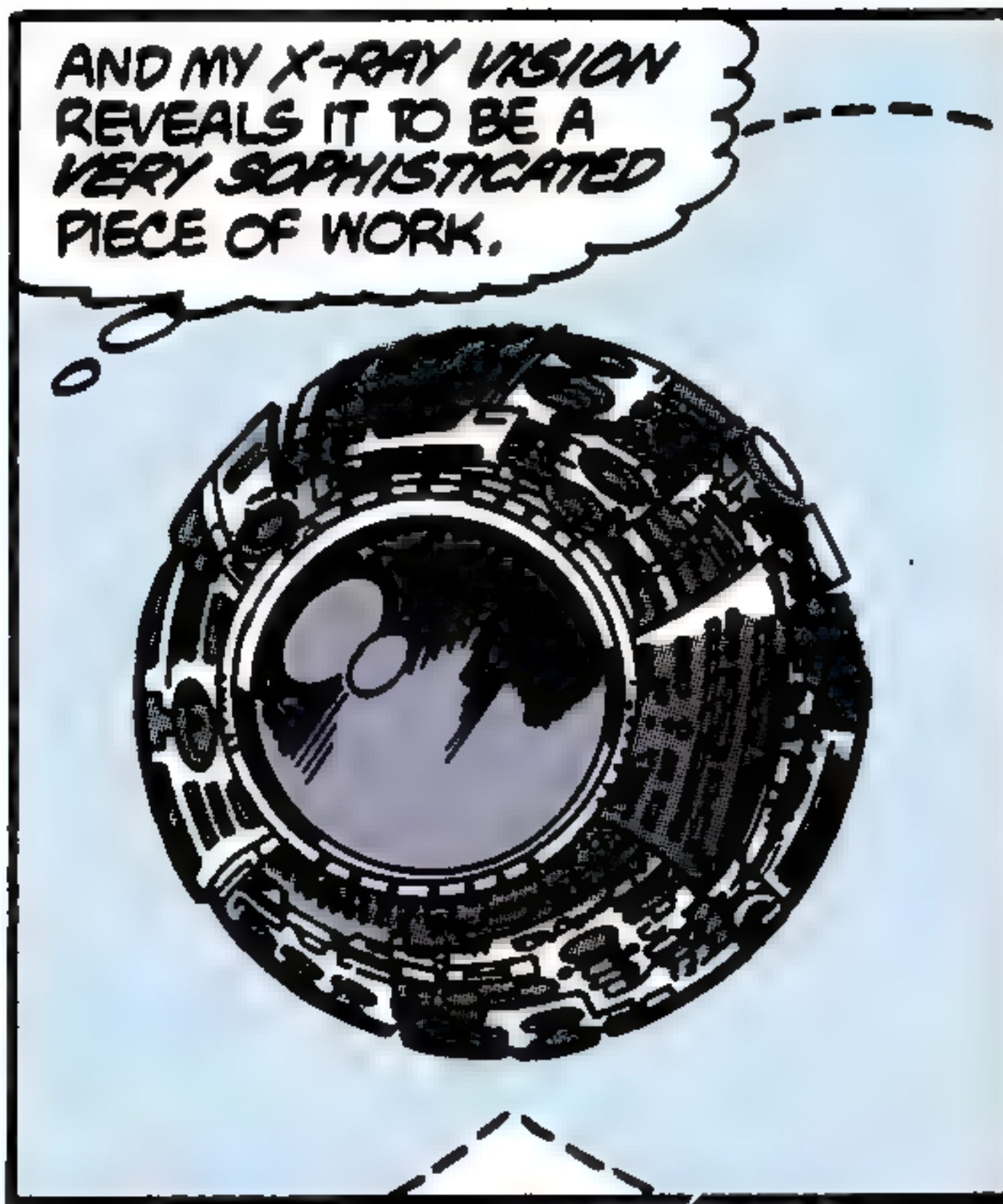
HEL-LO...?

WHAT'S *THIS*?

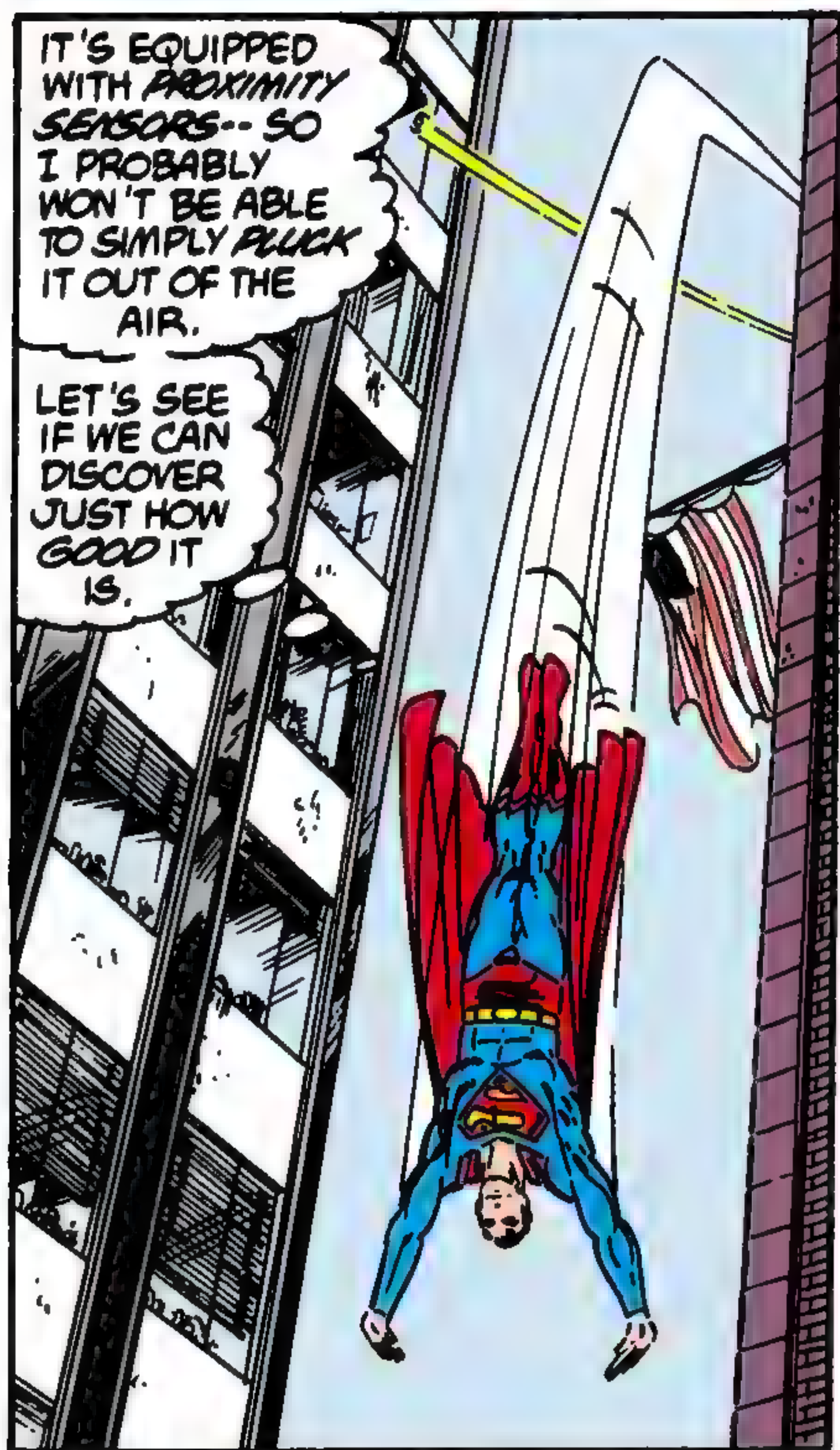


WELL, WELL! IT'S SOME KIND OF AERIAL TRACKING DEVICE...

A "FLYING EYE."



AND MY X-RAY VISION REVEALS IT TO BE A VERY SOPHISTICATED PIECE OF WORK.



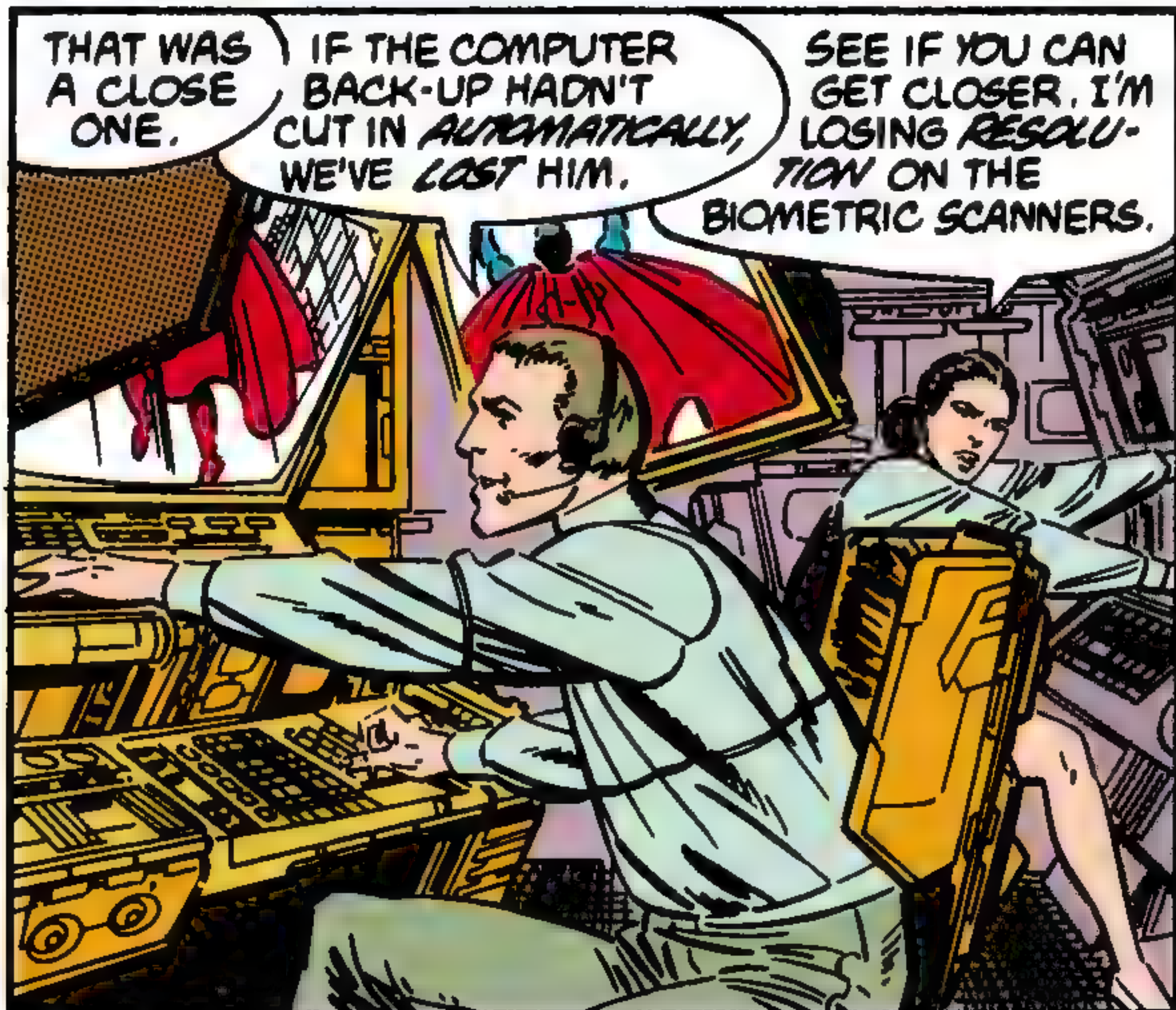
IT'S EQUIPPED WITH PROXIMITY SENSORS-- SO I PROBABLY WON'T BE ABLE TO SIMPLY PLUCK IT OUT OF THE AIR.

LET'S SEE IF WE CAN DISCOVER JUST HOW GOOD IT IS.



NOT BAD, NOT BAD AT ALL.

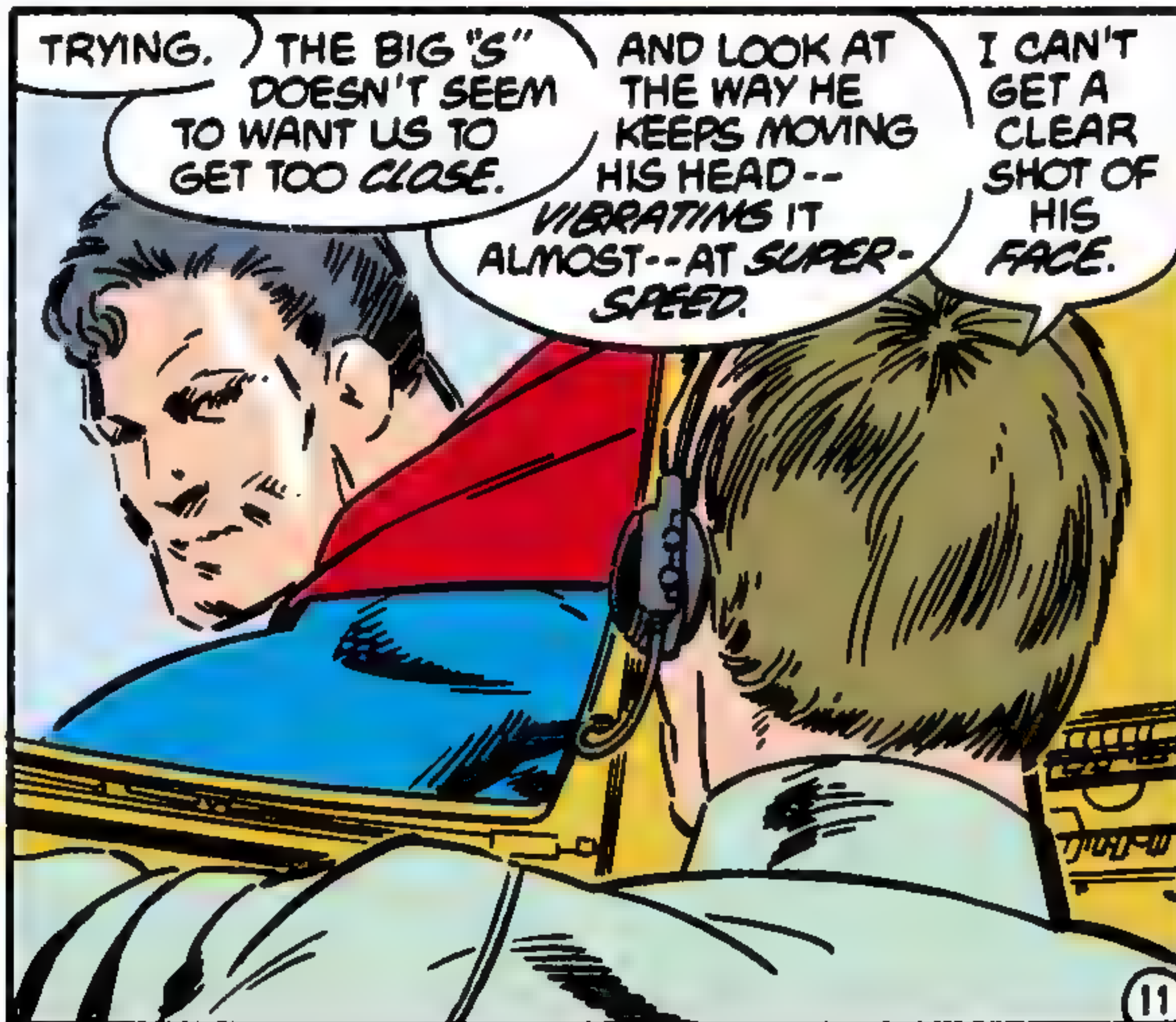
IT'S KEEPING PACE WITH ME EASILY. IF THERE'S A HUMAN HAND AT THE CONTROLS, HE OR SHE IS PRETTY SLICK.



THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE.

IF THE COMPUTER BACK-UP HADN'T CUT IN AUTOMATICALLY, WE'VE LOST HIM.

SEE IF YOU CAN GET CLOSER. I'M LOSING RESOLUTION ON THE BIOMETRIC SCANNERS.

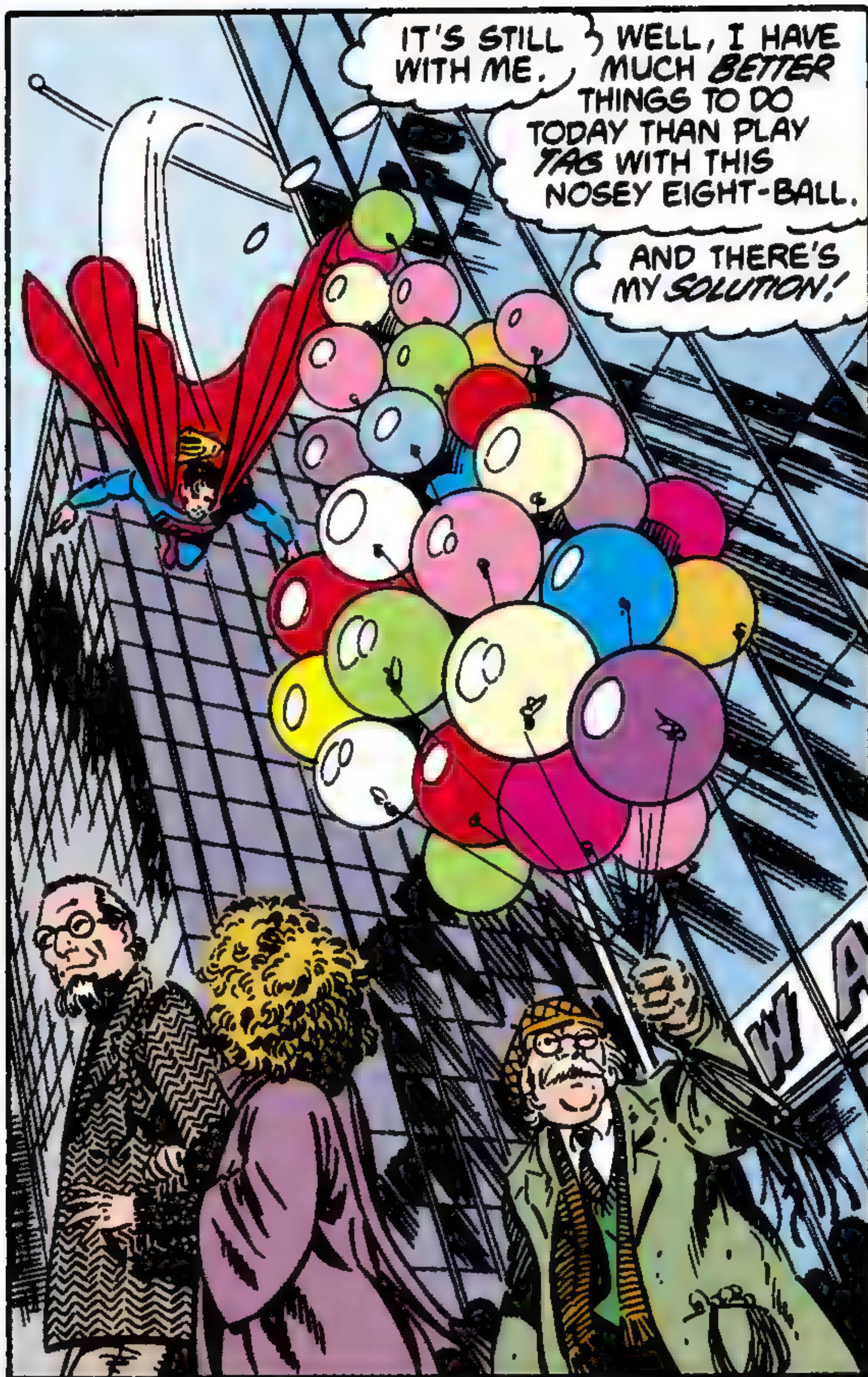


TRYING.

THE BIG "S" DOESN'T SEEM TO WANT US TO GET TOO CLOSE.

AND LOOK AT THE WAY HE KEEPS MOVING HIS HEAD-- VIBRATING IT ALMOST-- AT SUPER-SPEED.

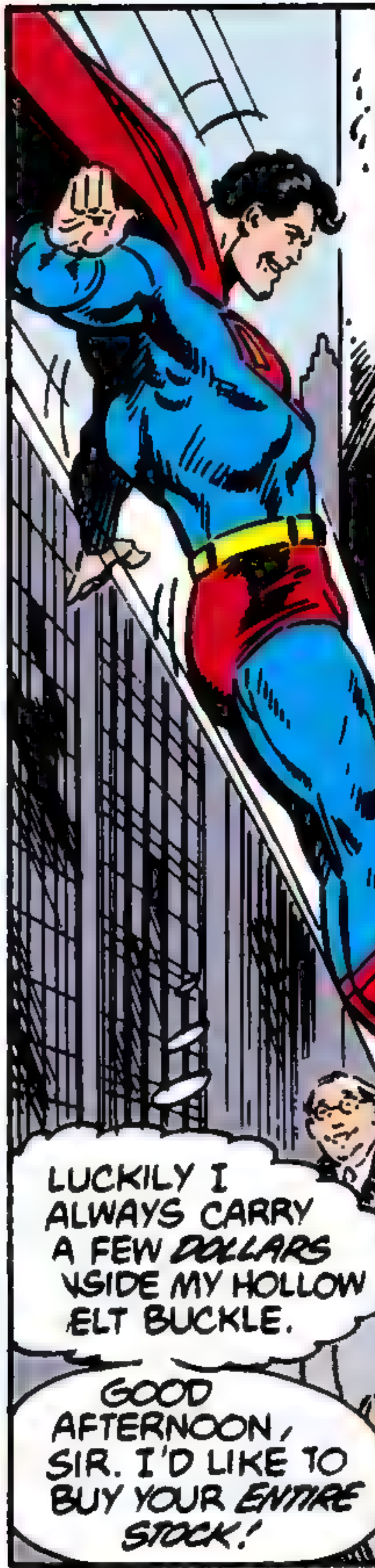
I CAN'T GET A CLEAR SHOT OF HIS FACE.



IT'S STILL WITH ME.

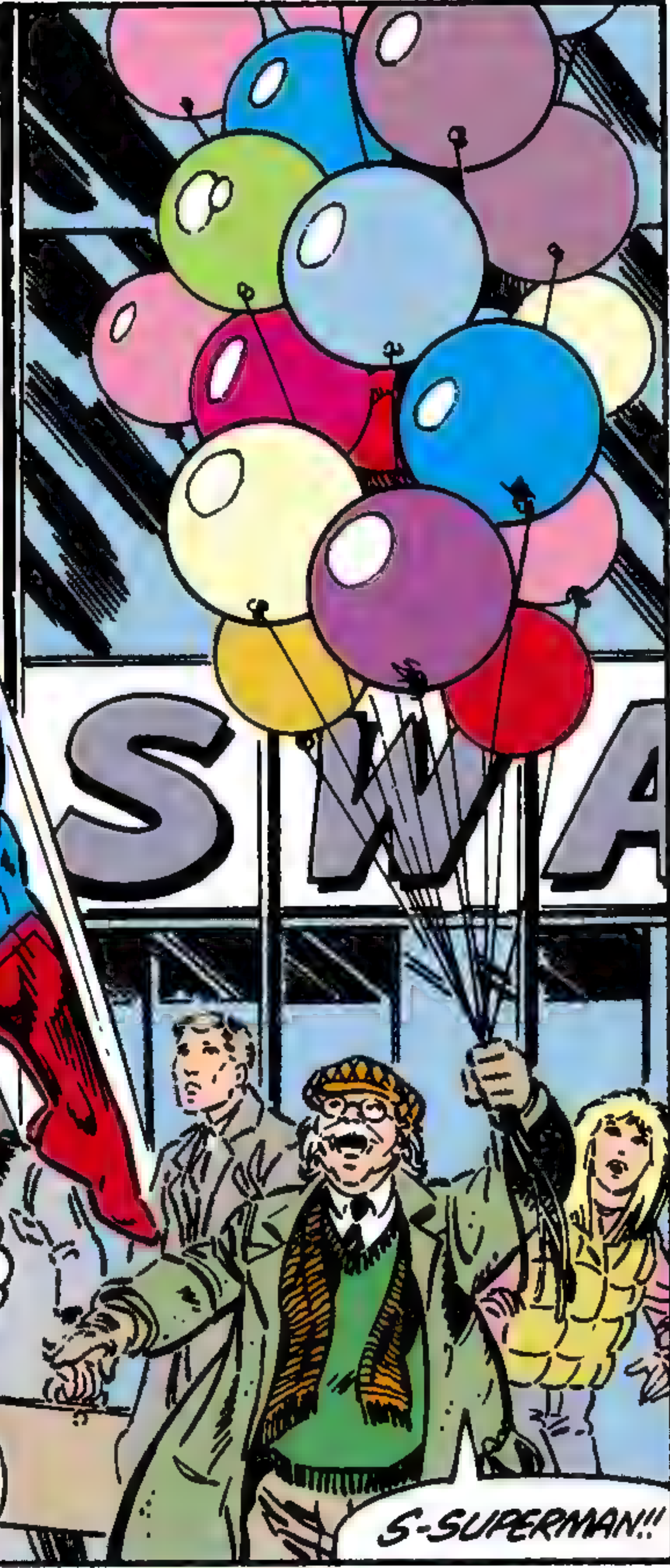
WELL, I HAVE MUCH BETTER THINGS TO DO TODAY THAN PLAY TAGS WITH THIS NOSEY EIGHT-BALL.

AND THERE'S MY SOLUTION!



LUCKILY I ALWAYS CARRY A FEW DOLLARS INSIDE MY HOLLOW ELT BUCKLE.

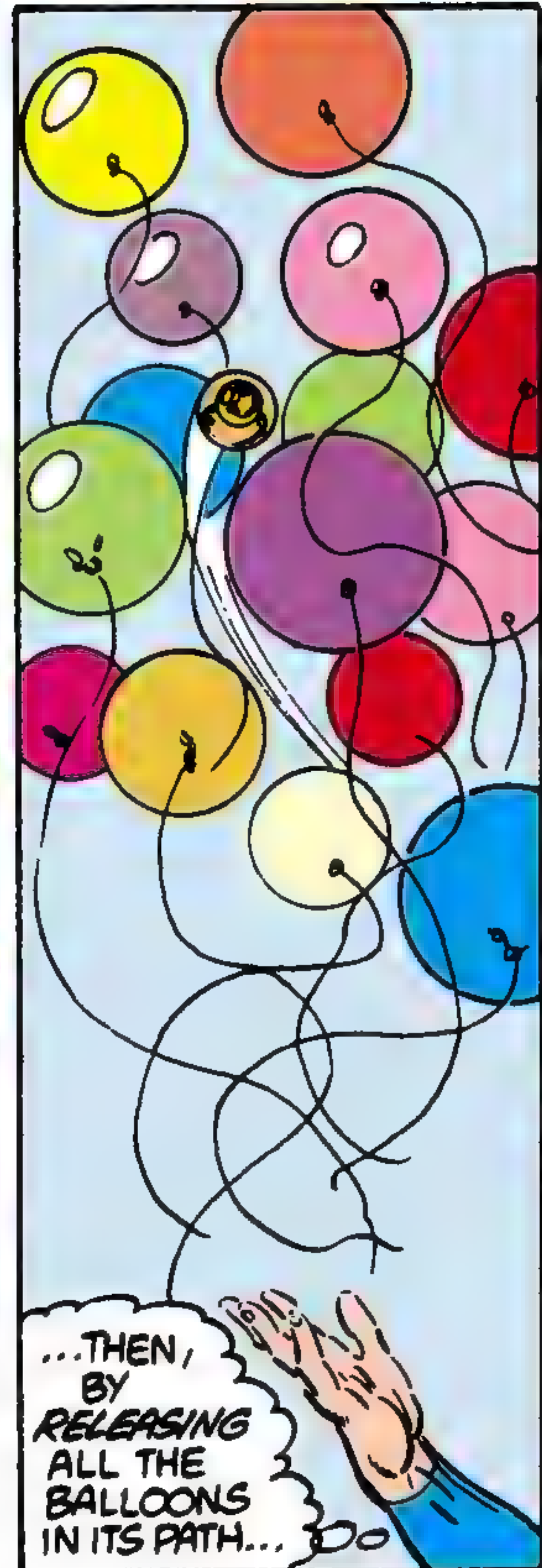
GOOD AFTERNOON, SIR. I'D LIKE TO BUY YOUR ENTIRE STOCK!



S-SUPERMAN!!



NOW THEN--LET'S START BY LETTING OUR LITTLE FRIEND GET CLOSER...



...THEN, BY RELEASING ALL THE BALLOONS IN ITS PATH...



... I CAN CONFUSE THE PROXIMITY DETECTORS LONG ENOUGH...



... TO SNAG IT!



NOW, LET'S
SEE WHAT
WE'VE GOT...



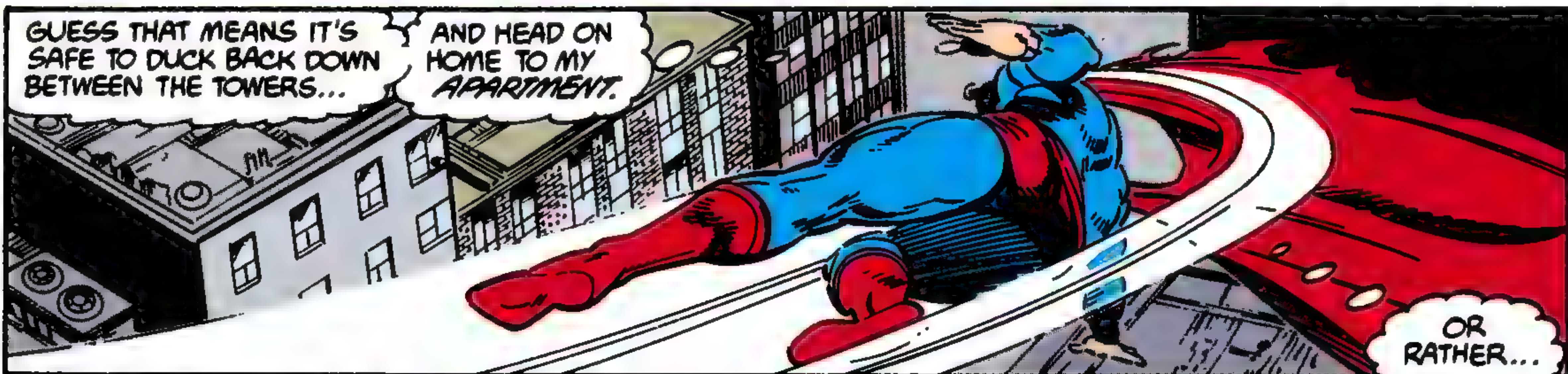
WOW!

ENOUGH...
HIGH
EXPLOSIVE
IN THAT THING
TO LEVEL A
WHOLE
BLOCK!

GOOD
THING I WAS
WELL ABOVE
THE TORS OF
THE
SKYSCRAPERS.

DON'T SEE
ANY ~~MORE~~
OF THOSE
LITTLE
WIDGETS.

NOT
WITHIN
RANGE OF
MY
TELE-
SCOPIC
VISION,
ANY-
WAY.



GUESS THAT MEANS IT'S
SAFE TO DUCK BACK DOWN
BETWEEN THE TOWERS...

AND HEAD ON
HOME TO MY
APARTMENT.

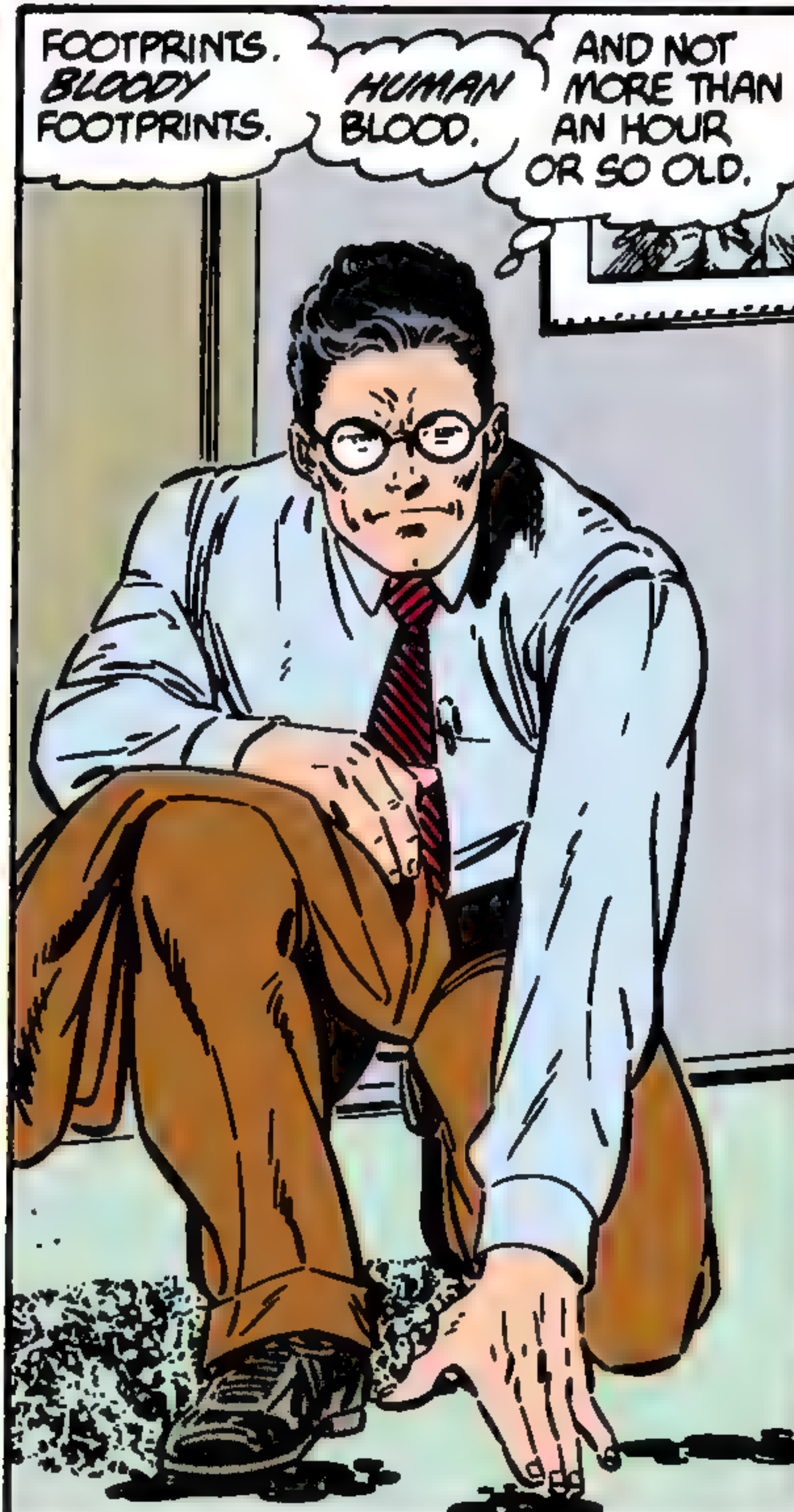
OR
RATHER...



CLARK
KENT'S
APARTMENT.

NOBODY
IN THE
OUTER
HALL. I'LL
JUST...

WHAT'S
THIS...?



FOOTPRINTS.
BLOODY
FOOTPRINTS.

HUMAN
BLOOD.

AND NOT
MORE THAN
AN HOUR
OR SO OLD.



THEY LEAD TO
THE DOOR OF MY
APARTMENT, THEN
BACK DOWN THE
HALL TO THE
CARETAKER'S
BROOM CLOSET.

LET'S
SEE
WHO
WE'VE
GOT
HERE...

OH
MY
GOD!



LANA!?!

LANA LANG!!

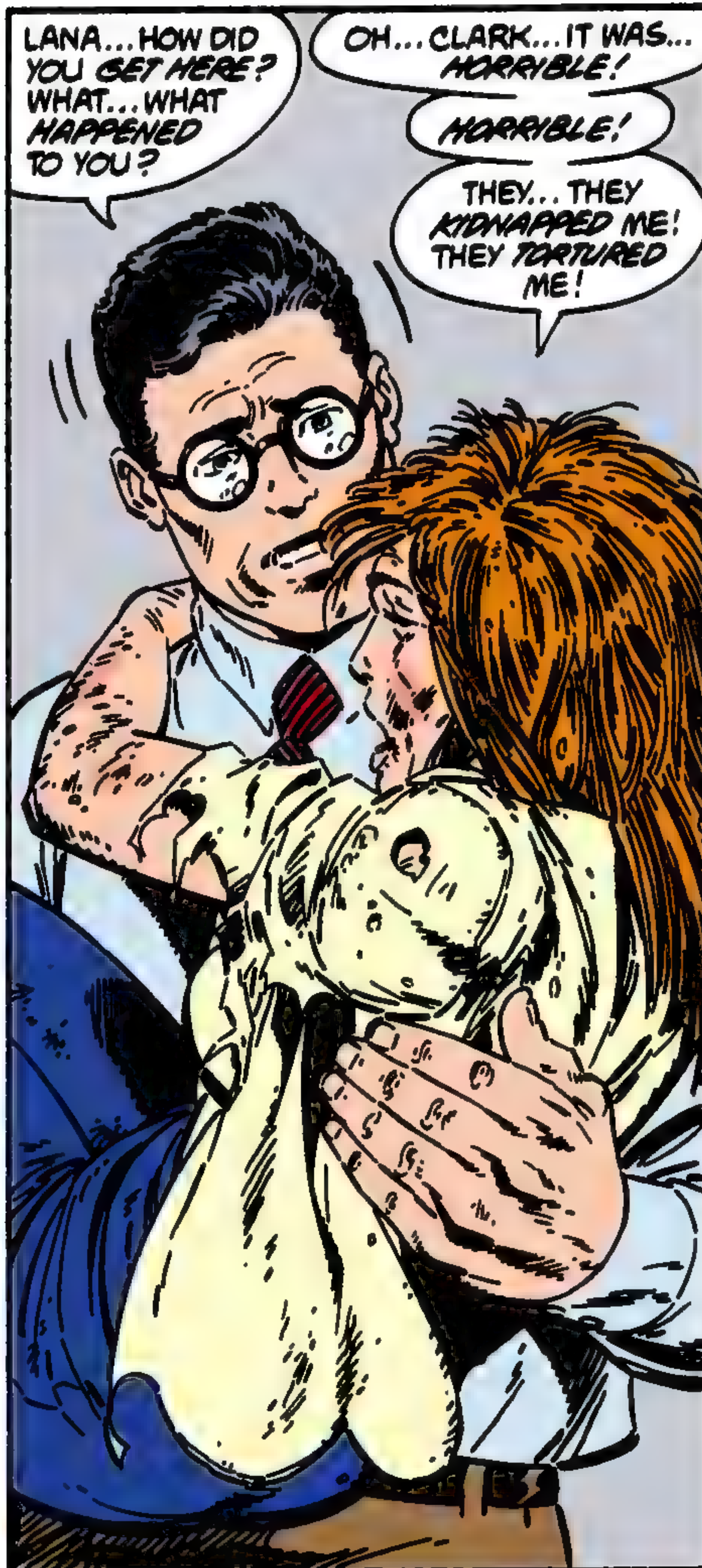
C-CLARK...?

HELP ME...

PLEASE...

HELP ME...

DON'T LET THEM FIND ME...

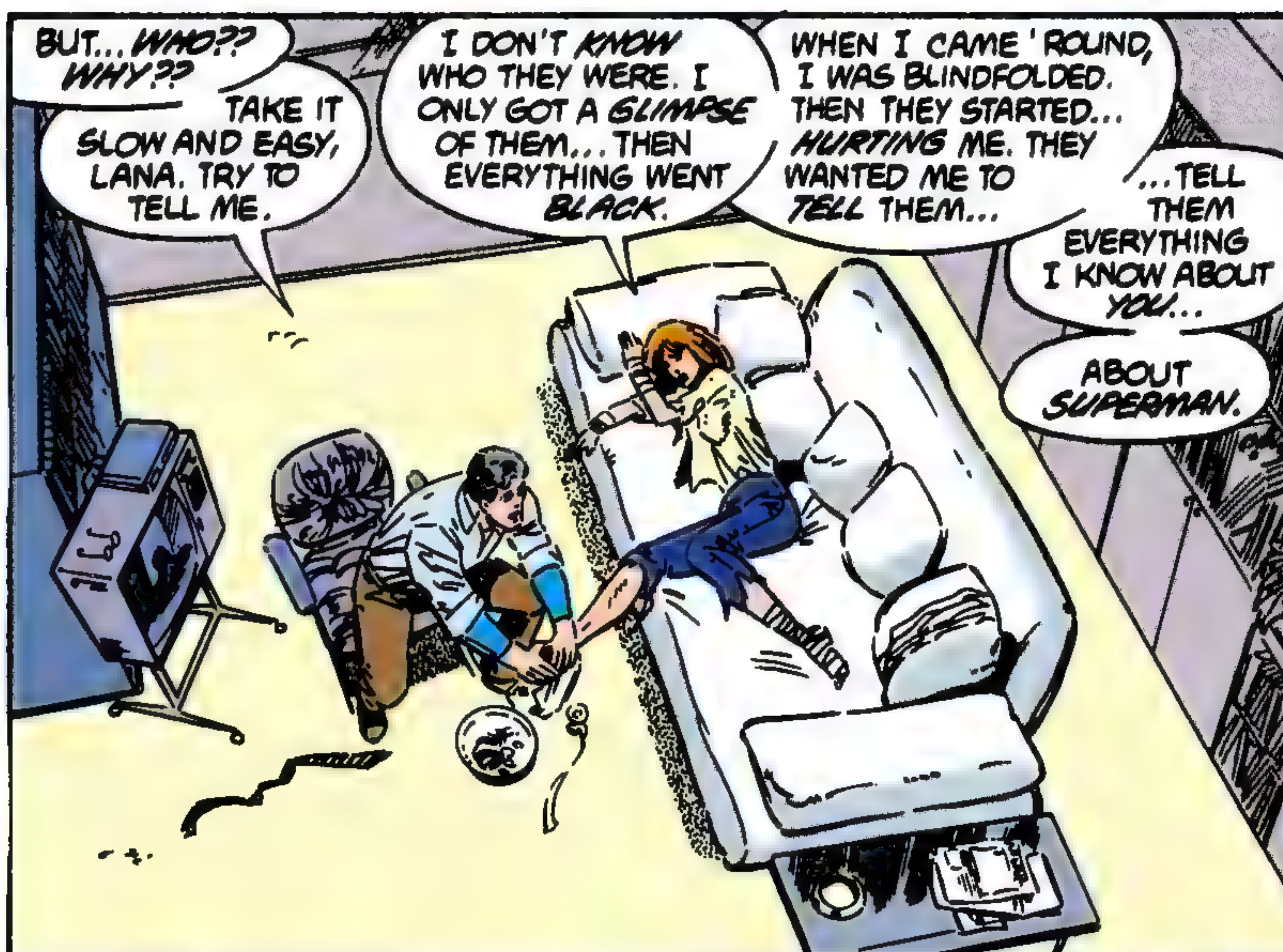


LANA... HOW DID YOU GET HERE? WHAT... WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?

OH... CLARK... IT WAS... HORRIBLE!

HORRIBLE!

THEY... THEY KIDNAPPED ME! THEY TORTURED ME!



BUT... WHO?? WHY??

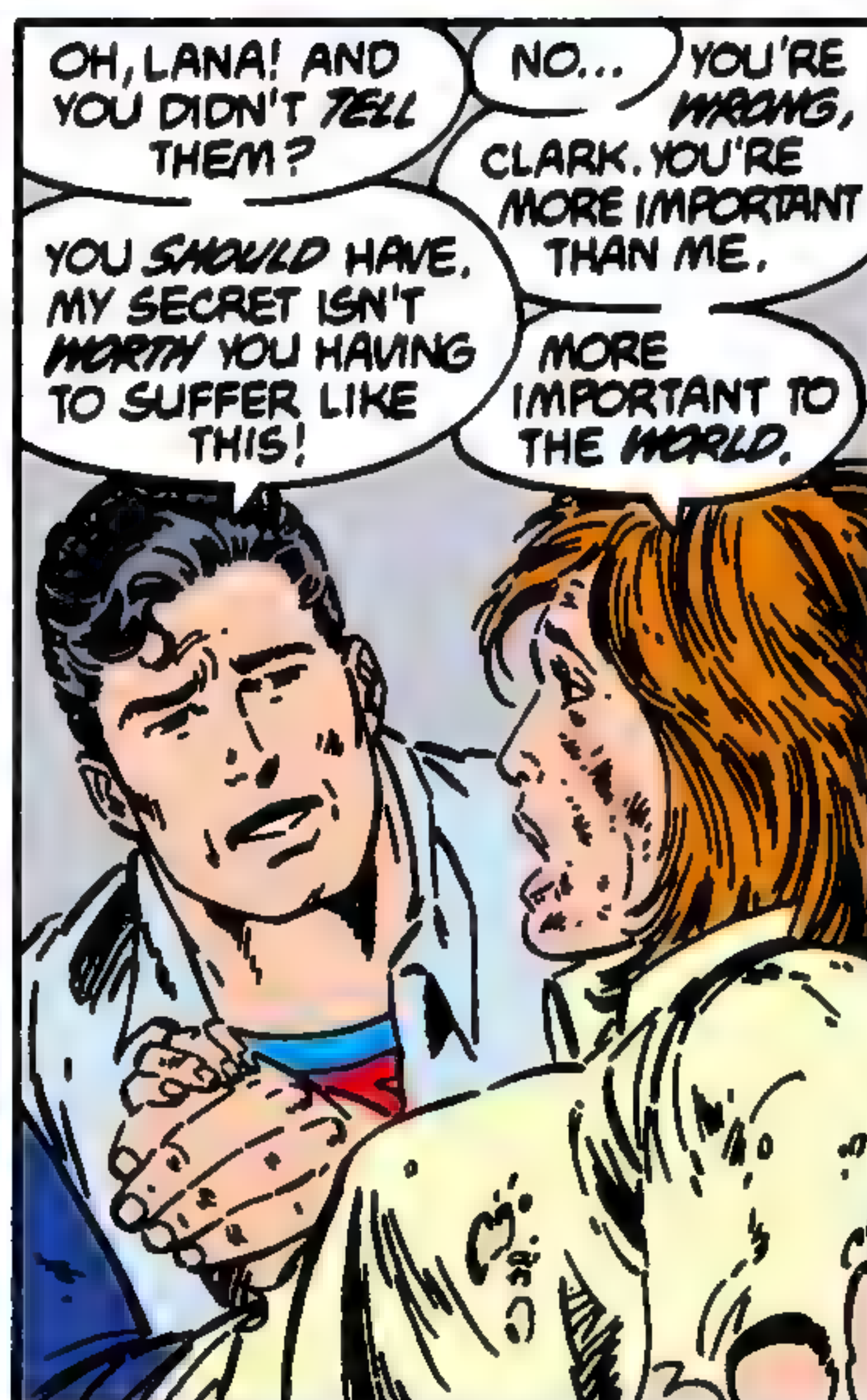
TAKE IT SLOW AND EASY, LANA. TRY TO TELL ME.

I DON'T KNOW WHO THEY WERE. I ONLY GOT A GLIMPSE OF THEM... THEN EVERYTHING WENT BLACK.

WHEN I CAME 'ROUND, I WAS BLINDFOLDED. THEN THEY STARTED... HURTING ME. THEY WANTED ME TO TELL THEM...

...TELL THEM EVERYTHING I KNOW ABOUT YOU...

ABOUT SUPERMAN.



OH, LANA! AND YOU DIDN'T TELL THEM?

NO... YOU'RE WRONG, CLARK. YOU'RE MORE IMPORTANT THAN ME.

YOU SHOULD HAVE. MY SECRET ISN'T WORTH YOU HAVING TO SUFFER LIKE THIS!

MORE IMPORTANT TO THE WORLD.



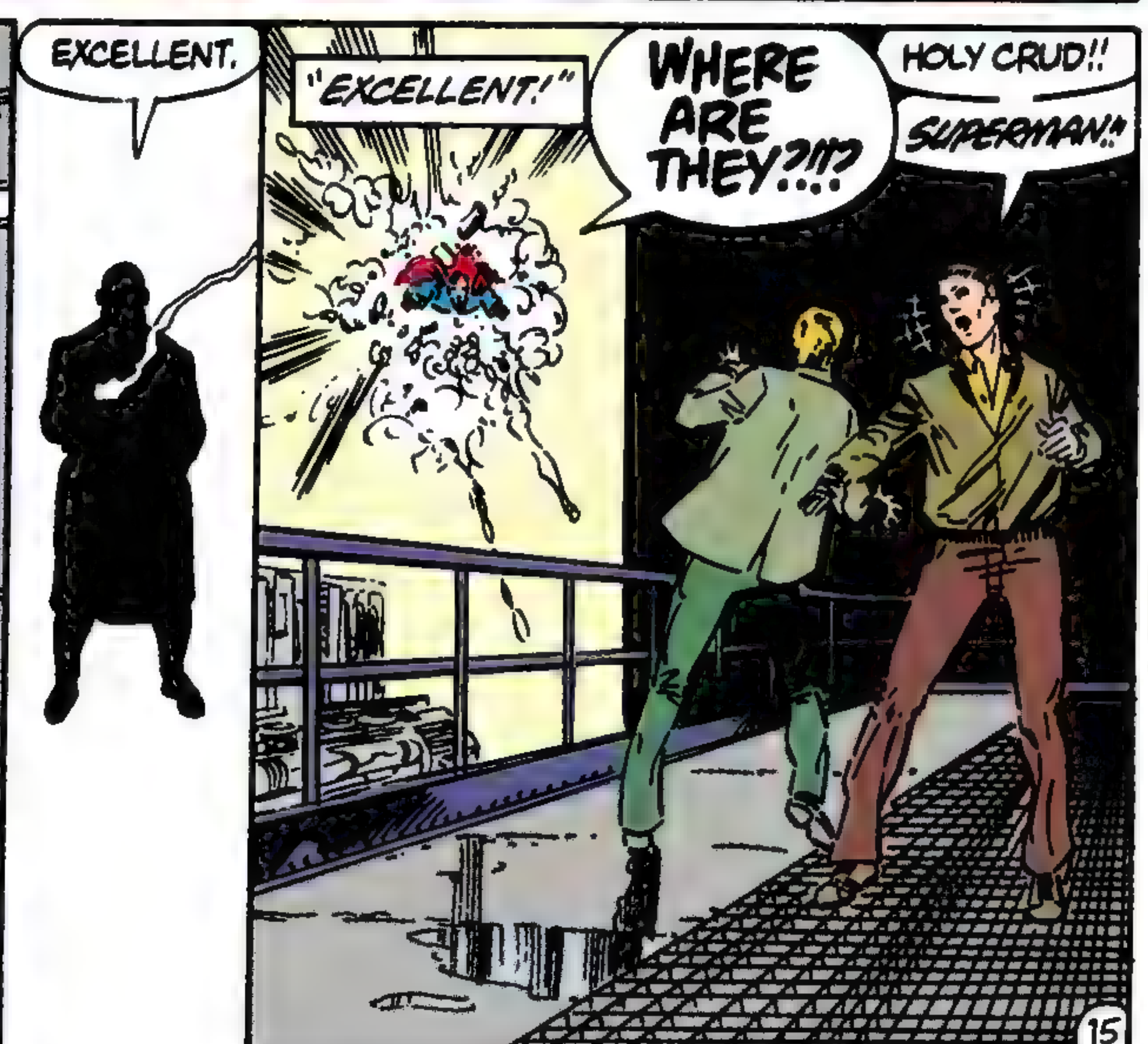
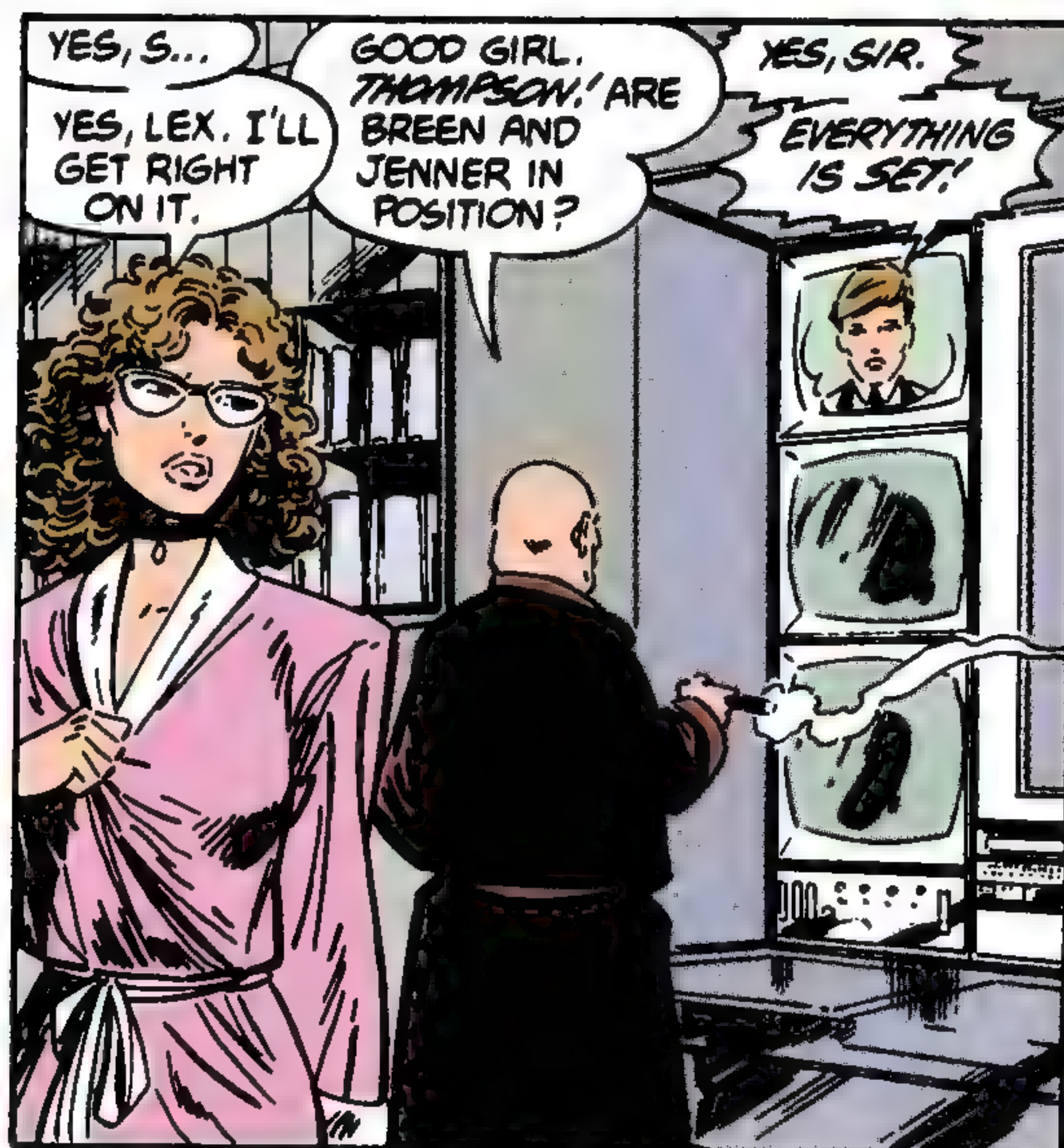
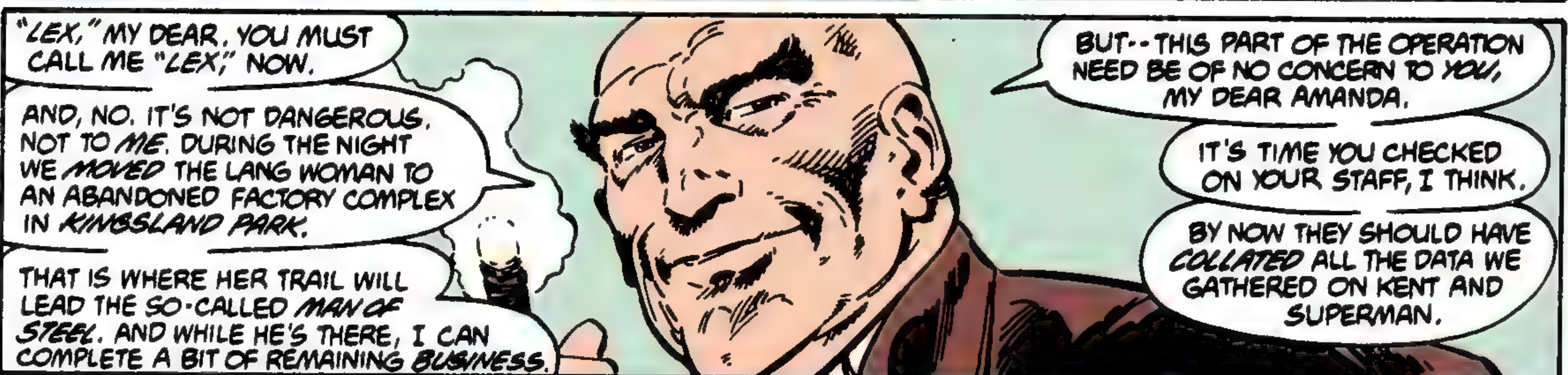
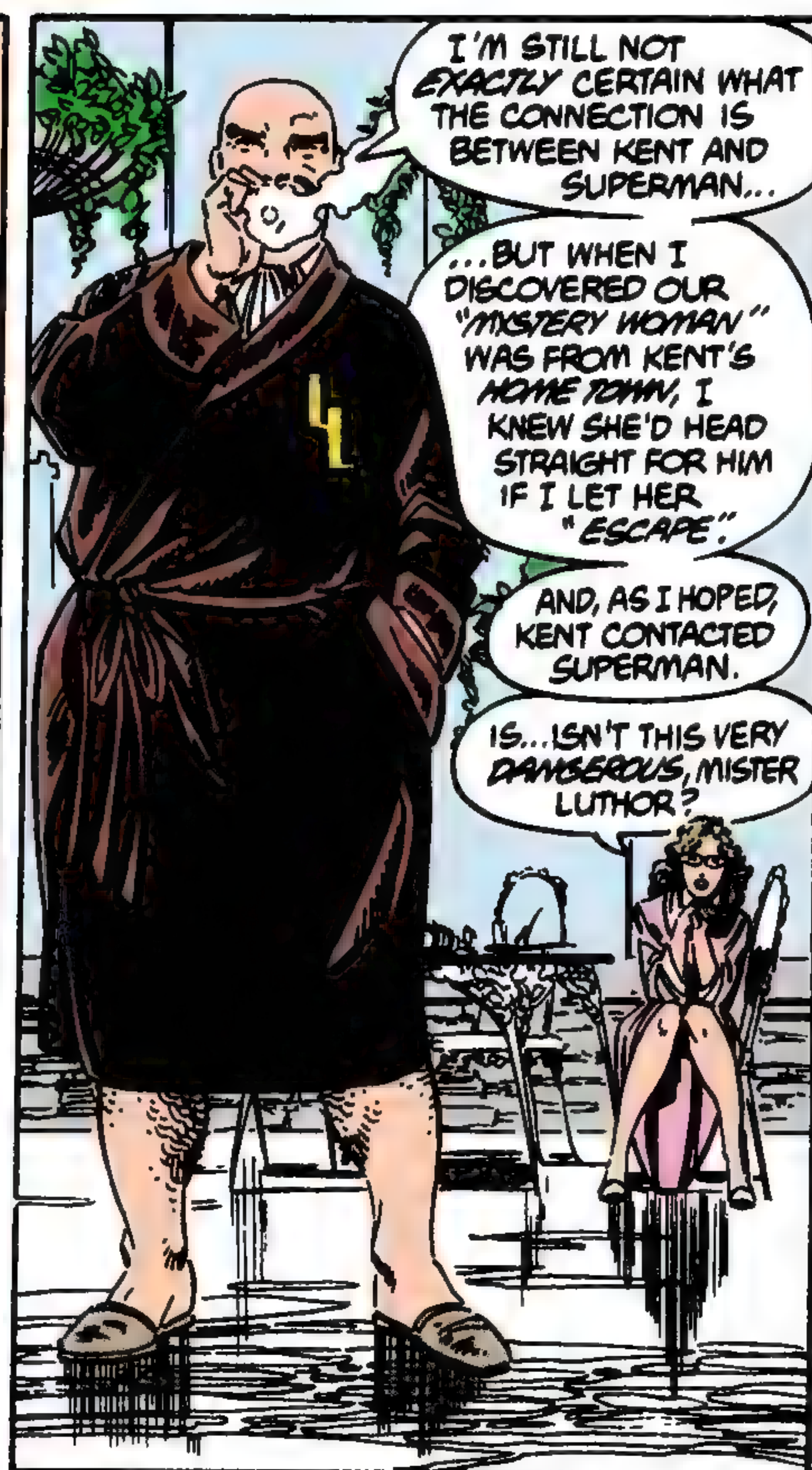
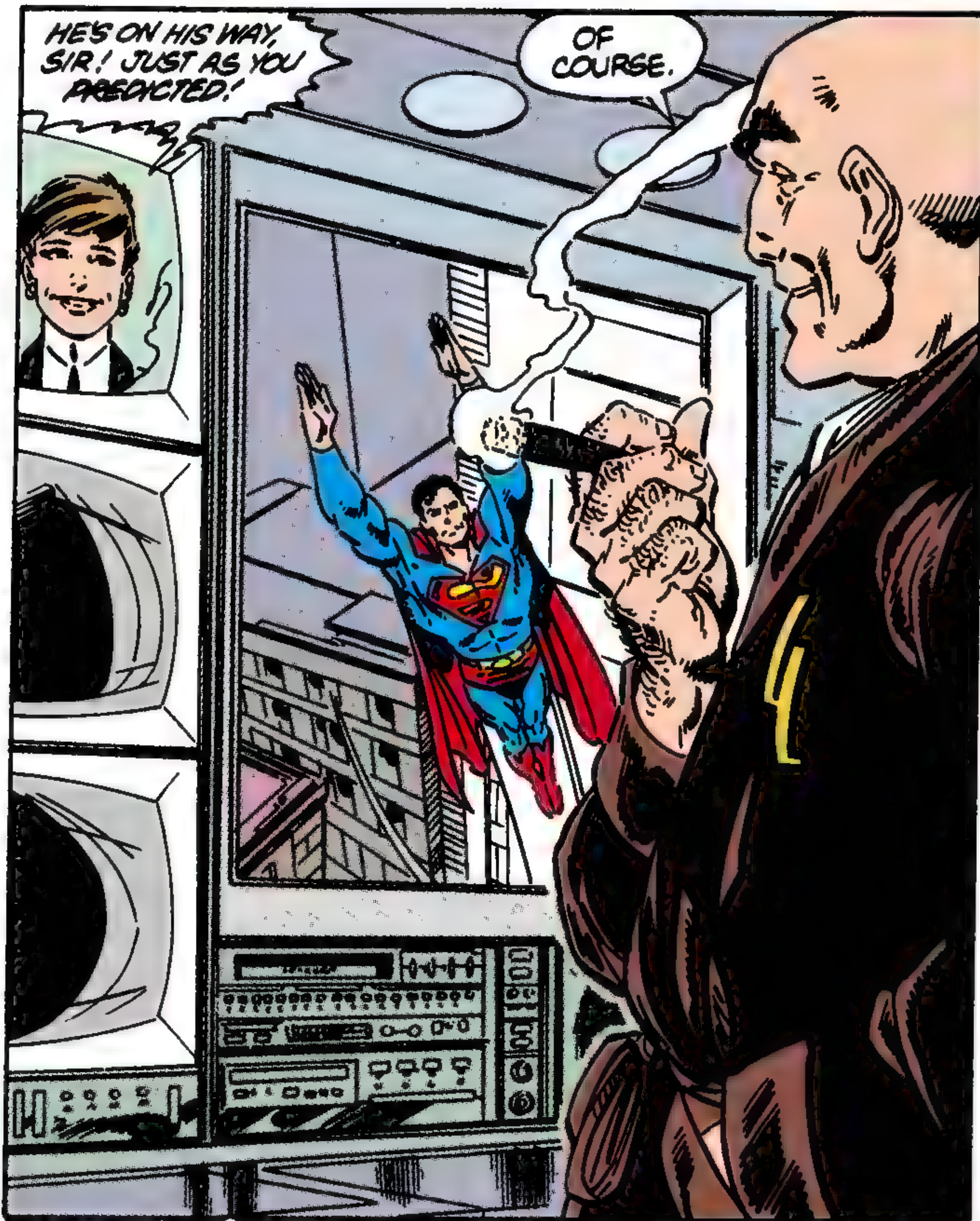
I DIDN'T TELL THEM ANYTHING. THEY HAD ME FOR NEARLY TWO DAYS!

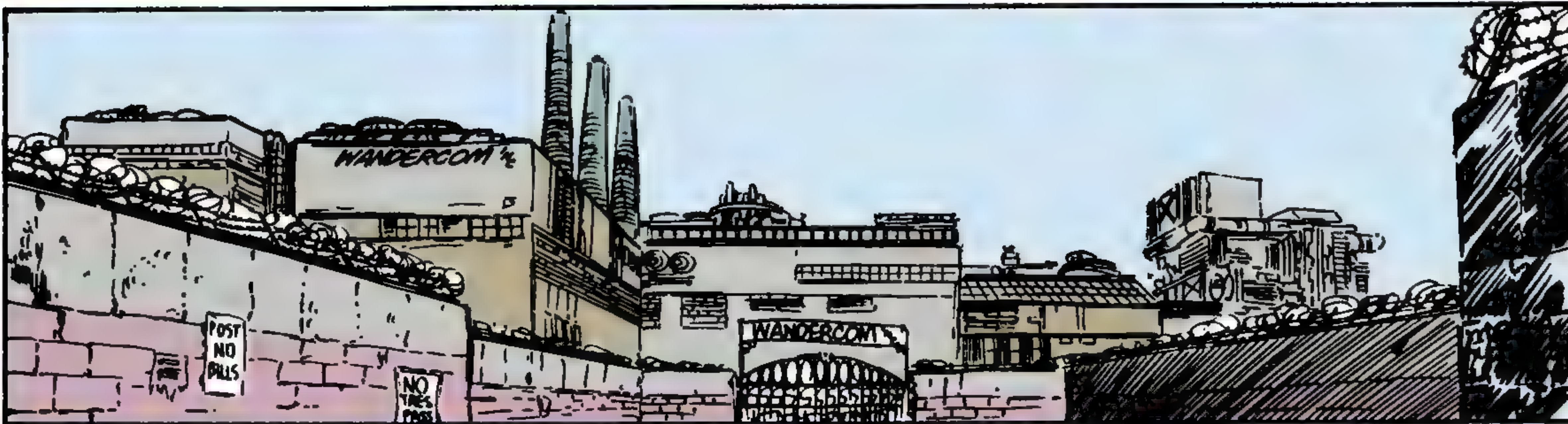
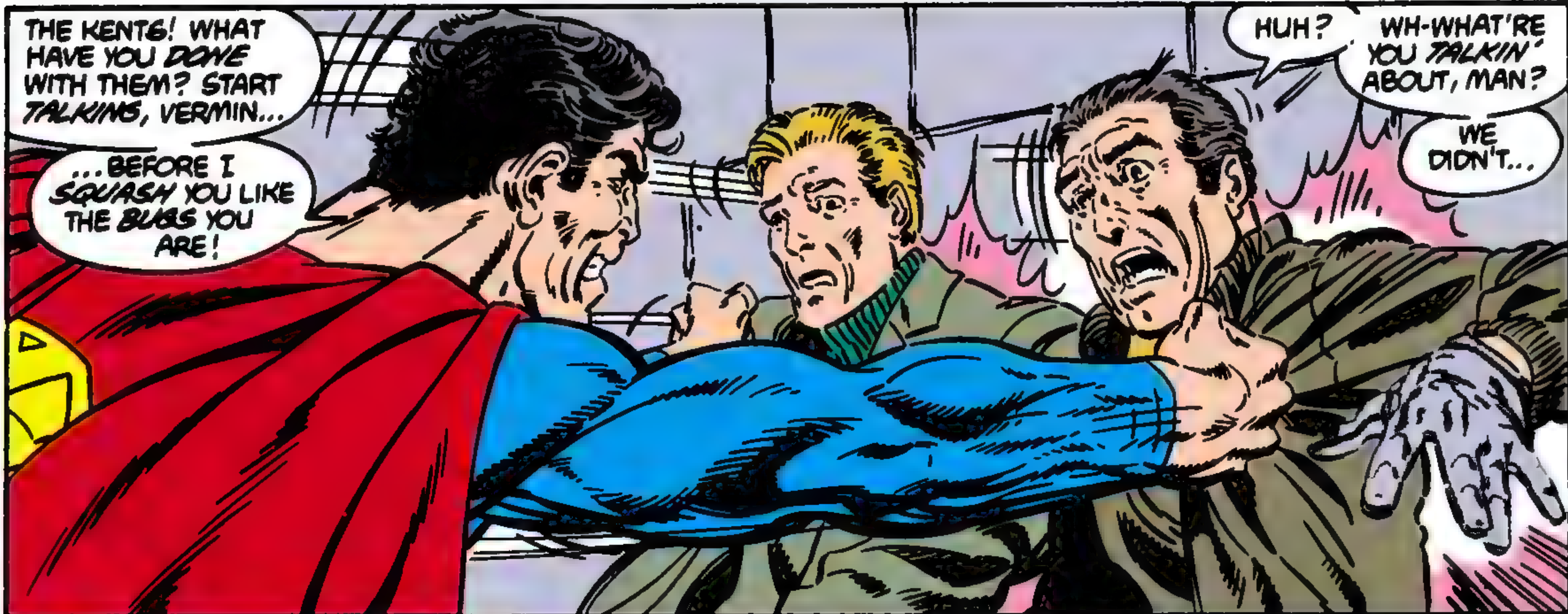
BUT I DIDN'T TELL THEM, THEN... WHEN I WOKE UP THIS MORNING...

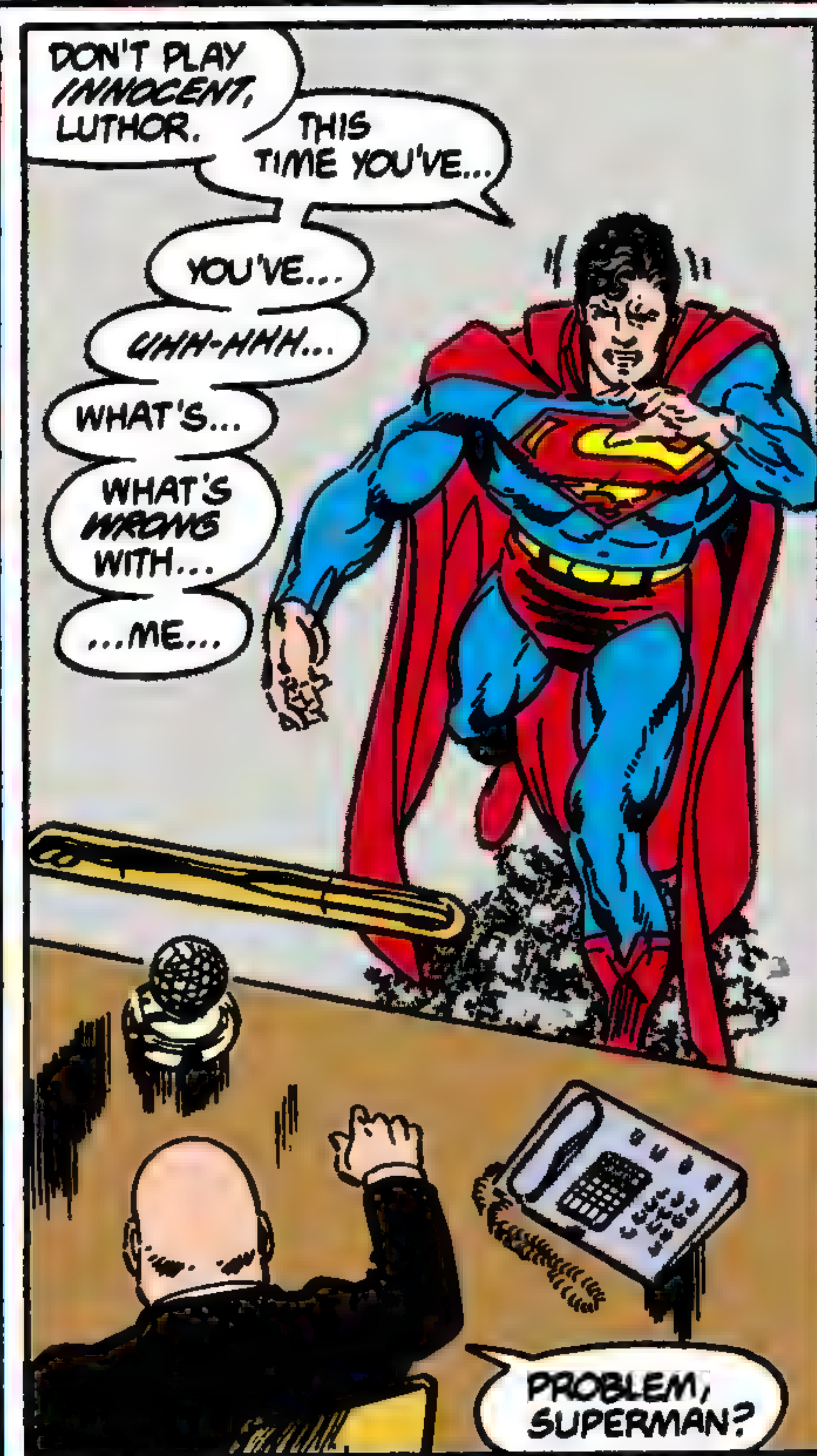
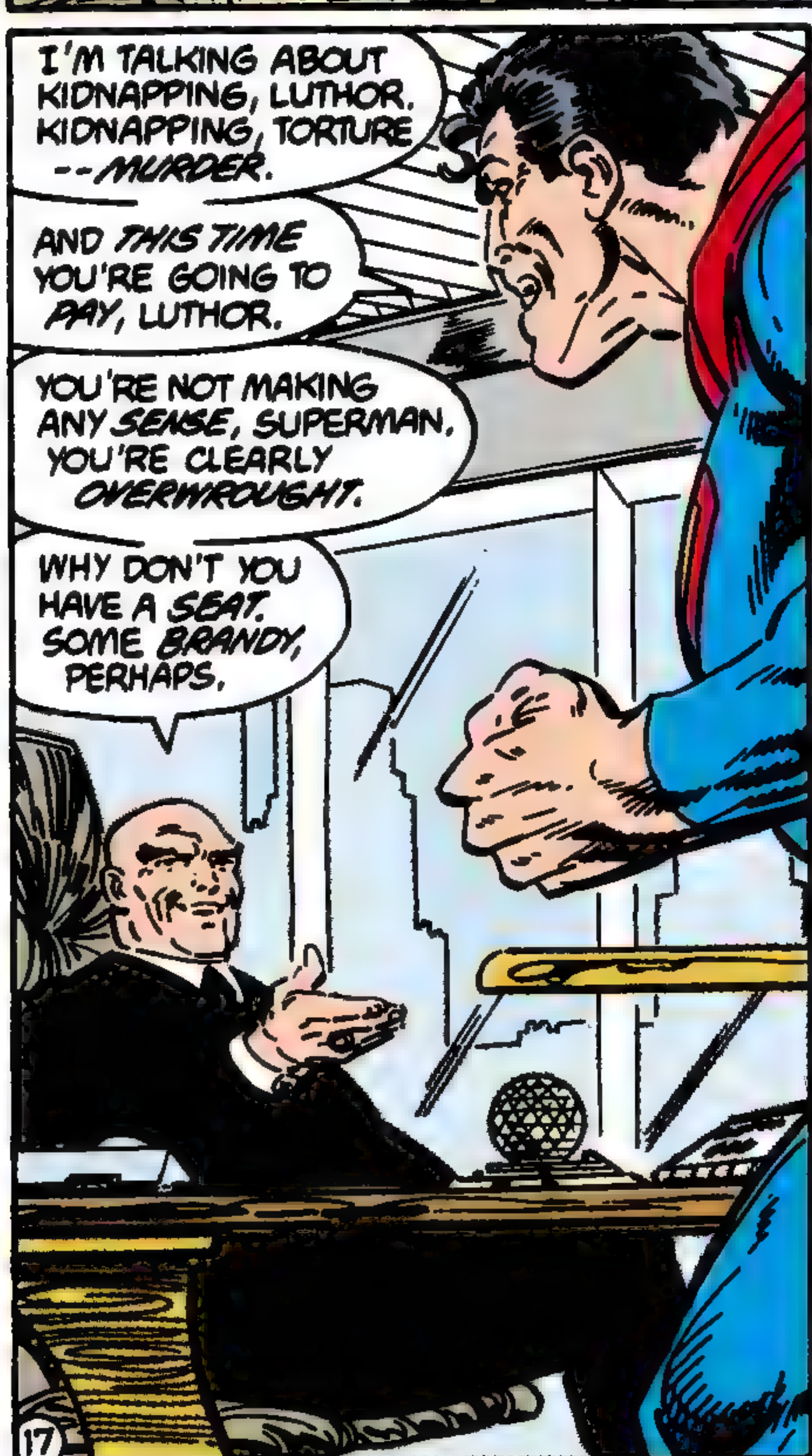
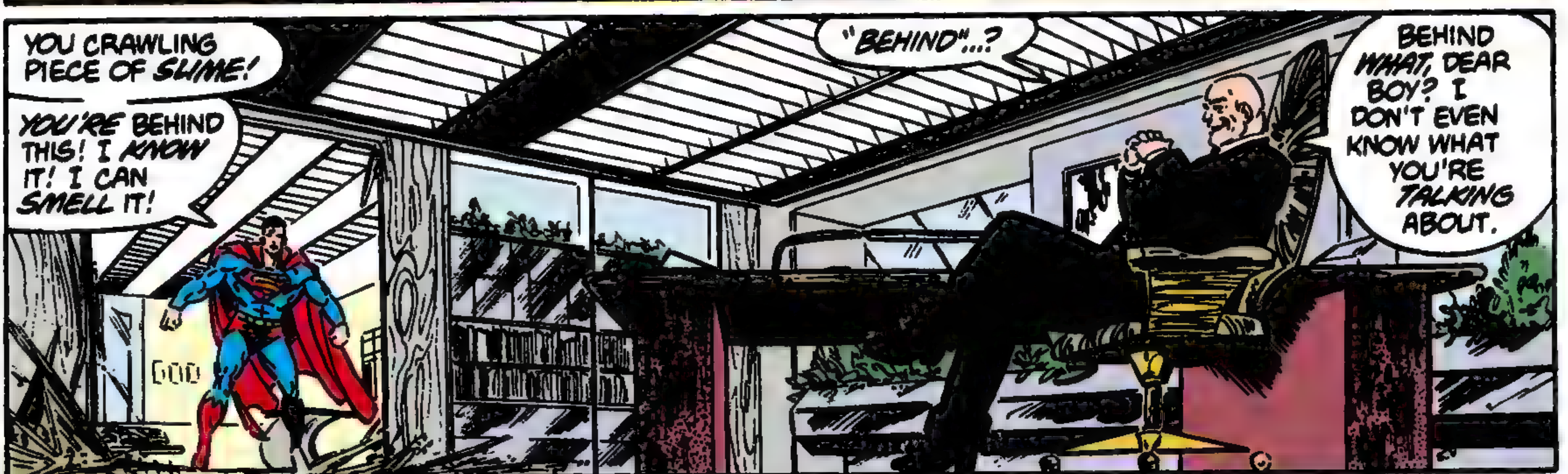
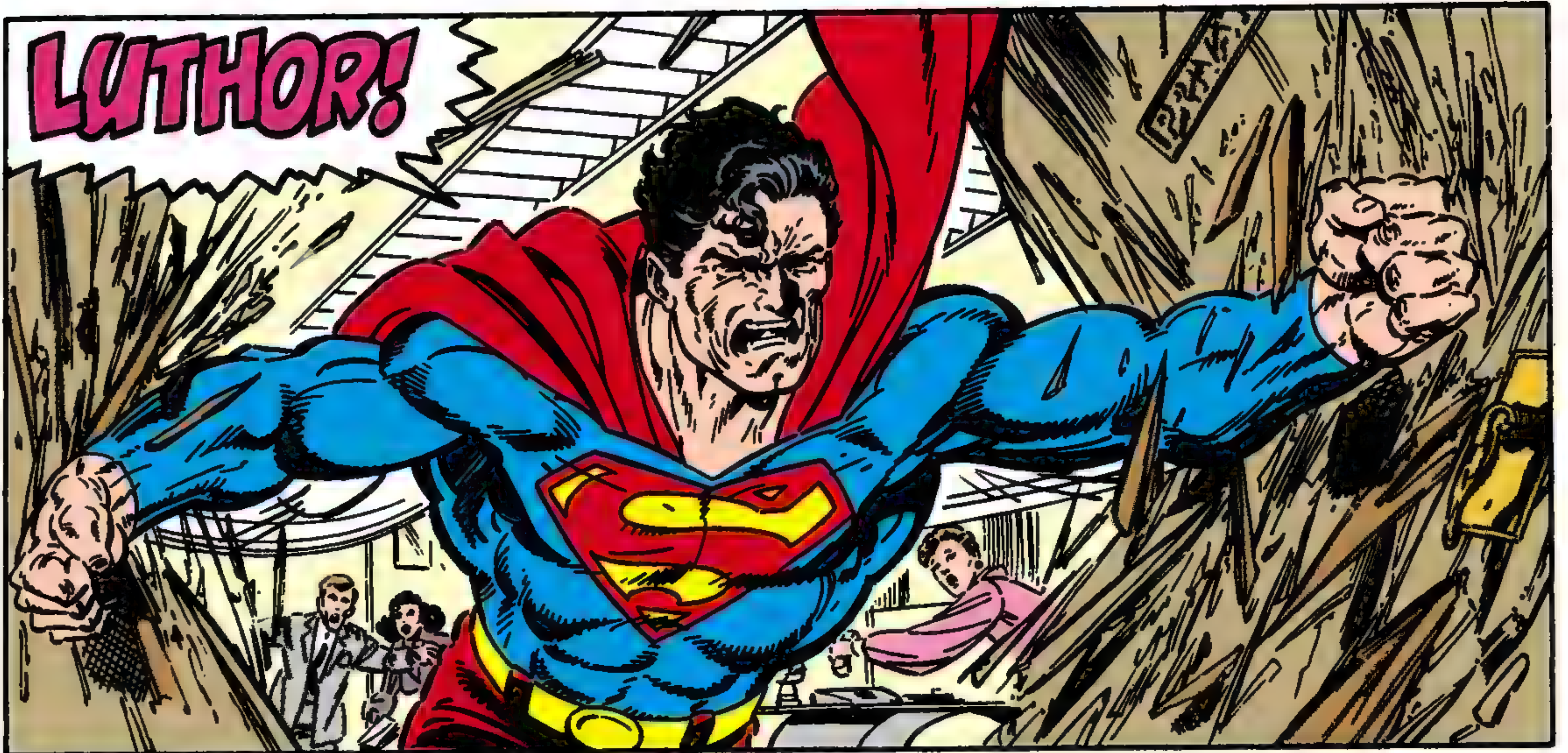
...THEY WERE GONE! I WAS ALL ALONE.

I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT ELSE TO DO... SO I CAME HERE... TO YOU.

OH, CLARK! YOU'VE GOT TO GO AFTER THEM! THEY MUST HAVE YOUR MA AND PA, TOO!!









I WONDER WHAT THE SYMPTOMS COULD BE? WEAKNESS IN THE KNEES, PERHAPS? BLURRED VISION?

TELL ME, SUPERMAN, DOES YOUR STOMACH FEEL AS IF YOU'VE SWALLOWED RAZOR BLADES?

K-KRYPTONITE!?

DOES YOUR SKULL FEEL AS IF IT'S LINED WITH SANDPAPER?

DOES IT FEEL AT ALL FAMILIAR?

QUITE SO.

THE ONLY SUBSTANCE IN ALL THE WORLD THAT CAN KILL YOU, SUPERMAN. AND I HAVE IT!

HOW DOES THAT FEEL, OLD BOY? HOW DOES IT FEEL TO KNOW YOUR LIFE IS IN MY HANDS?

TO KNOW THAT ALL I HAVE TO DO IS STAND HERE...

AND THE KRYPTONITE RADIATION WILL DO THE REST.



BUT THAT'S TOO EASY, SUPERMAN.

THAT'S NOT THE WAY I WANT TO PLAY THIS LITTLE GAME OF OURS.

I WANT YOU TO WORRY ABOUT IT, SUPERMAN. I WANT YOU TO HAVE NIGHTMARES.

YES, SUPERMAN. I WAS BEHIND EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED IN THE LAST FEW DAYS. BUT ONLY YOU AND I KNOW IT, SUPERMAN.

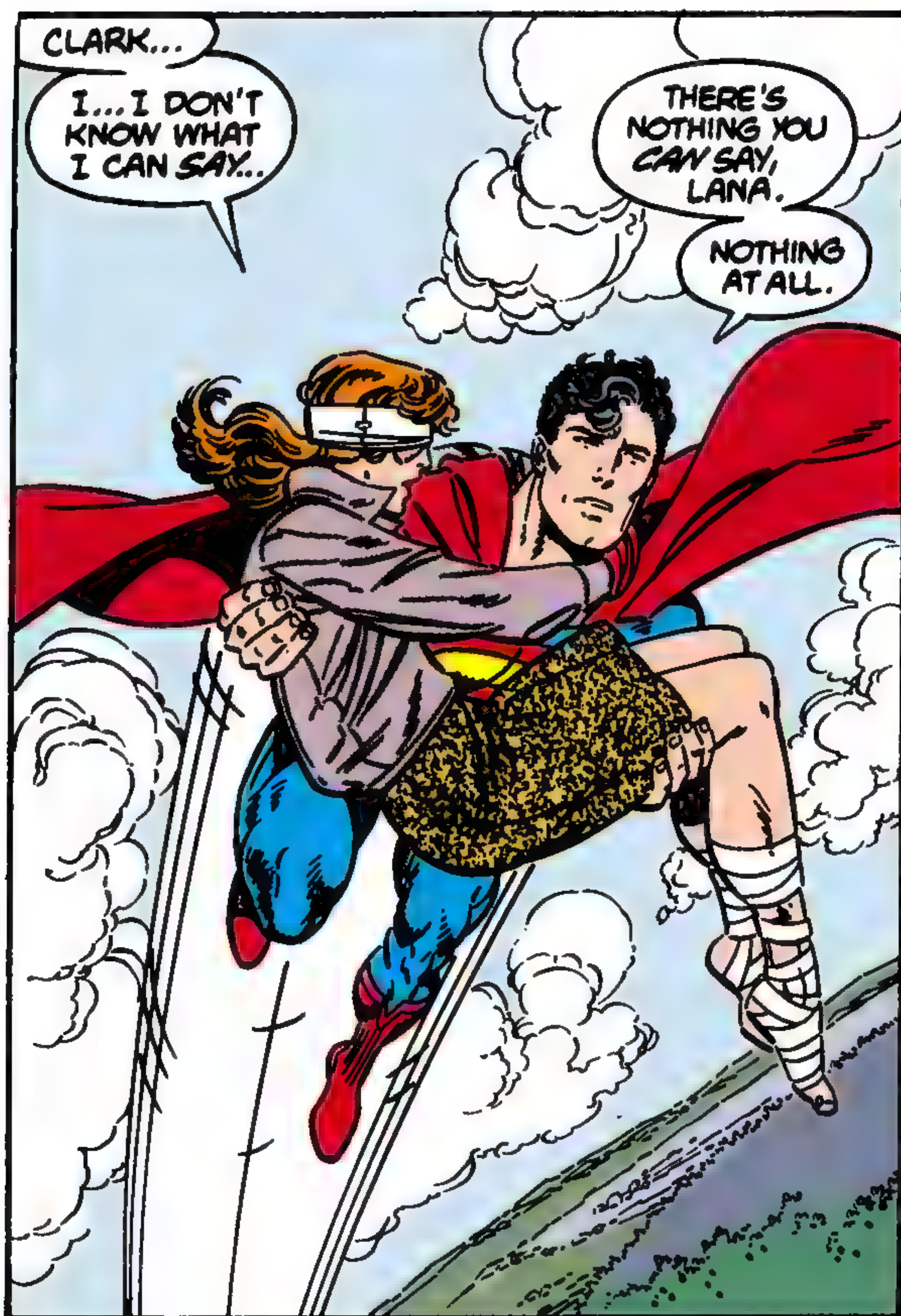
THERE'S NO WAY ON EARTH YOU CAN CONNECT THE BURGLARY OF THE KENT HOME, OR THE KIDNAPPING OF THE LANG WOMAN, WITH LEX LUTHOR, SUPERMAN.

NOW GET OUT OF MY OFFICE...

BEFORE I CALL A COP!!



DAMN YOU, LUTHOR...

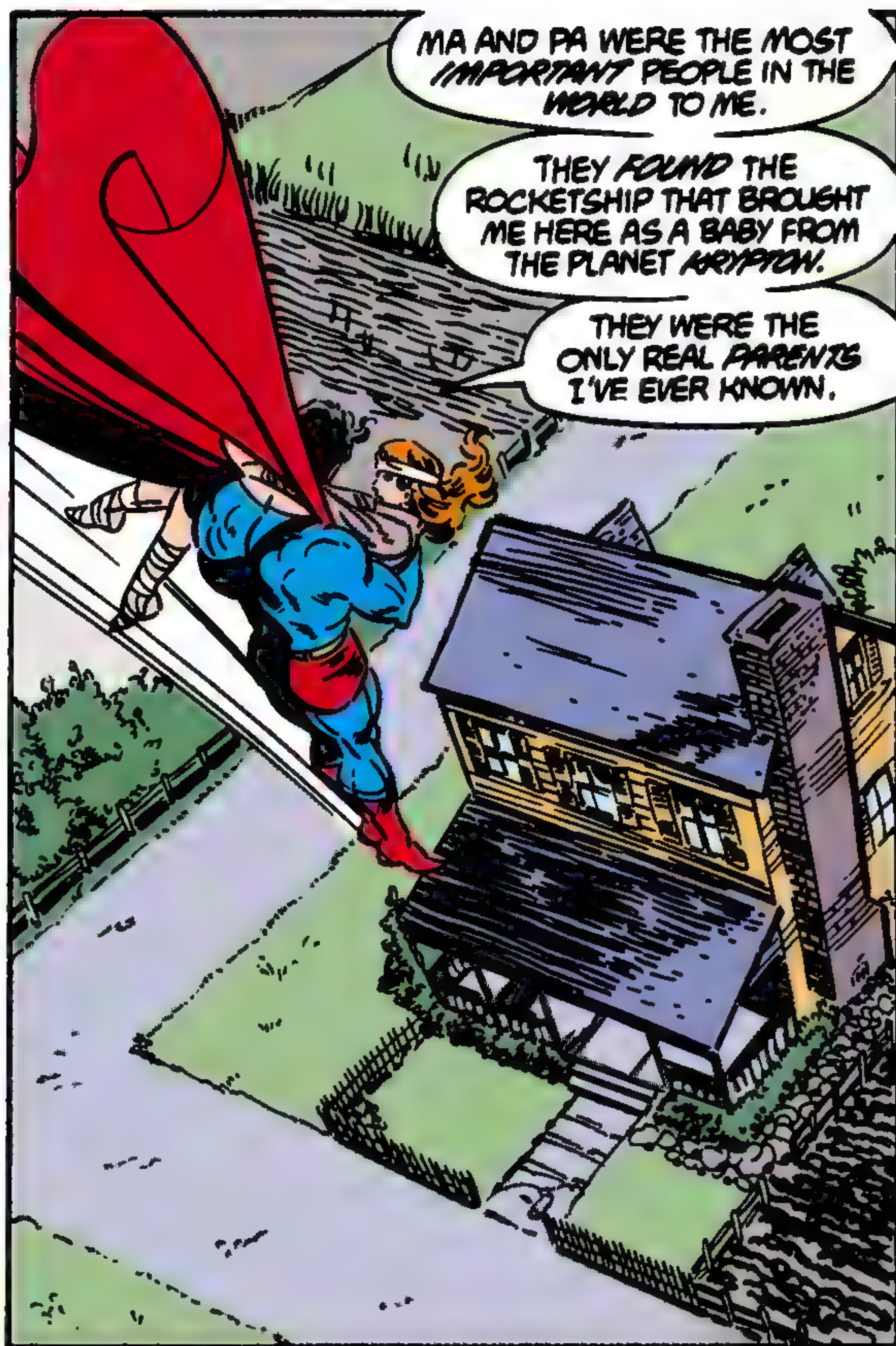


CLARK...

I... I DON'T KNOW WHAT I CAN SAY...

THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN SAY, LANA.

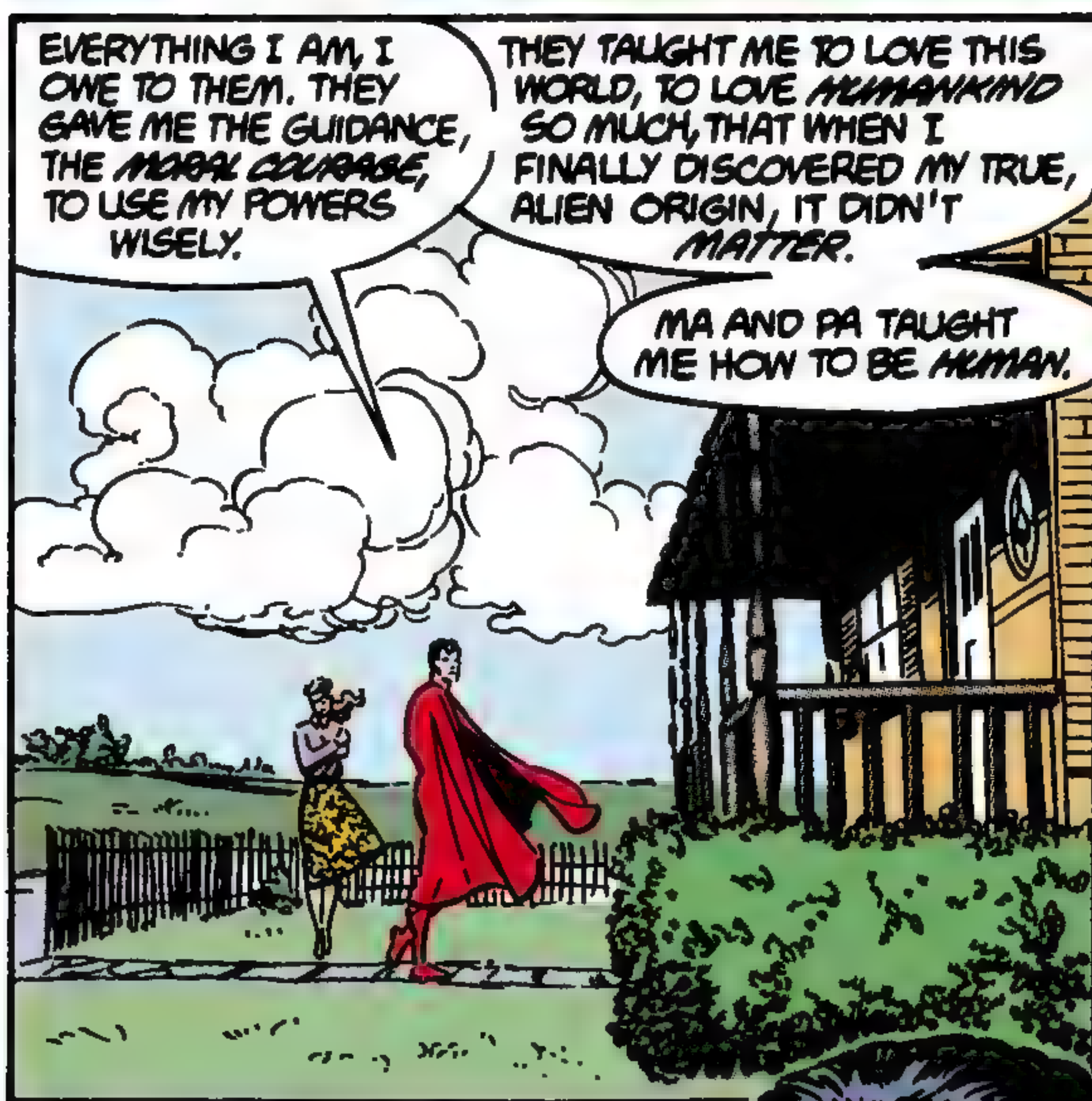
NOTHING AT ALL.



MA AND PA WERE THE MOST IMPORTANT PEOPLE IN THE WORLD TO ME.

THEY FOUND THE ROCKETSHIP THAT BROUGHT ME HERE AS A BABY FROM THE PLANET KRYPTON.

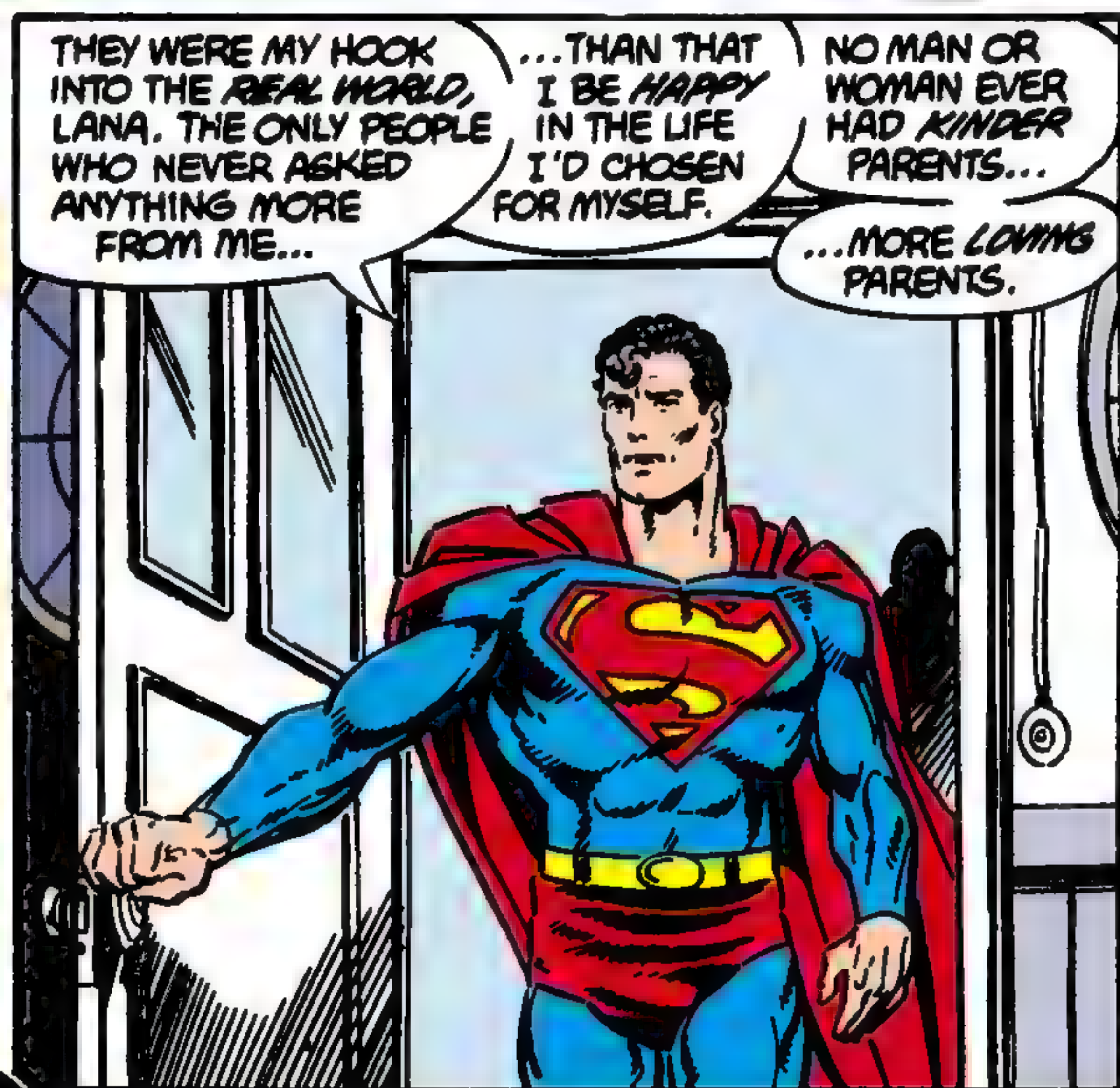
THEY WERE THE ONLY REAL PARENTS I'VE EVER KNOWN.



EVERYTHING I AM, I OWE TO THEM. THEY GAVE ME THE GUIDANCE, THE MORAL COURAGE, TO USE MY POWERS WISELY.

THEY TAUGHT ME TO LOVE THIS WORLD, TO LOVE HUMANITY SO MUCH, THAT WHEN I FINALLY DISCOVERED MY TRUE, ALIEN ORIGIN, IT DIDN'T MATTER.

MA AND PA TAUGHT ME HOW TO BE HUMAN.



THEY WERE MY HOOK INTO THE REAL WORLD, LANA. THE ONLY PEOPLE WHO NEVER ASKED ANYTHING MORE FROM ME...

...THAN THAT I BE HAPPY IN THE LIFE I'D CHOSEN FOR MYSELF.

NO MAN OR WOMAN EVER HAD KINDER PARENTS...

...MORE LOVING PARENTS.



AND NOW...

THEY'RE GONE, AND THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO ABOUT IT.

SON?



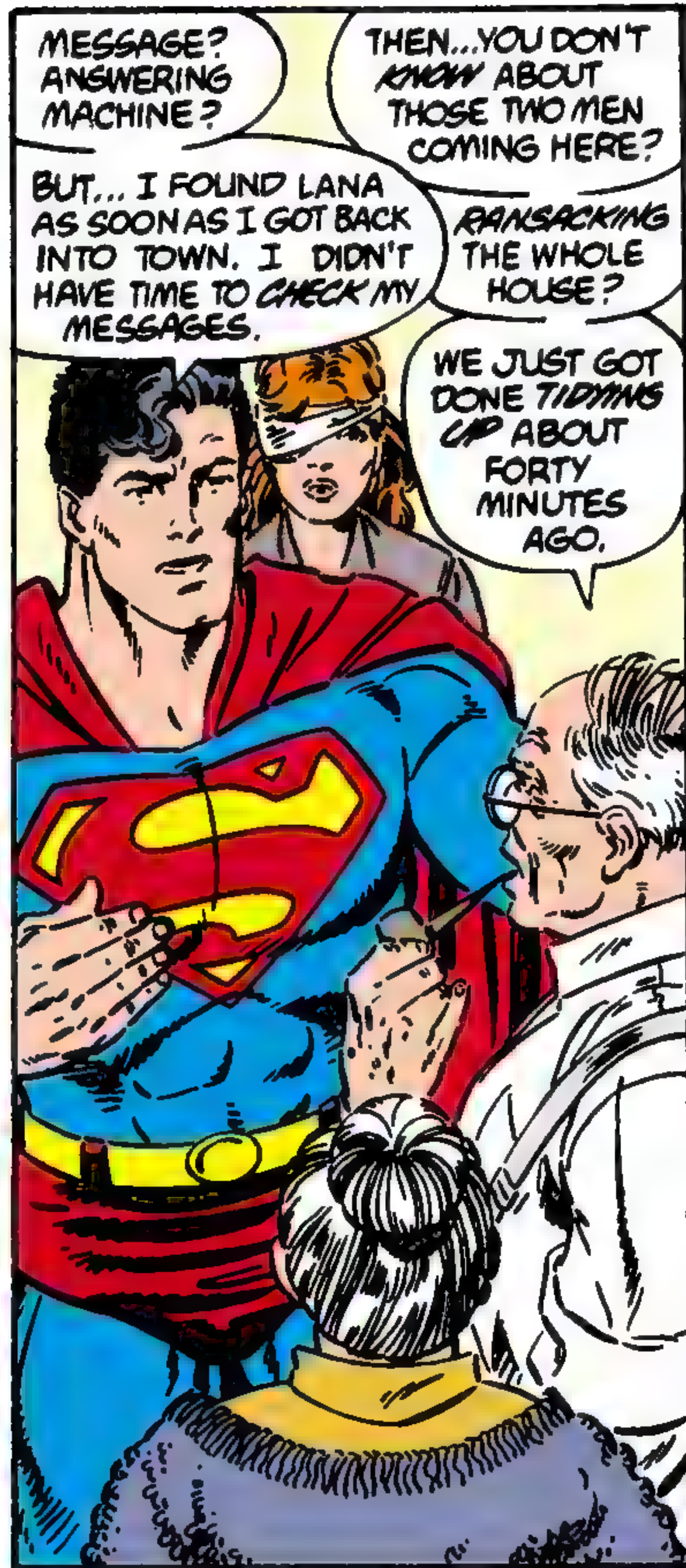
M-MA!
PA!

Y-YOU'RE
HERE!

YOU'RE
ALL
RIGHT!?

SURE WE
ARE, SON.

I'M SORRY, CLARK.
I DIDN'T THINK THE
MESSAGE WE LEFT ON
YOUR ANSWERING
MACHINE WOULD UPSET
YOU SO MUCH.



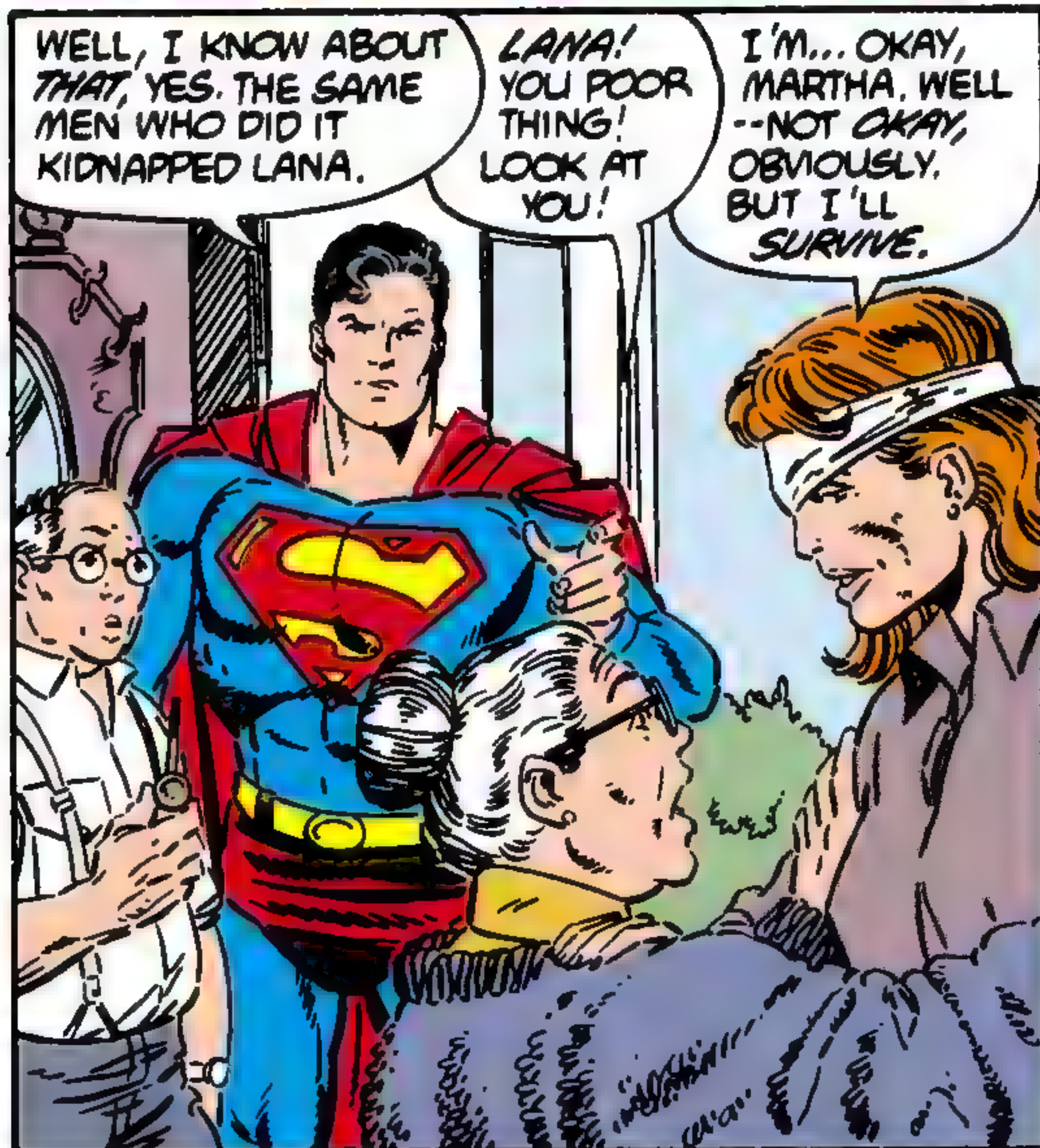
MESSAGE?
ANSWERING
MACHINE?

THEN...YOU DON'T
KNOW ABOUT
THOSE TWO MEN
COMING HERE?

BUT... I FOUND LANA
AS SOON AS I GOT BACK
INTO TOWN. I DIDN'T
HAVE TIME TO CHECK MY
MESSAGES.

RANSACKING
THE WHOLE
HOUSE?

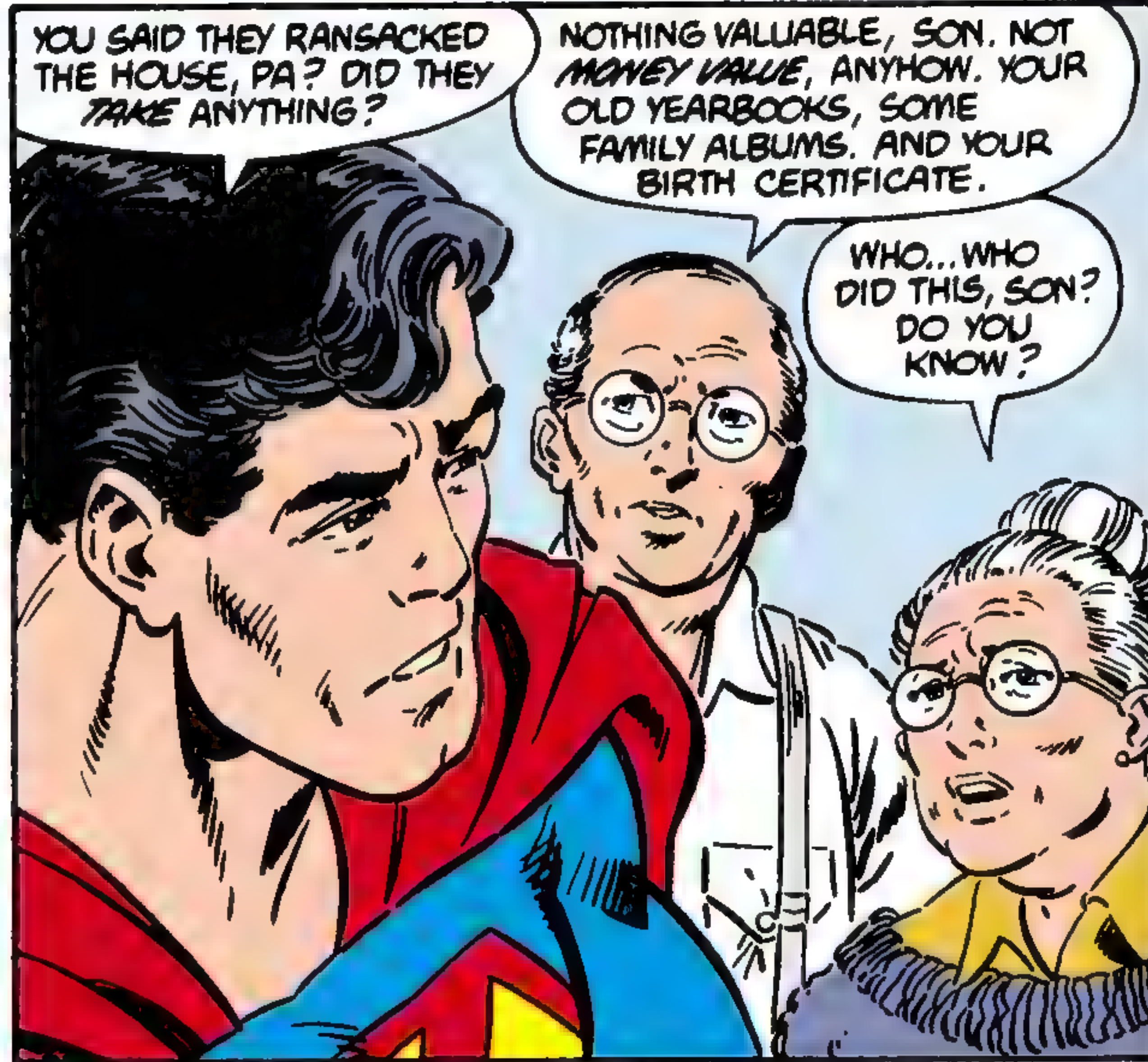
WE JUST GOT
DONE TIDYING
UP ABOUT
FORTY
MINUTES
AGO.



WELL, I KNOW ABOUT
THAT, YES. THE SAME
MEN WHO DID IT
KIDNAPPED LANA.

LANA!
YOU POOR
THING!
LOOK AT
YOU!

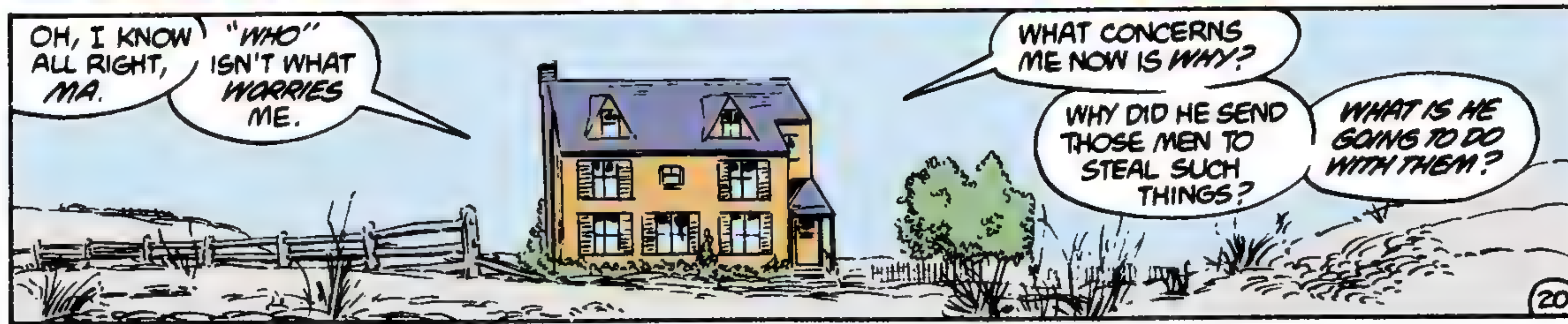
I'M... OKAY,
MARTHA. WELL
--NOT OKAY,
OBVIOUSLY.
BUT I'LL
SURVIVE.



YOU SAID THEY RANSACKED
THE HOUSE, PA? DID THEY
TAKE ANYTHING?

NOTHING VALUABLE, SON. NOT
MONEY VALUE, ANYHOW. YOUR
OLD YEARBOOKS, SOME
FAMILY ALBUMS. AND YOUR
BIRTH CERTIFICATE.

WHO...WHO
DID THIS, SON?
DO YOU
KNOW?



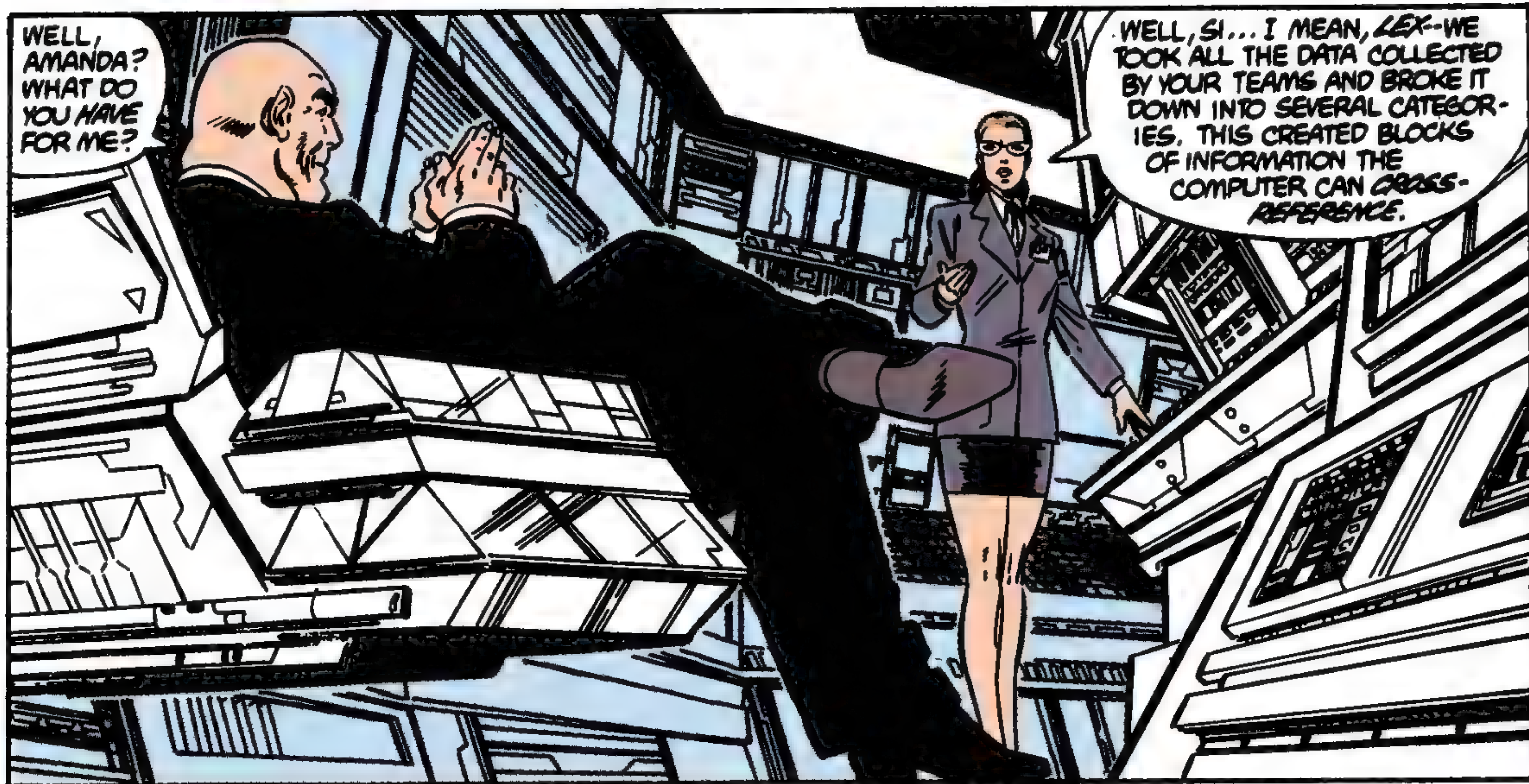
OH, I KNOW
ALL RIGHT,
MA.

"WHO"
ISN'T WHAT
WORRIES
ME.

WHAT CONCERNS
ME NOW IS WHY?

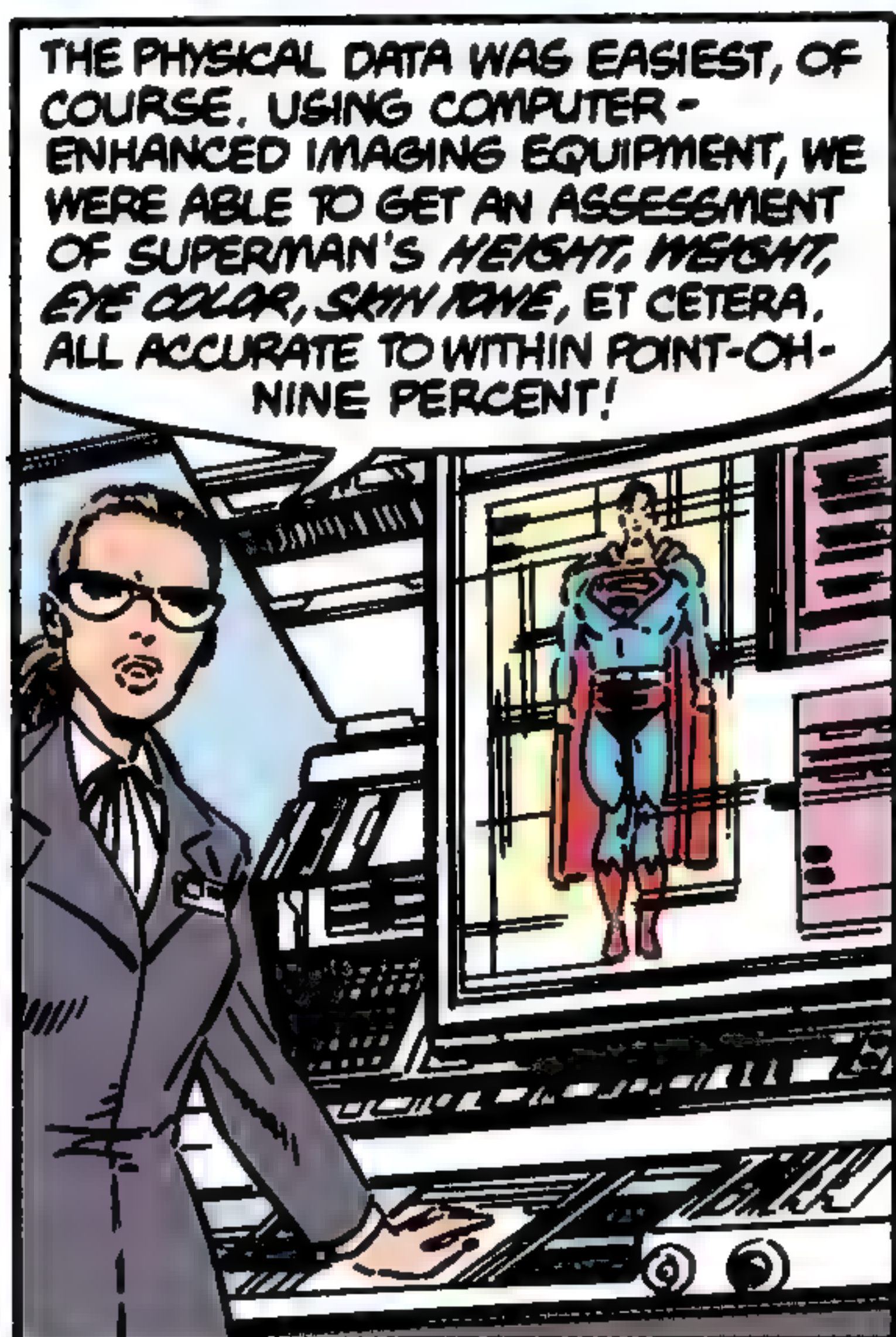
WHY DID HE SEND
THOSE MEN TO
STEAL SUCH
THINGS?

WHAT IS HE
GOING TO DO
WITH THEM?

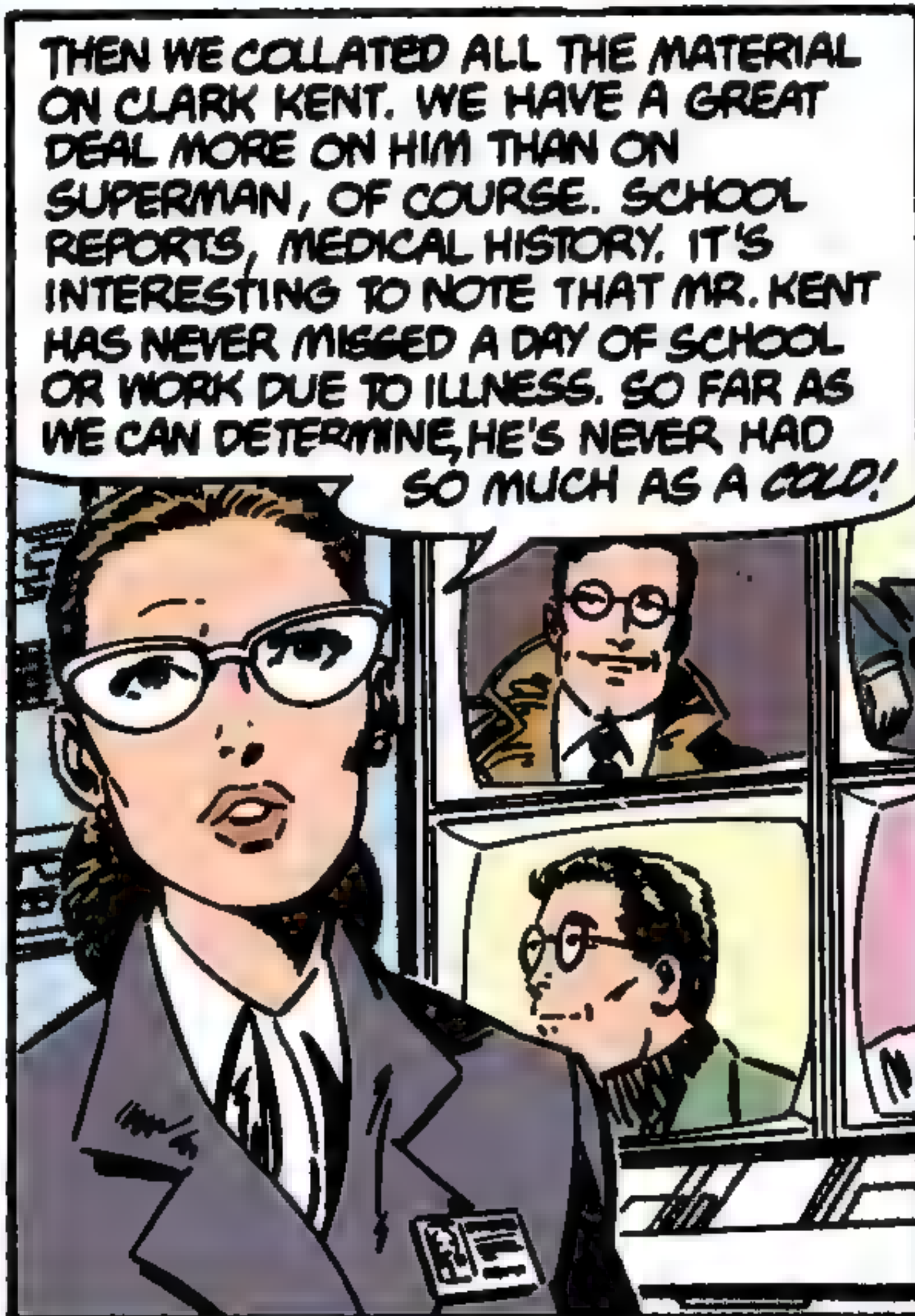


WELL, AMANDA? WHAT DO YOU HAVE FOR ME?

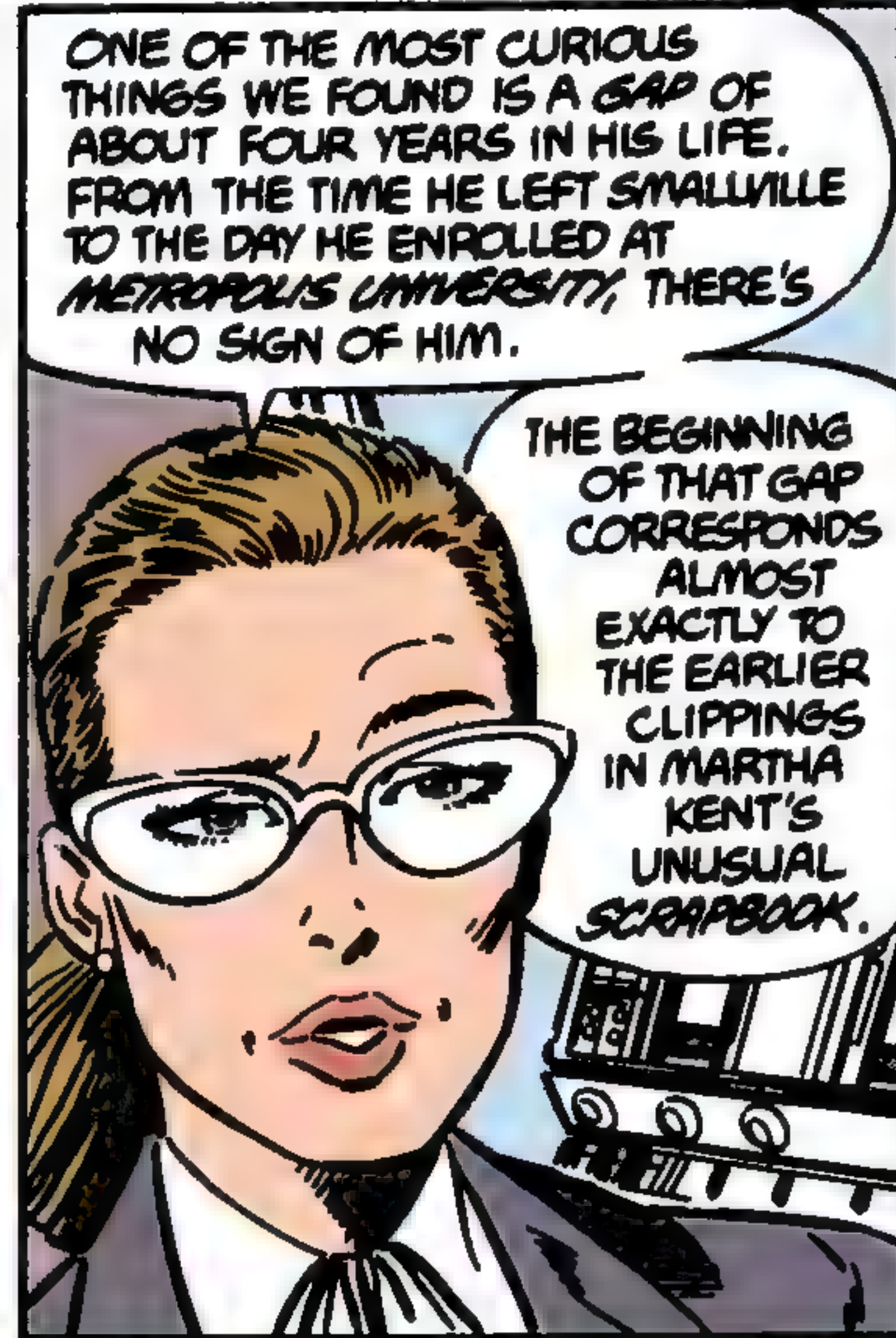
WELL, SI... I MEAN, LEX--WE TOOK ALL THE DATA COLLECTED BY YOUR TEAMS AND BROKE IT DOWN INTO SEVERAL CATEGORIES. THIS CREATED BLOCKS OF INFORMATION THE COMPUTER CAN CROSS-REFERENCE.



THE PHYSICAL DATA WAS EASIEST, OF COURSE. USING COMPUTER-ENHANCED IMAGING EQUIPMENT, WE WERE ABLE TO GET AN ASSESSMENT OF SUPERMAN'S HEIGHT, WEIGHT, EYE COLOR, SKIN TONE, ET CETERA. ALL ACCURATE TO WITHIN POINT-Oh-NINE PERCENT!

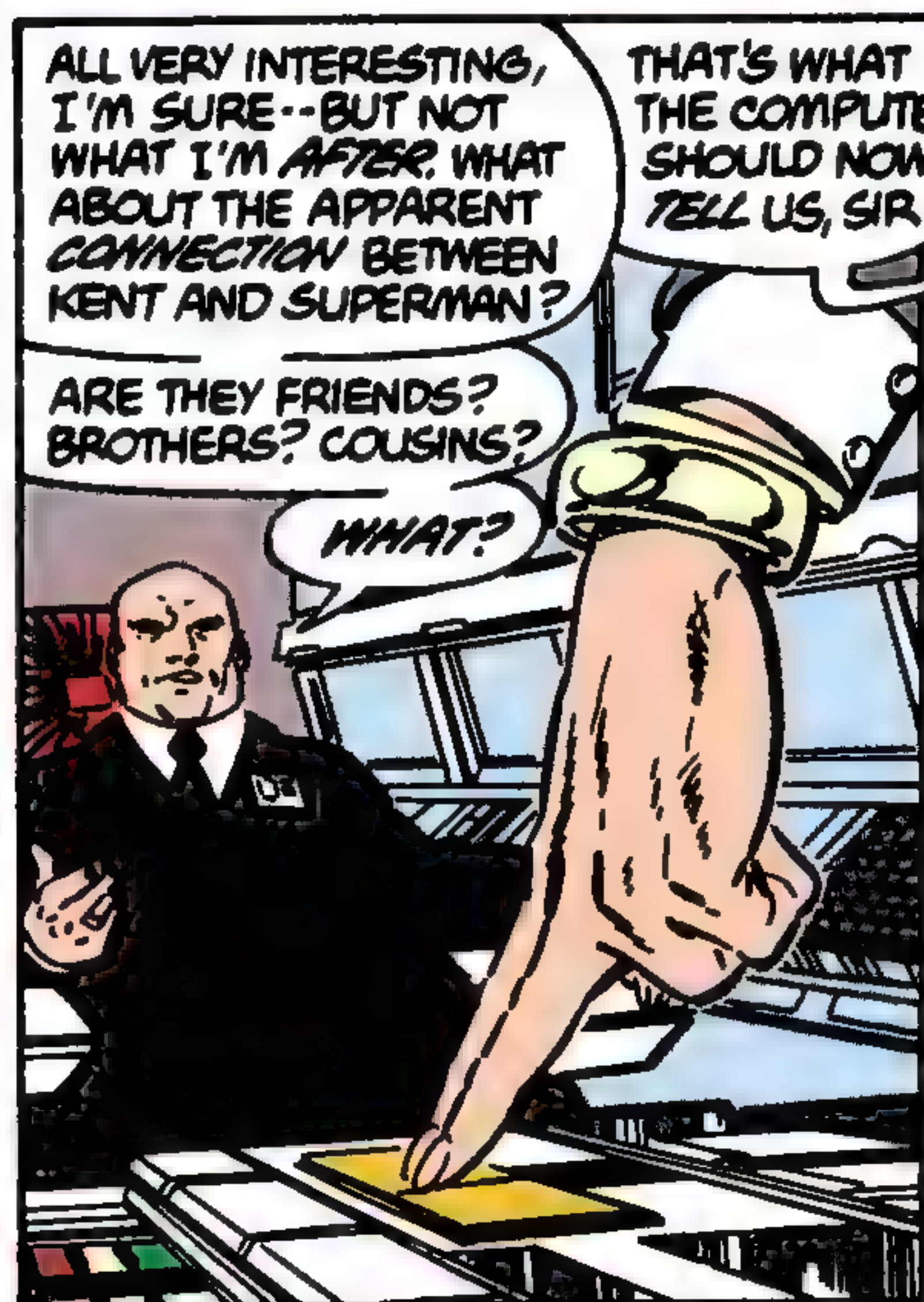


THEN WE COLLATED ALL THE MATERIAL ON CLARK KENT. WE HAVE A GREAT DEAL MORE ON HIM THAN ON SUPERMAN, OF COURSE. SCHOOL REPORTS, MEDICAL HISTORY. IT'S INTERESTING TO NOTE THAT MR. KENT HAS NEVER MISSED A DAY OF SCHOOL OR WORK DUE TO ILLNESS. SO FAR AS WE CAN DETERMINE, HE'S NEVER HAD SO MUCH AS A COLD!



ONE OF THE MOST CURIOUS THINGS WE FOUND IS A GAP OF ABOUT FOUR YEARS IN HIS LIFE. FROM THE TIME HE LEFT SMALLVILLE TO THE DAY HE ENROLLED AT METROPOLIS UNIVERSITY, THERE'S NO SIGN OF HIM.

THE BEGINNING OF THAT GAP CORRESPONDS ALMOST EXACTLY TO THE EARLIER CLIPPINGS IN MARTHA KENT'S UNUSUAL SCRAPBOOK.



ALL VERY INTERESTING, I'M SURE--BUT NOT WHAT I'M AFTER. WHAT ABOUT THE APPARENT CONNECTION BETWEEN KENT AND SUPERMAN?

ARE THEY FRIENDS? BROTHERS? COUSINS?

WHAT?

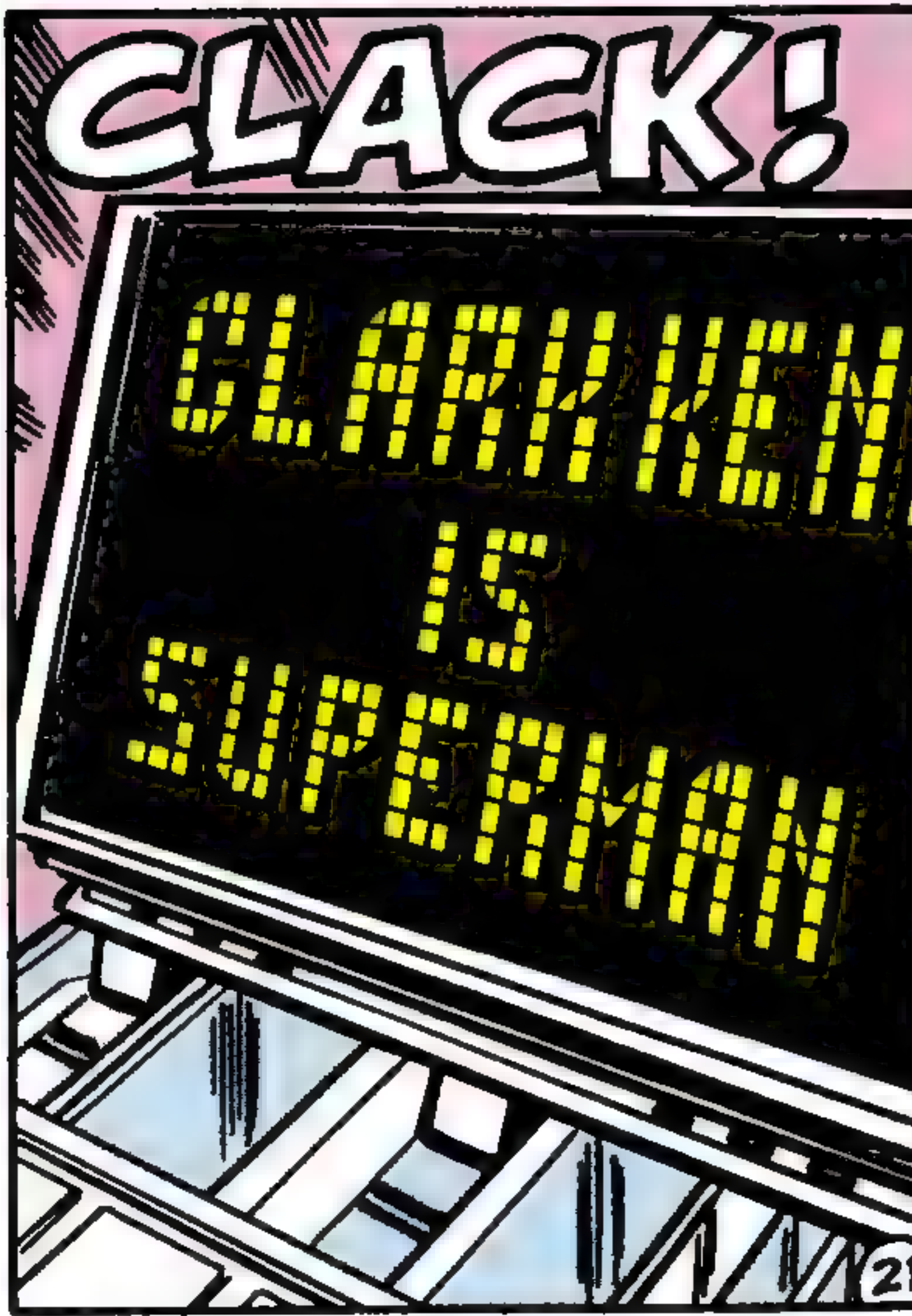
THAT'S WHAT THE COMPUTER SHOULD NOW TELL US, SIR.



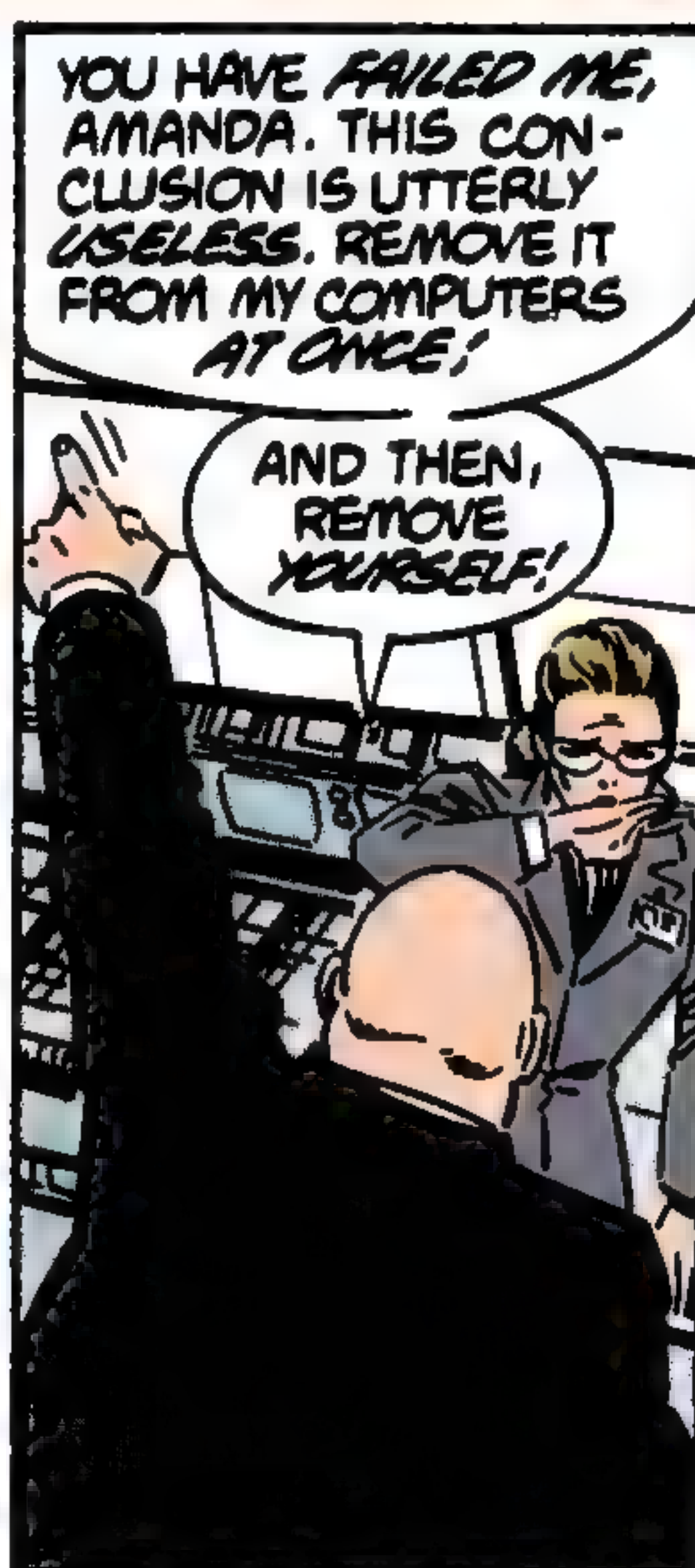
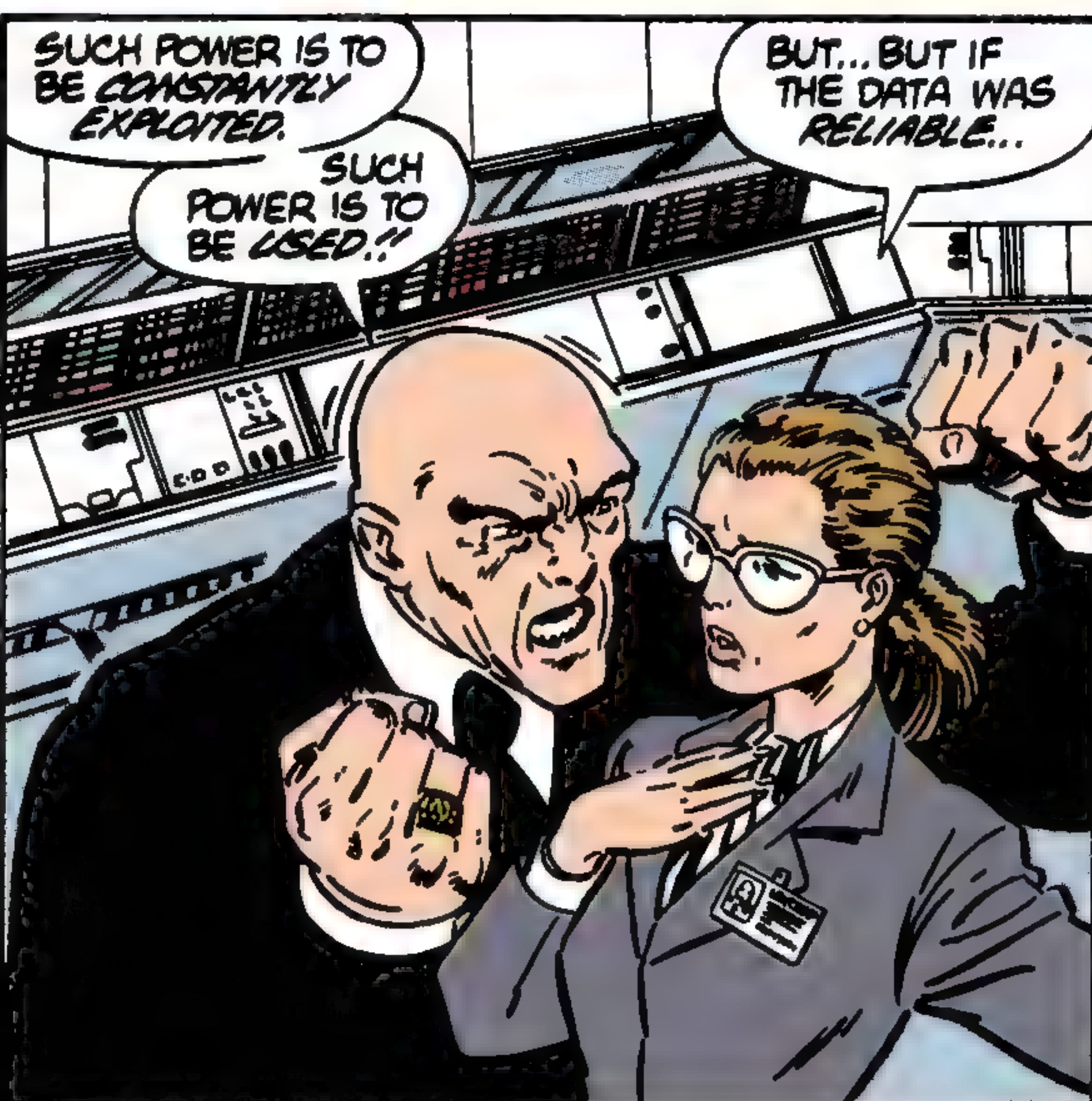
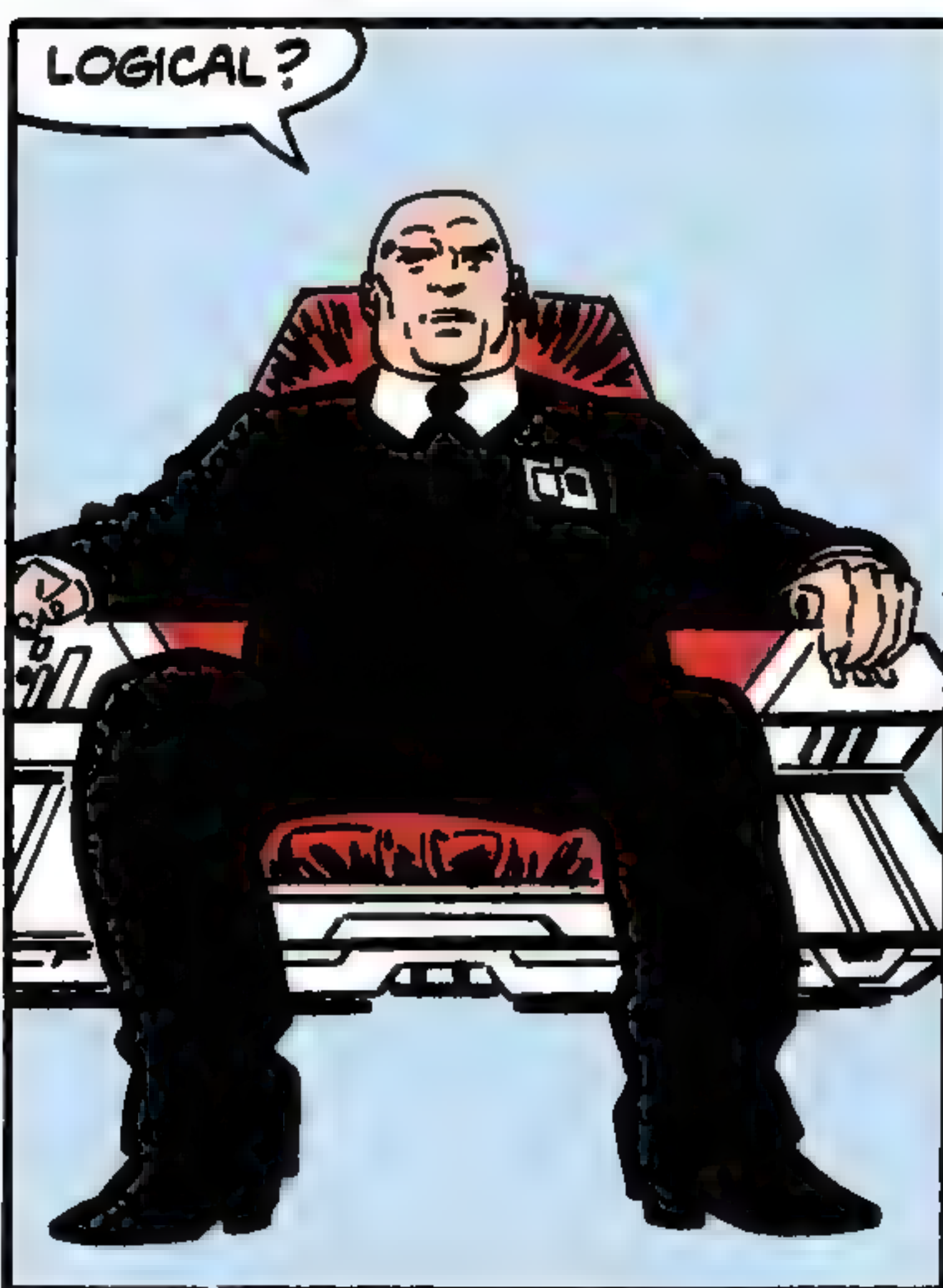
CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

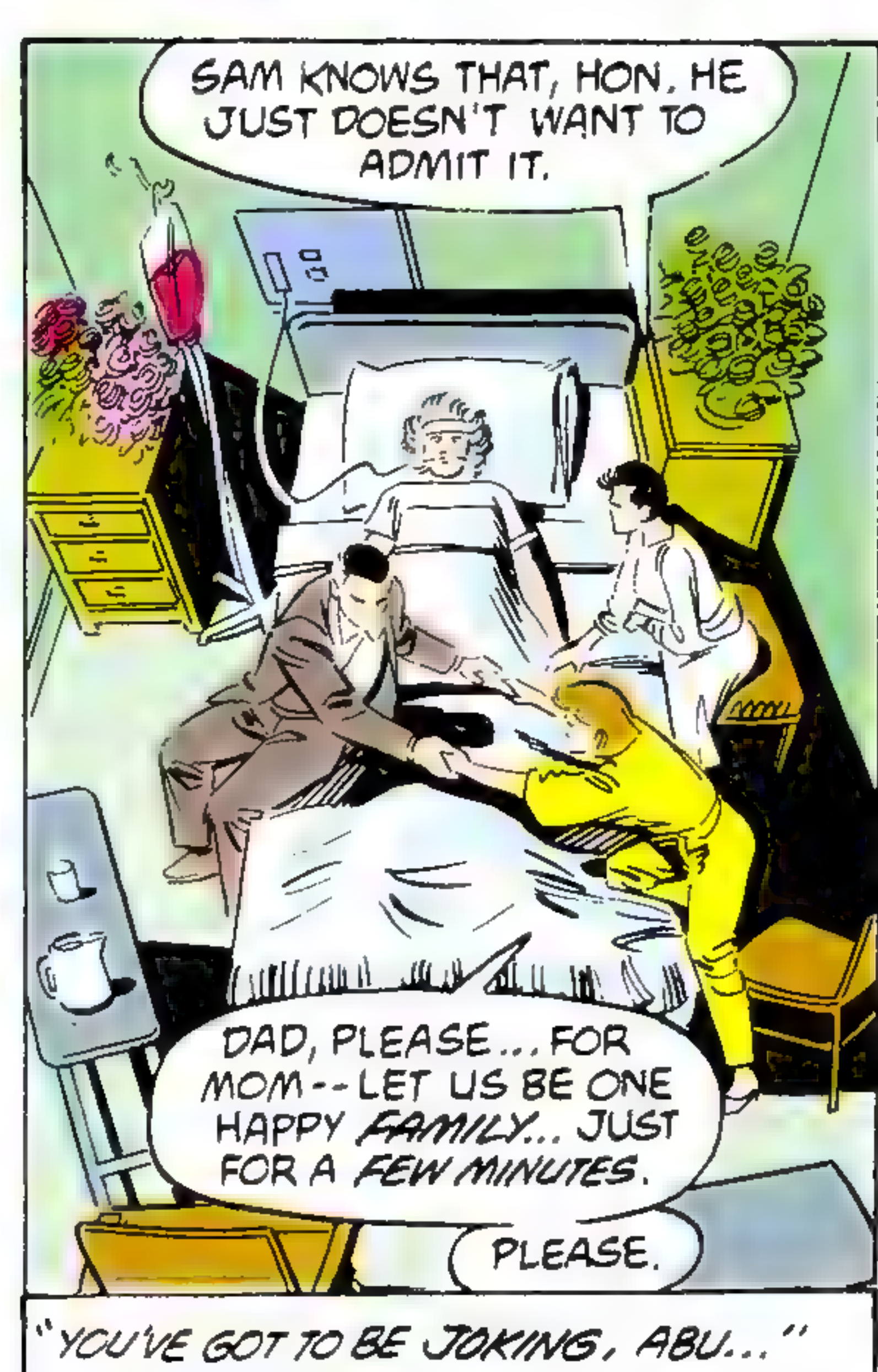
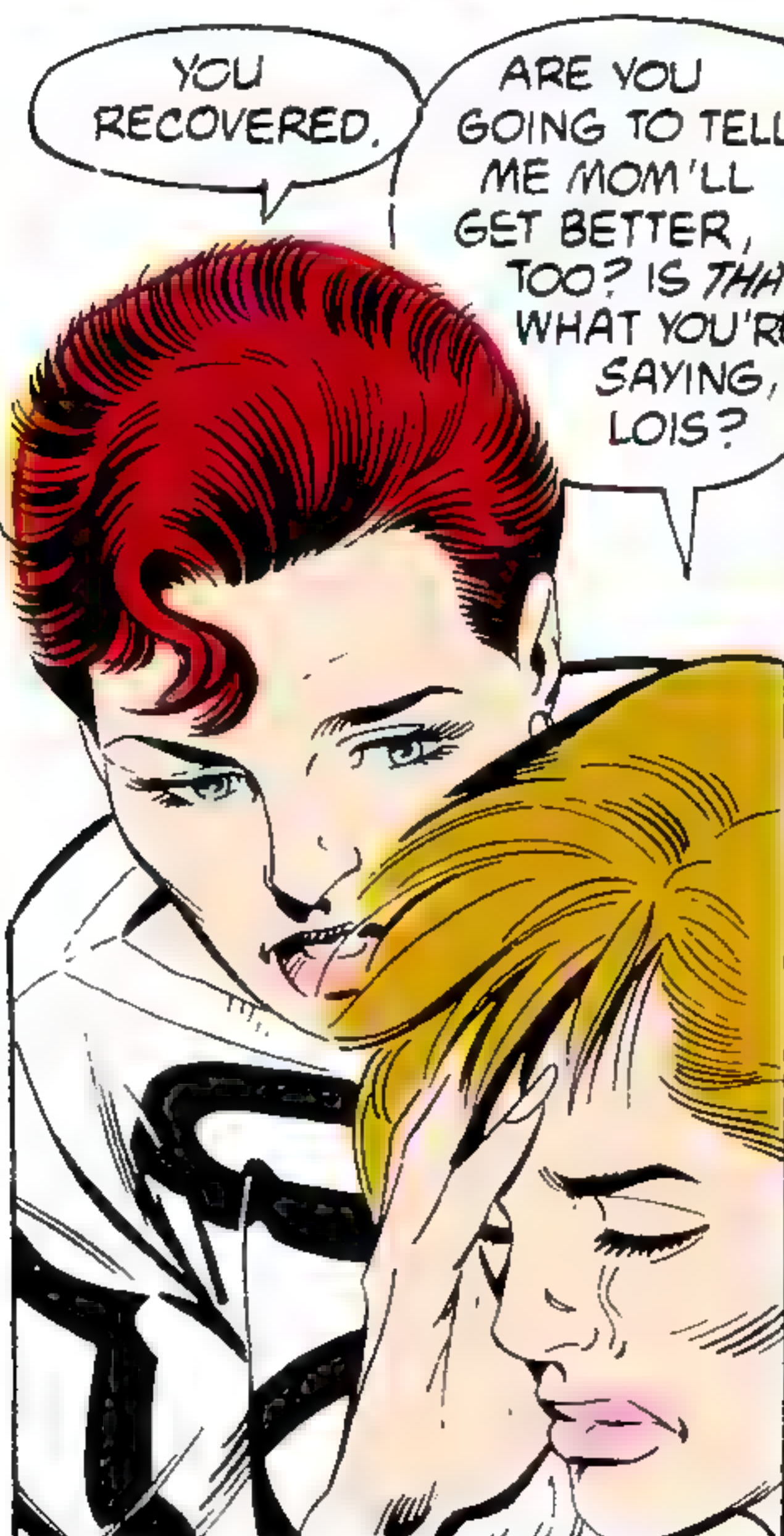
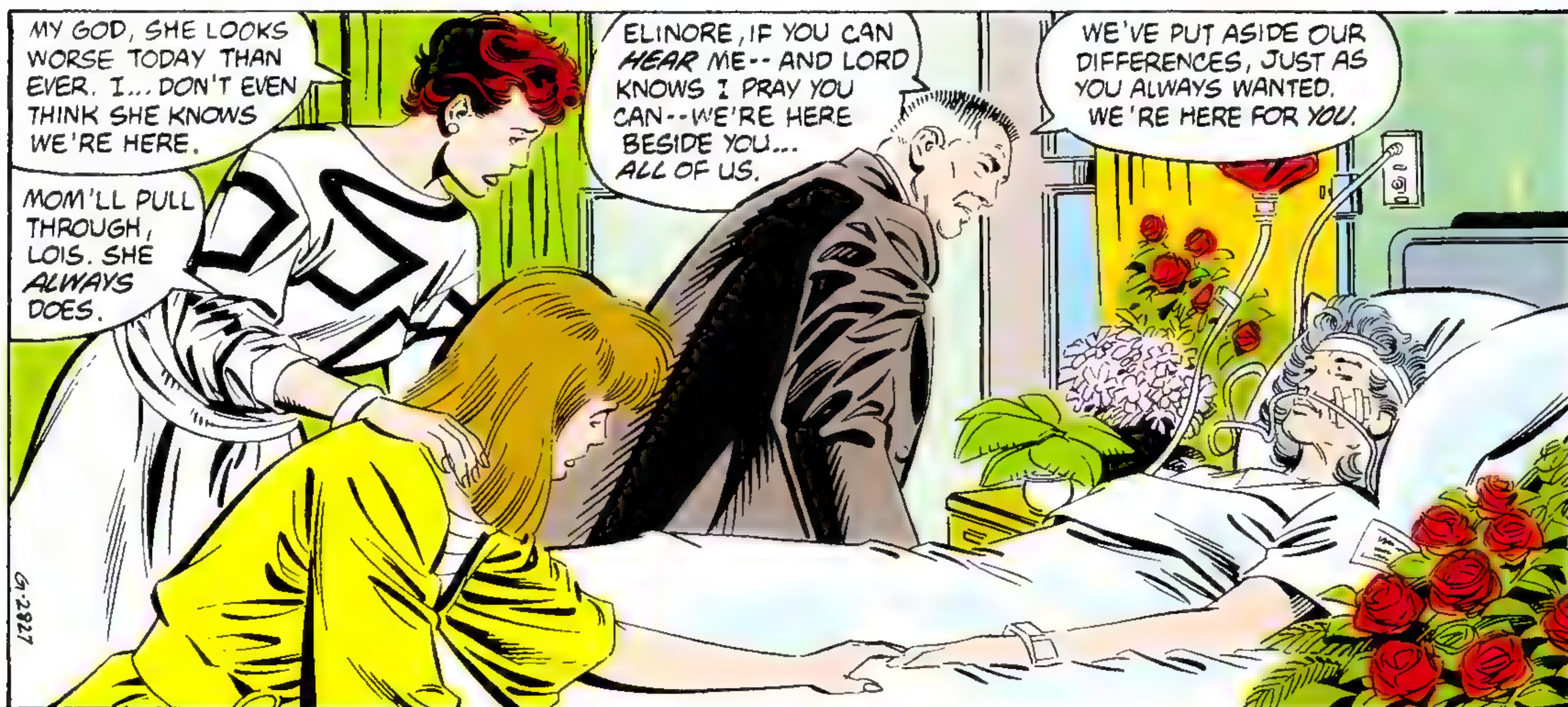


WHIRRI! CLICK! WHIIIR!



CLACK!





...THAT FIFTH-RATE
KHADDAFY SHOULD BE
THANKING US IN HIS
PRAYERS EACH NIGHT
THAT WE ALLOW HIM
TO REMAIN IN
POWER.

WE CONTROL THE
OIL IN YOUR
COUNTRY. AND WE
CONTROL YOUR
PRESIDENT.

NO, MR. JOHNSON. THAT IS
WHERE YOU ARE *WRONG*.

NOBODY, MR. JOHNSON.
NOT YOU. NOT THE AMERICANS.
NOT THE RUSSIANS. NOBODY
CONTROLS US. WE ARE NOT
ALIGNED WITH *ANY* POWER,
ESPECIALLY NOT SOME UNITED
STATES BUSINESS
CORPORATION.

I SUGGEST YOU LEARN THE
TRUTH, MR. JOHNSON, AS
BITTER A PILL AS IT MAY
BE.

AND, UNTIL
YOU DO --

-- GOOD
DAY.

STINKING
ARABS THINK
THEY OWN
THE WORLD.

LET'S GET ON
TO *OTHER*
BUSINESS,
SHALL WE?

THE TAKEOVER OF
TIMELESS
PUBLICATIONS IS
PROCEEDING AS
PLANNED. WE'VE...

"NOW..."

...IT'S
TIME.

BLEEP

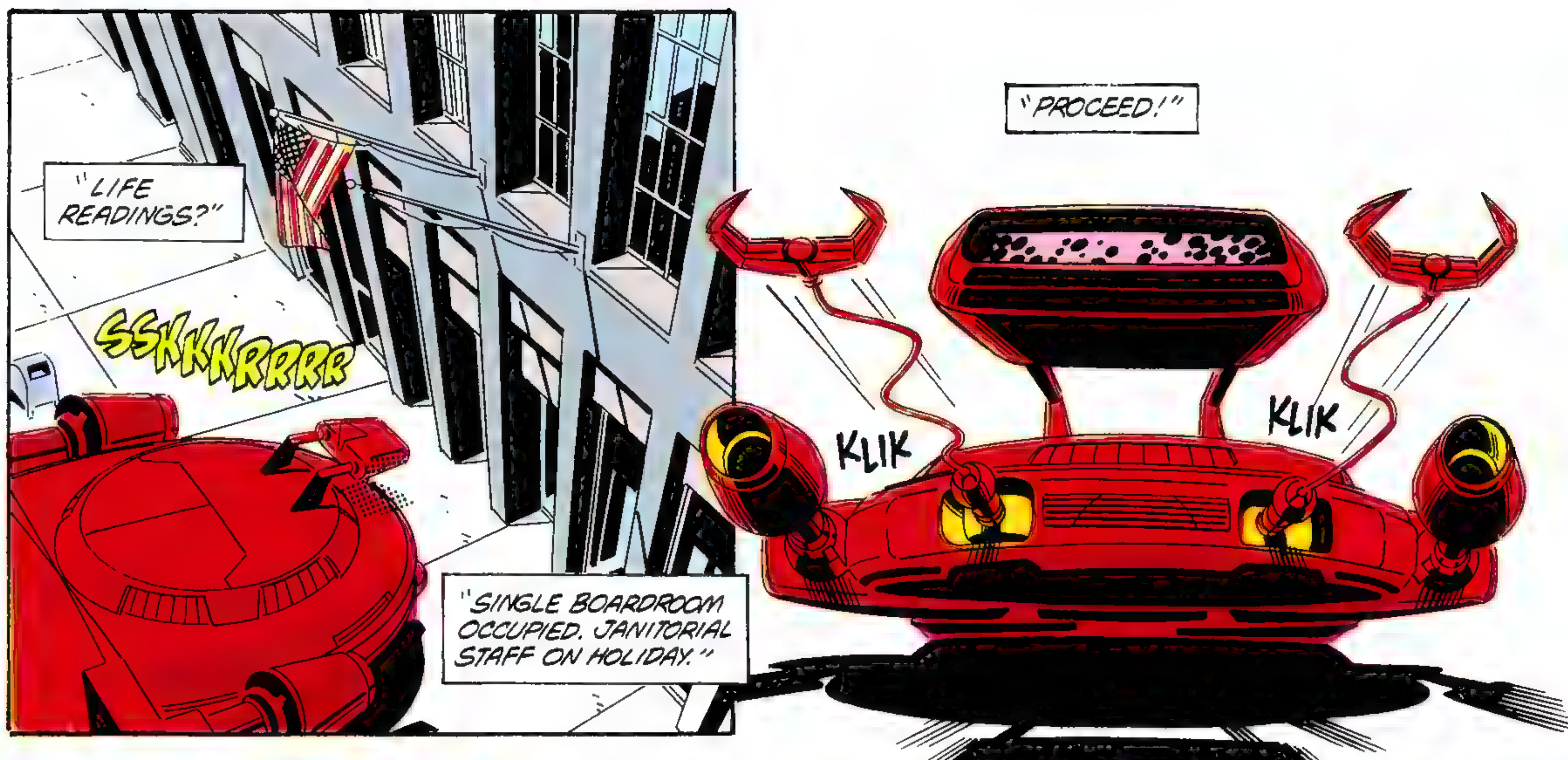
"DISTANCE:
76 METERS AND
CLOSING."

"LOCK ON
TARGET."

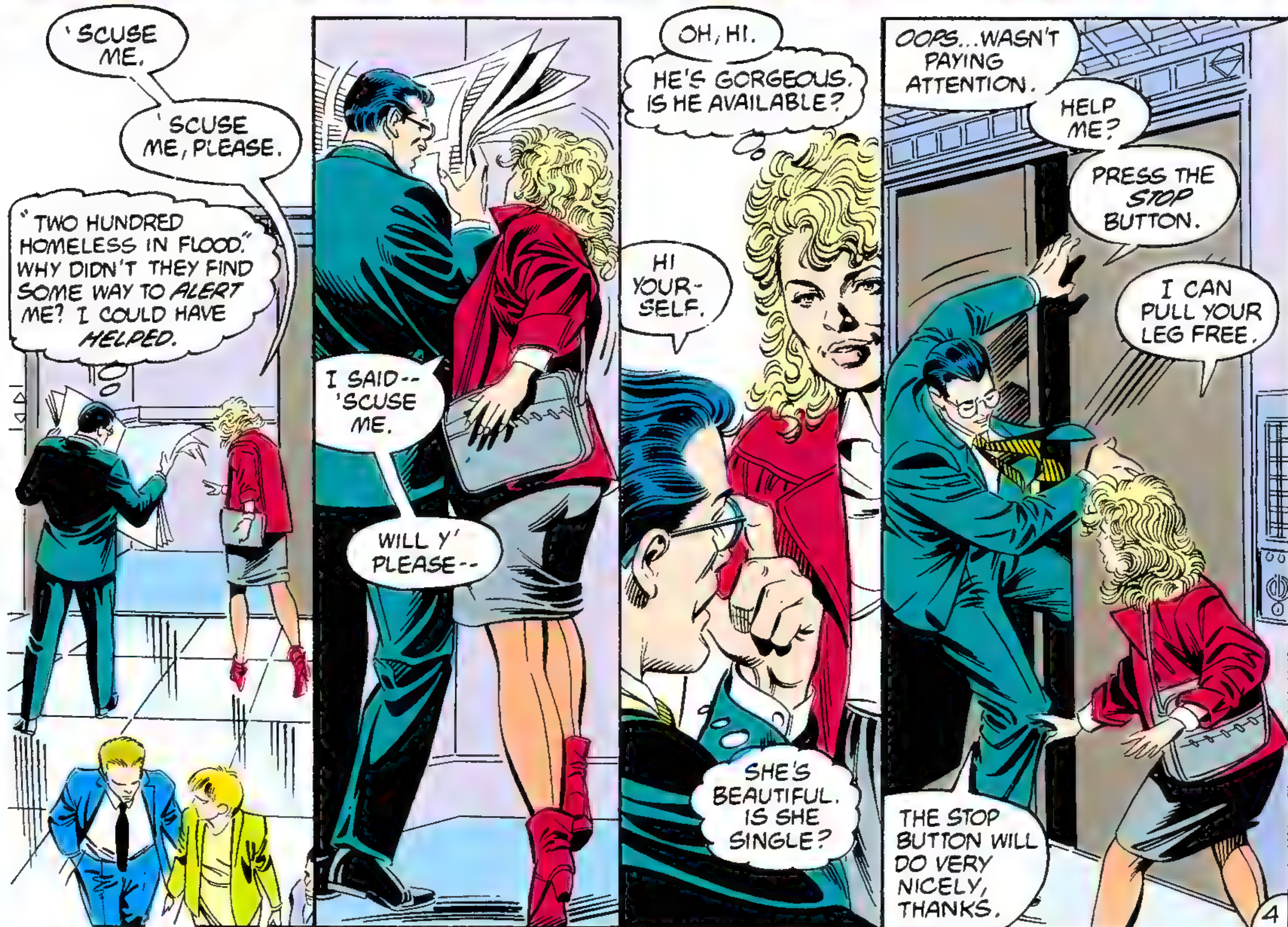
"IN POSITION
AND LOCKED."

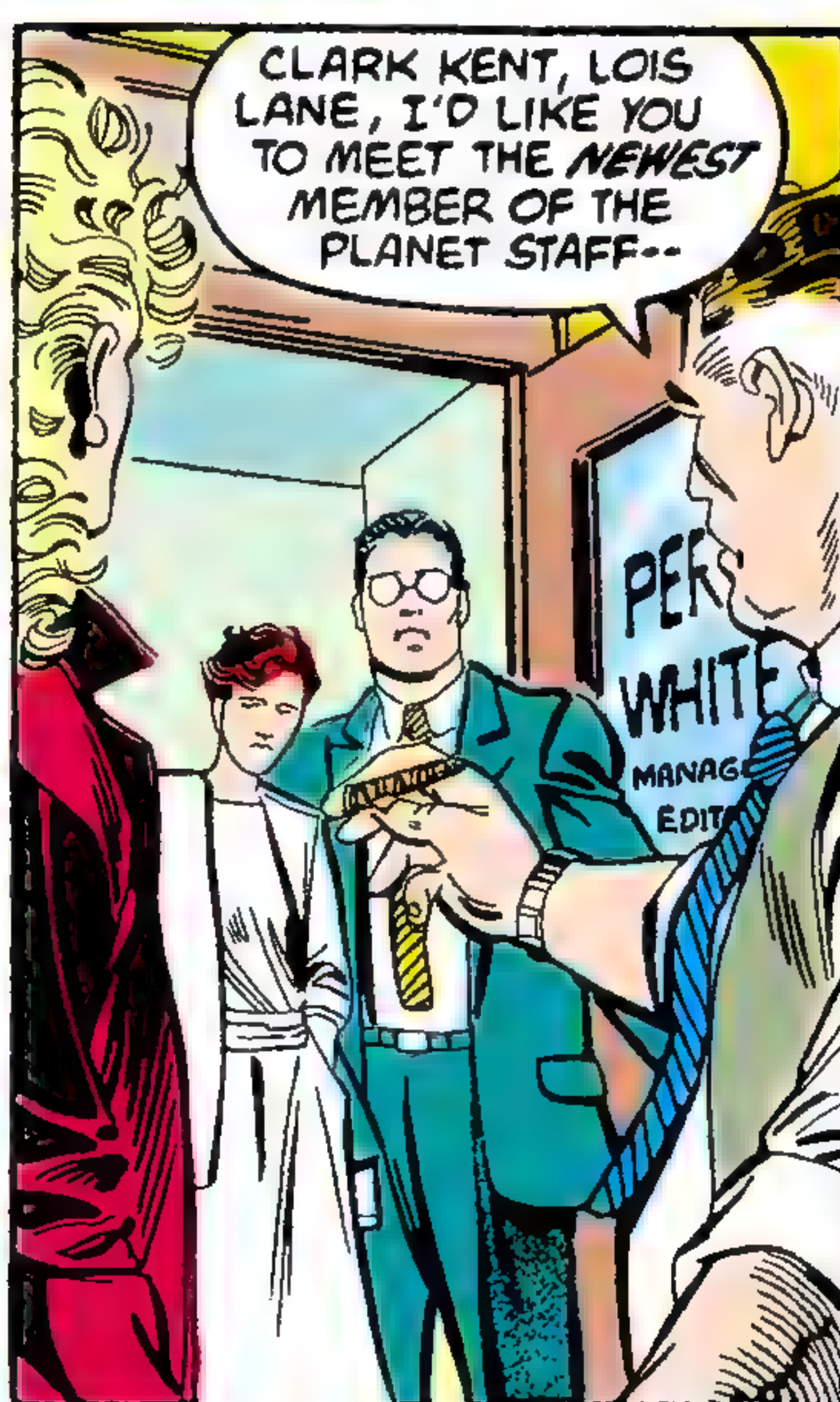
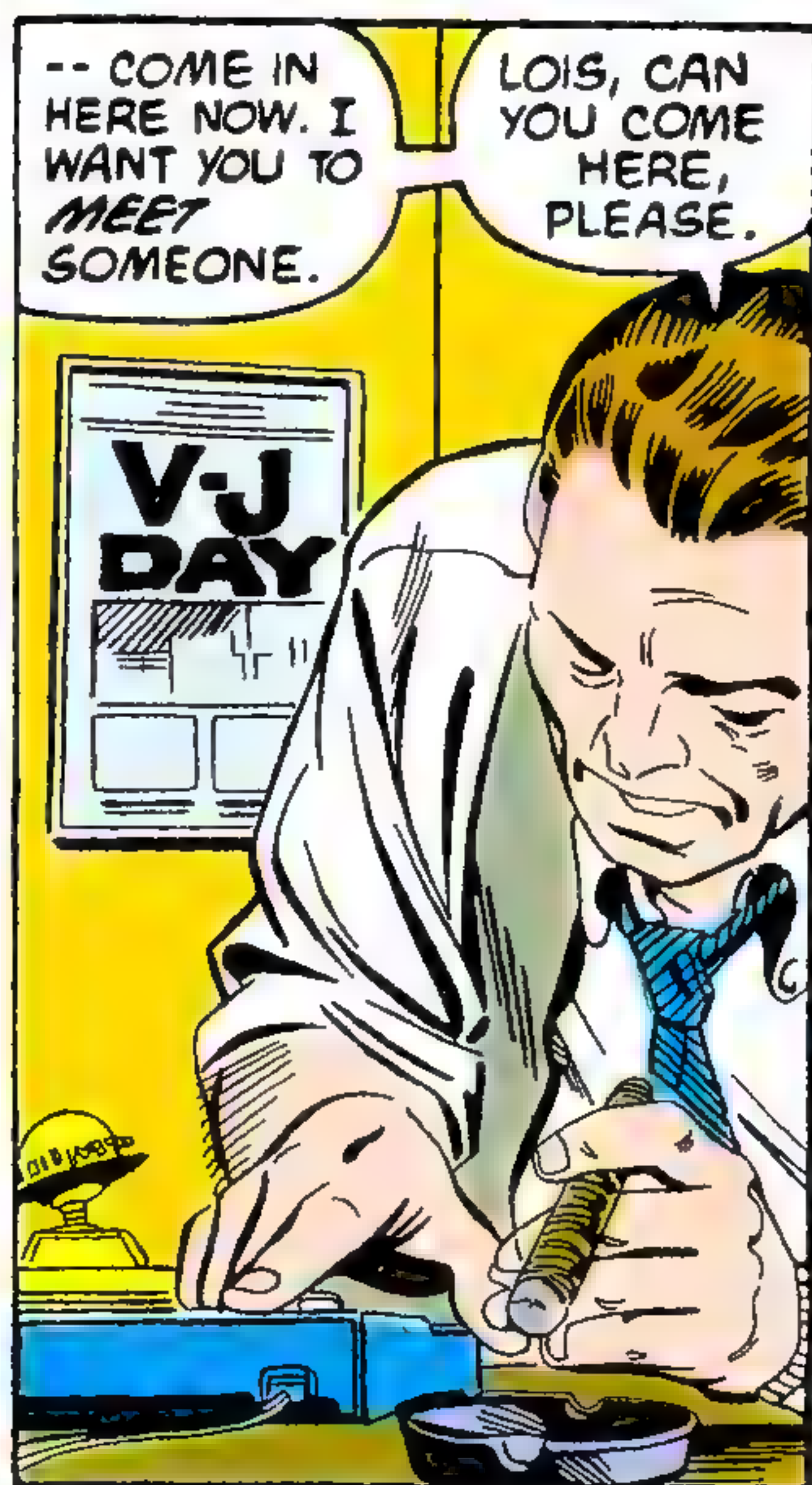
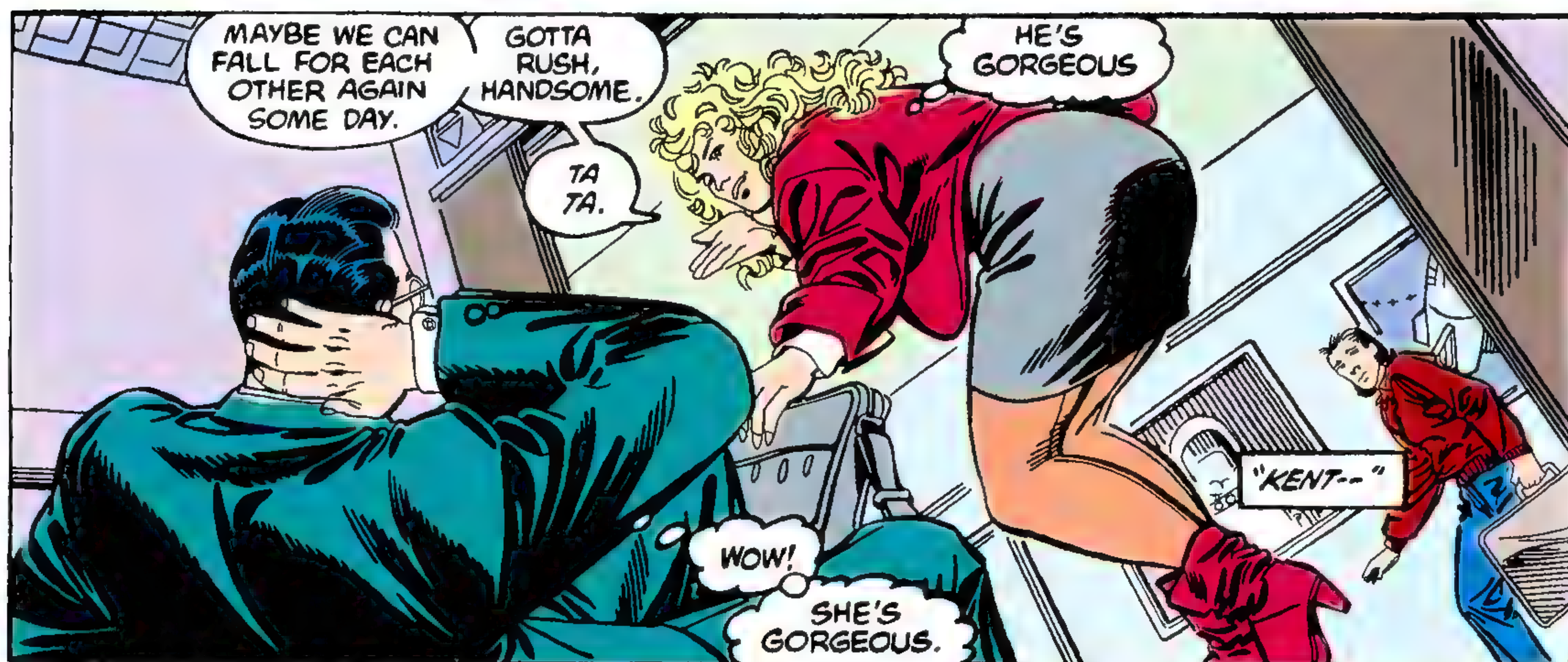
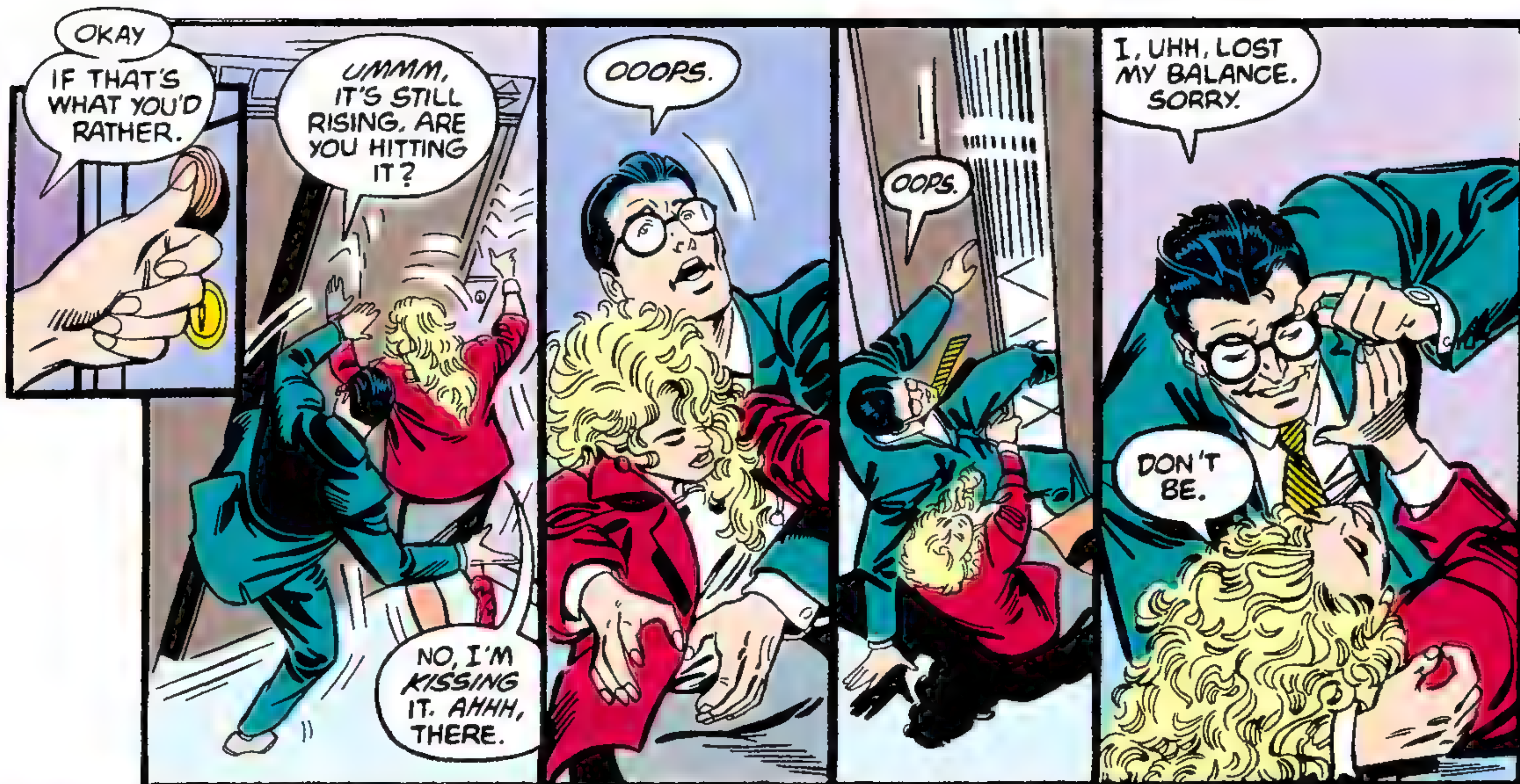
"AWAITING
YOUR
COMMAND."

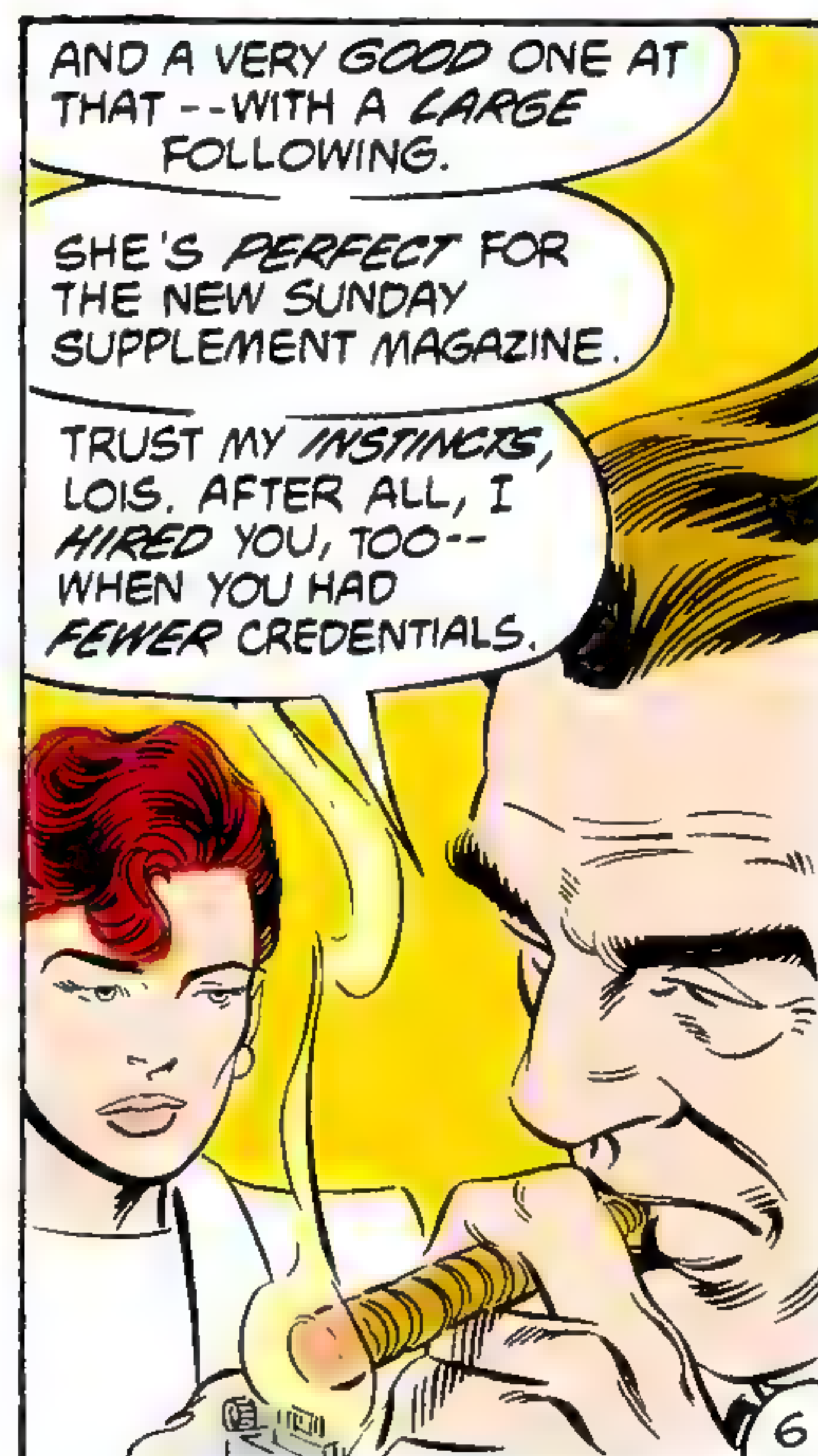
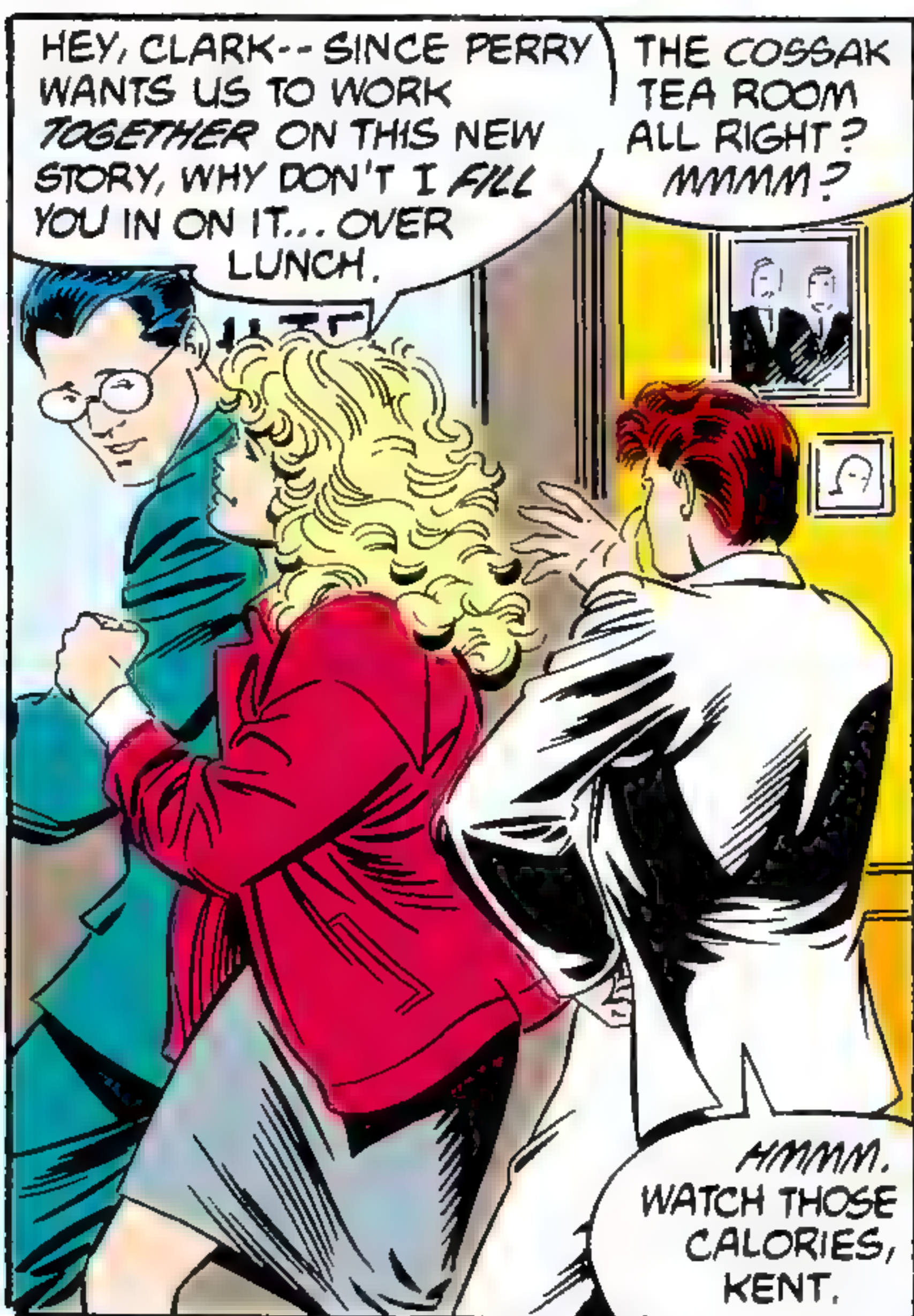
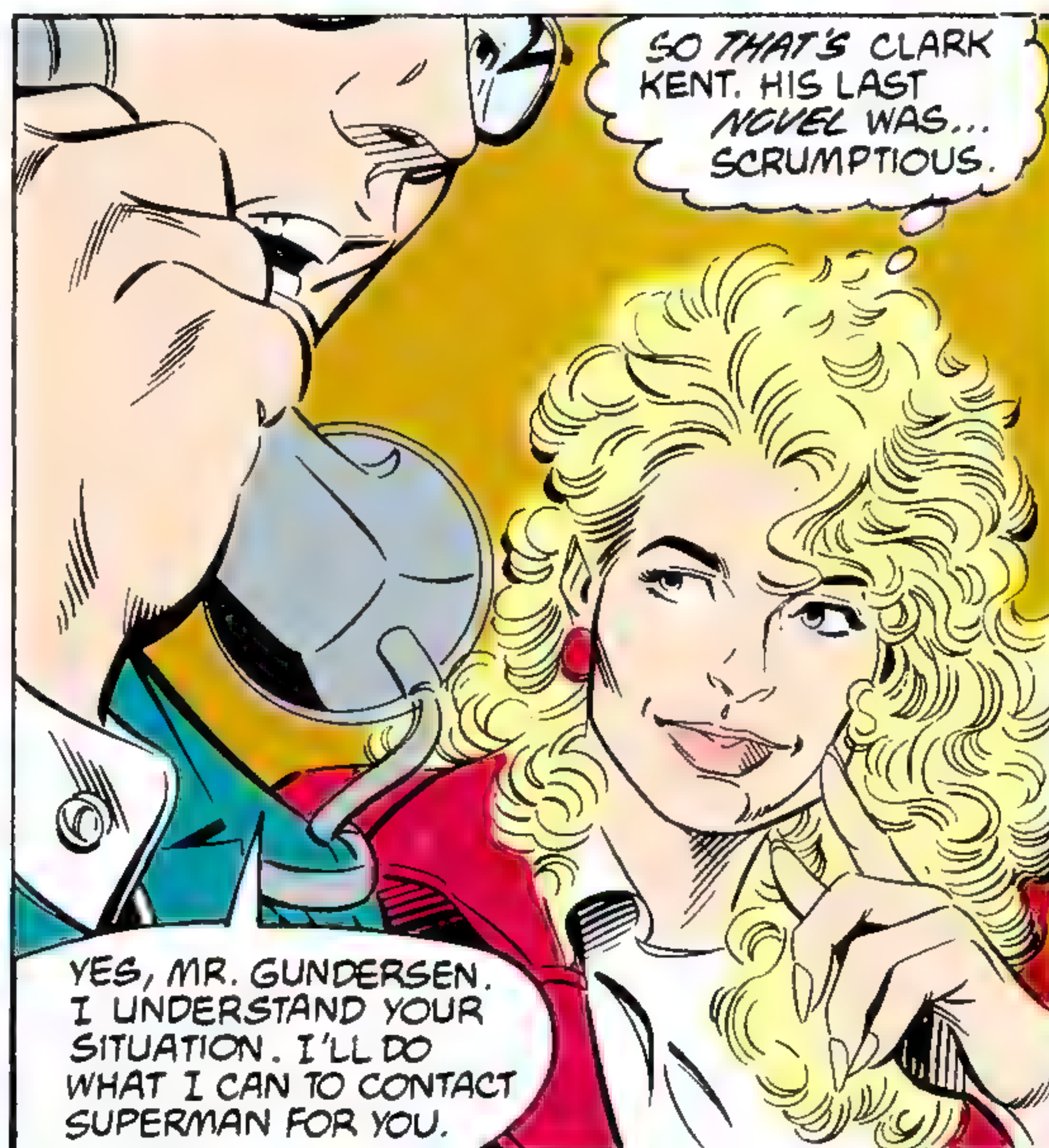
ZZZZWWHHCCCHHHMM

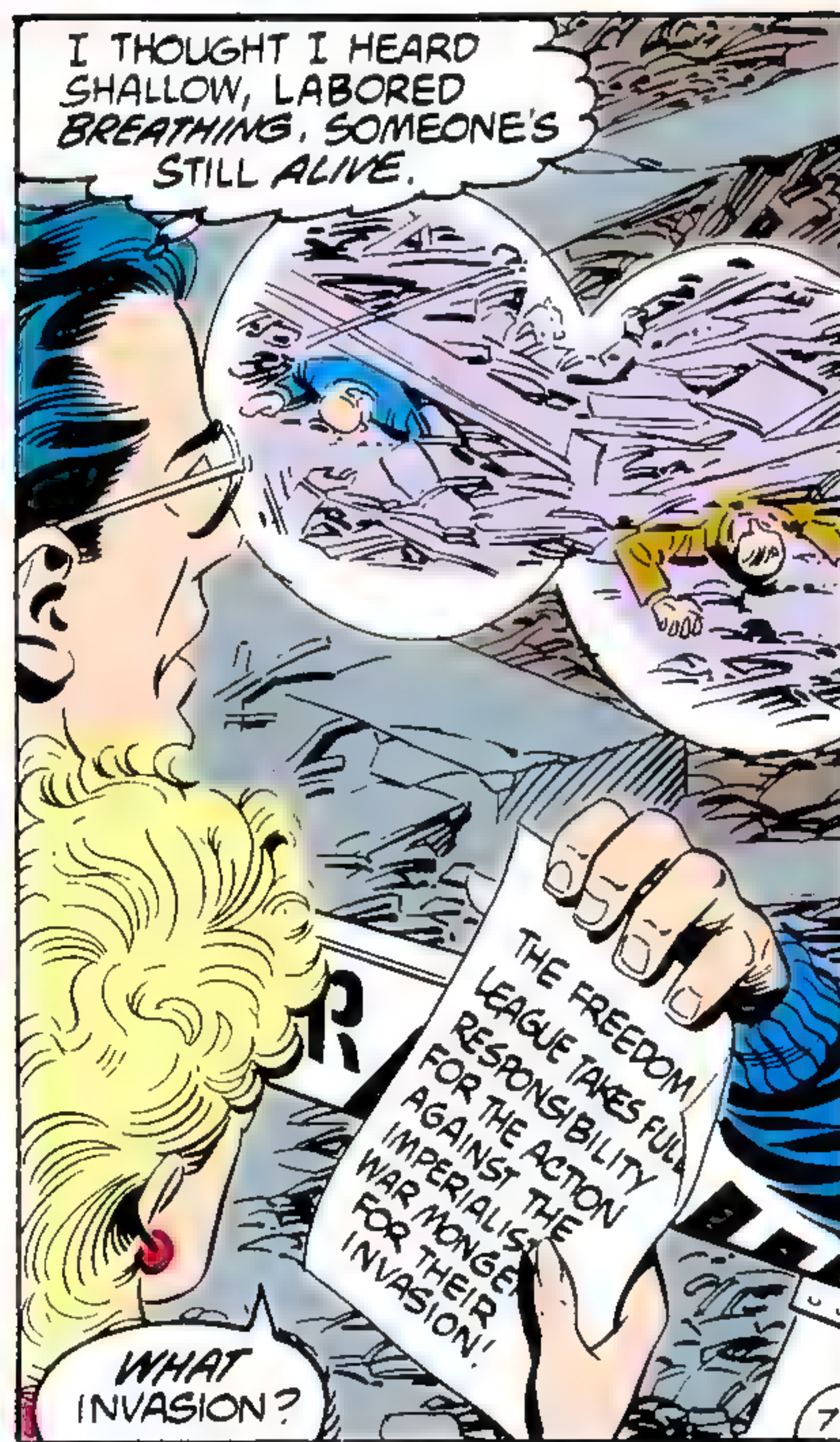
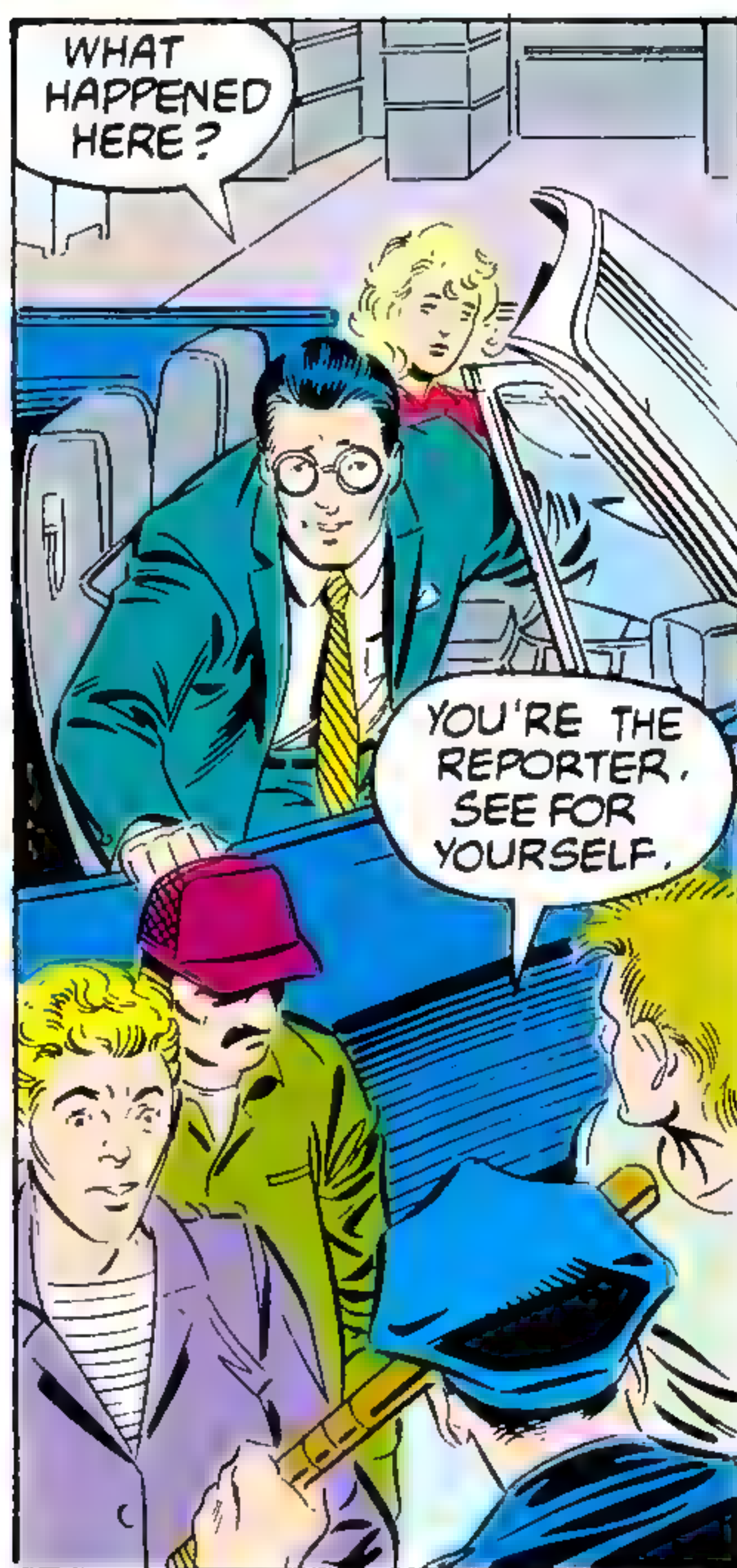
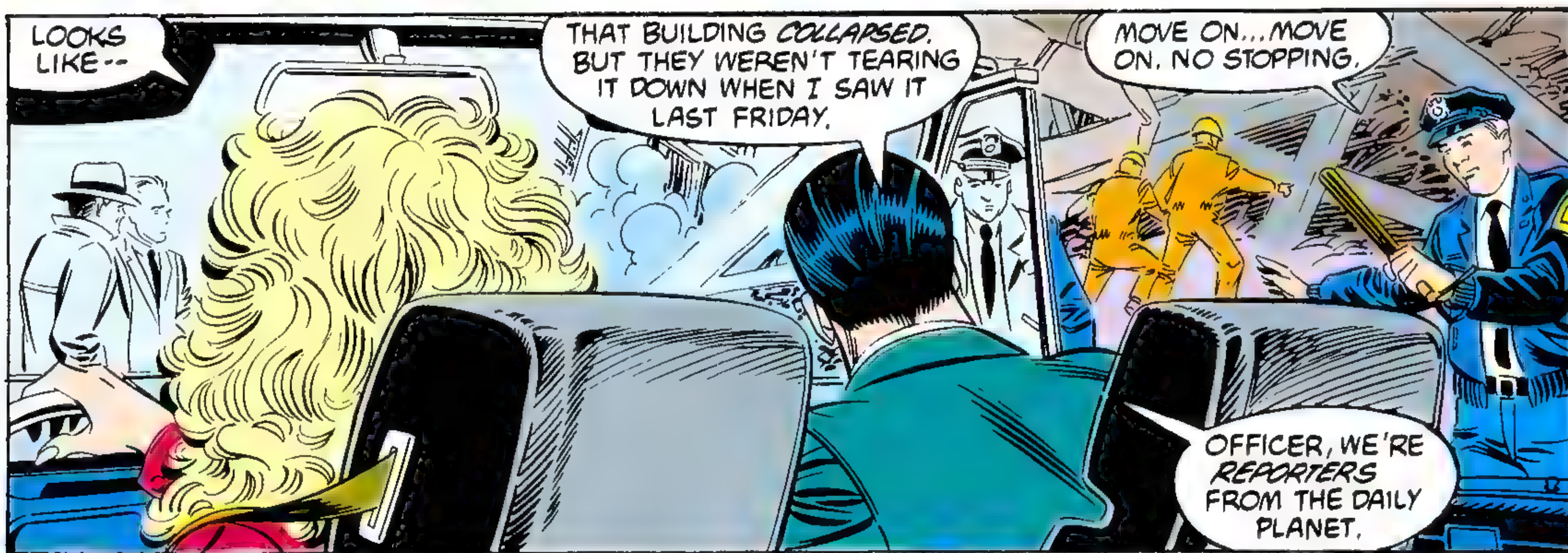
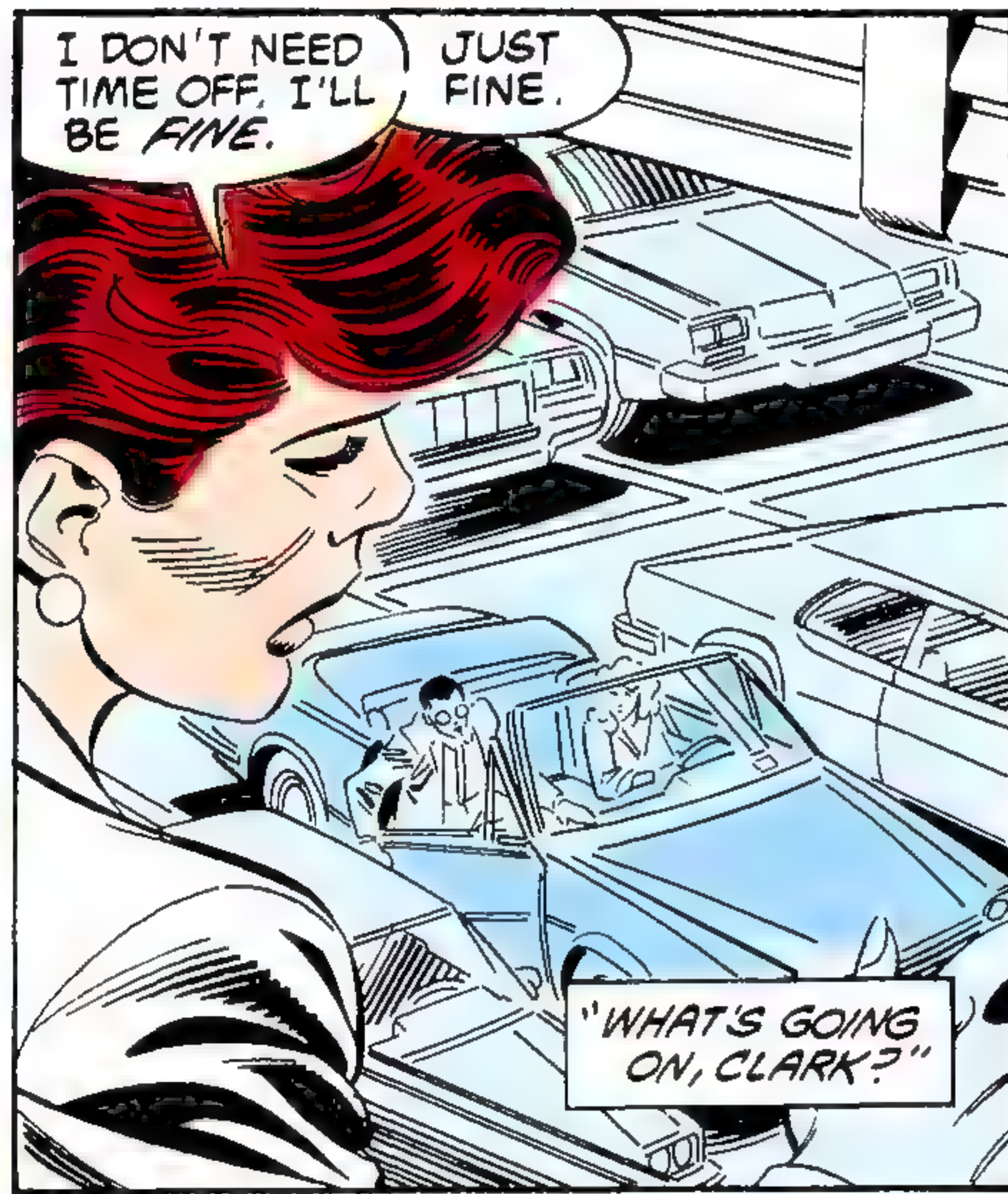


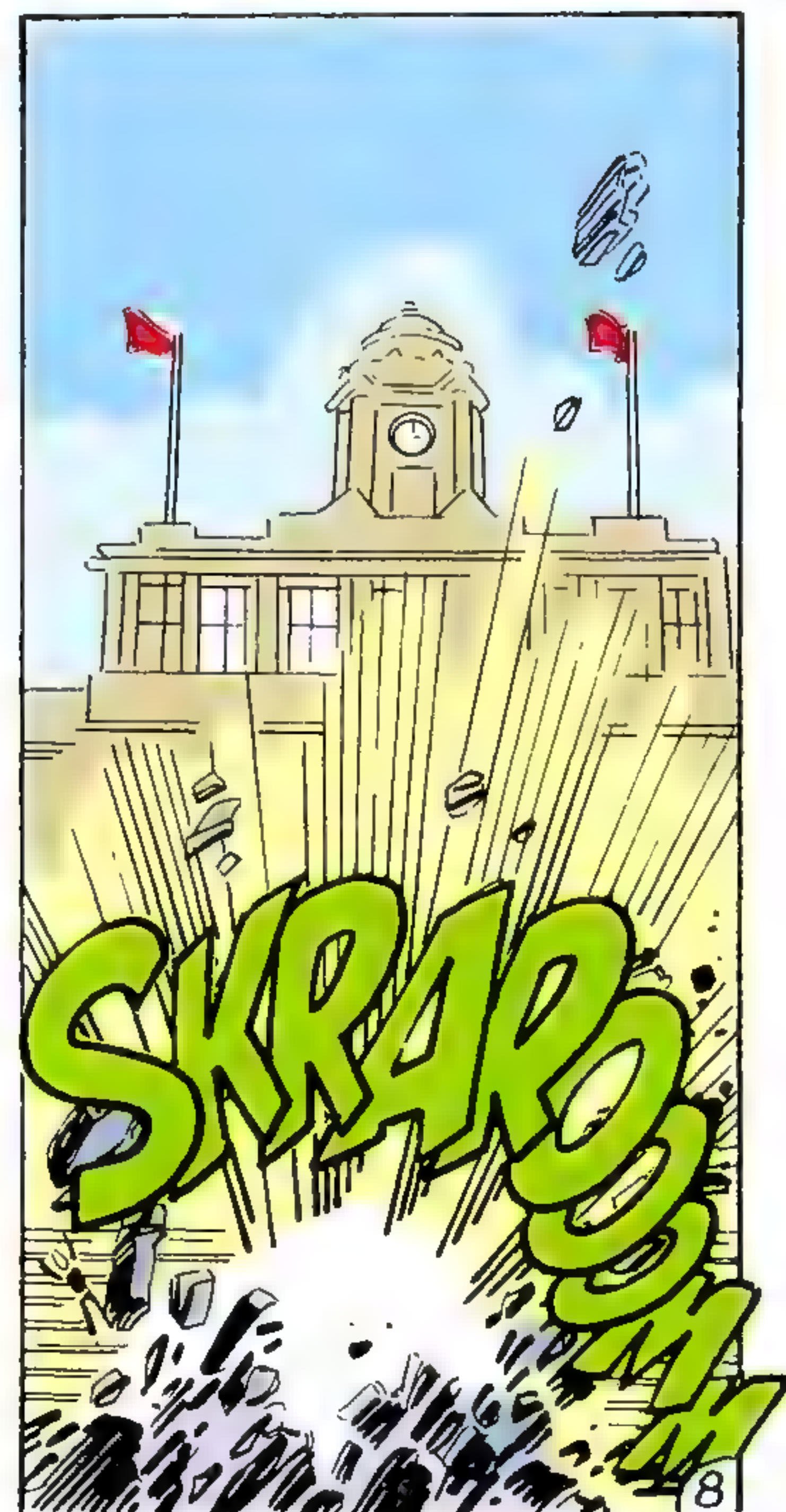
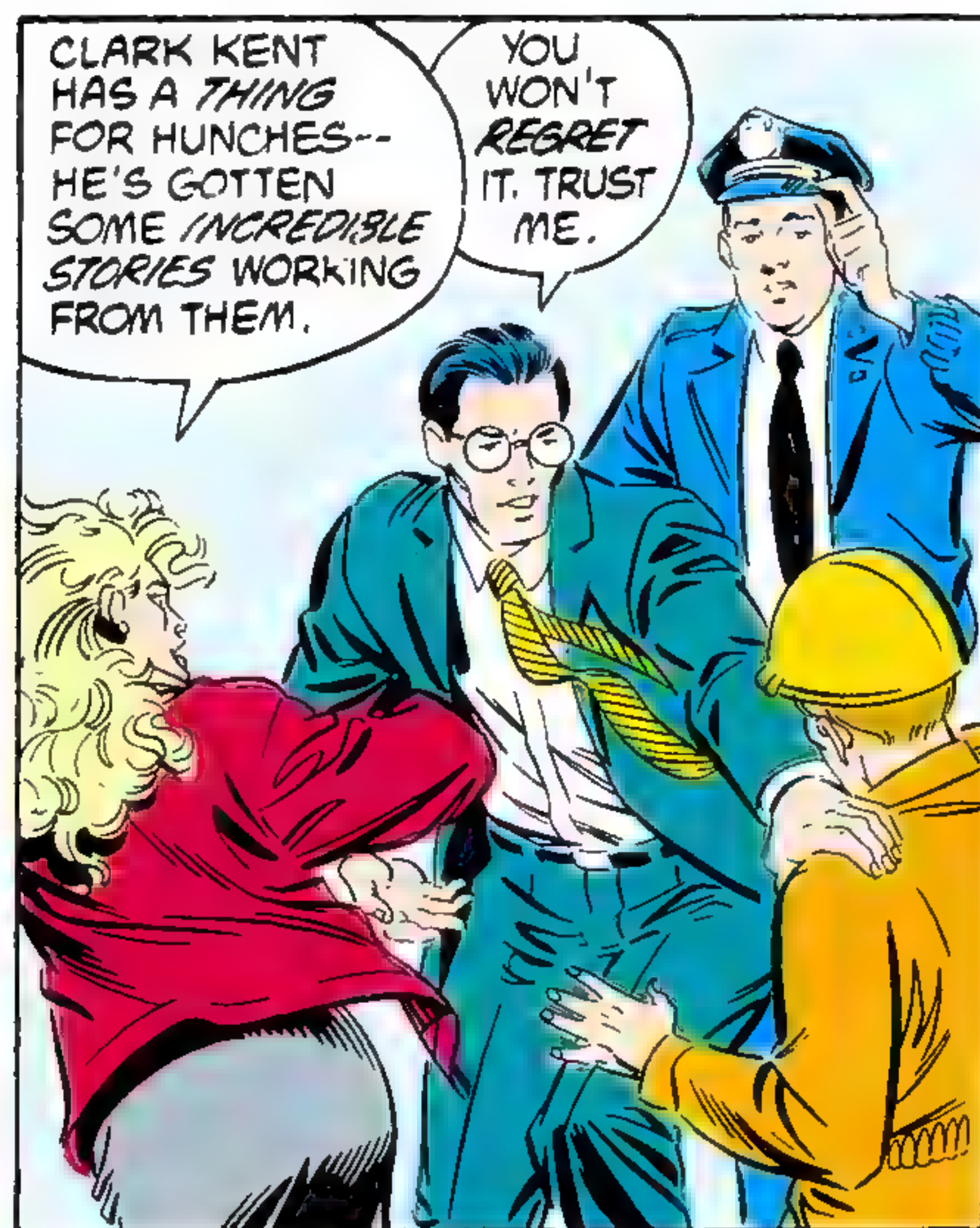
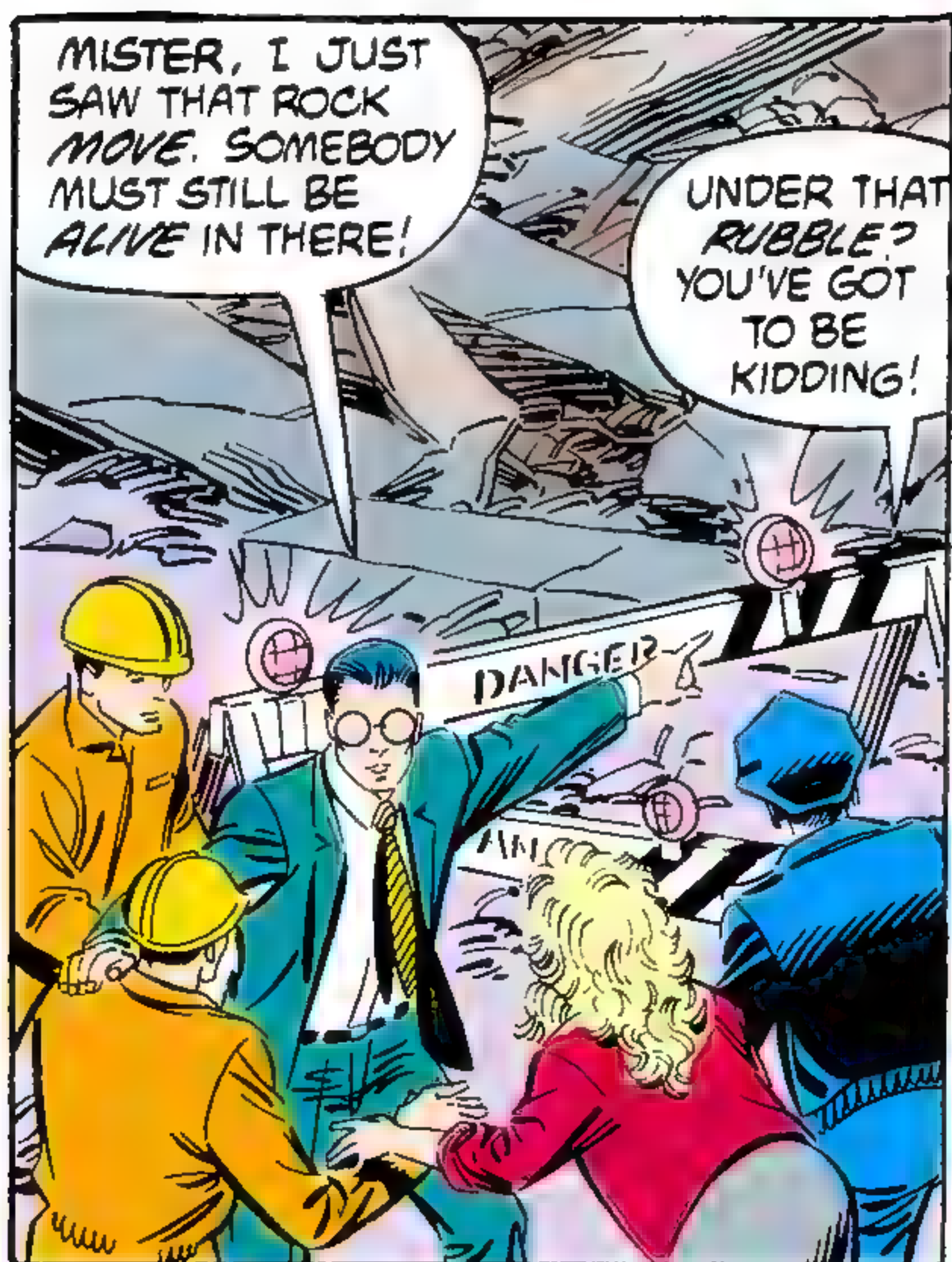
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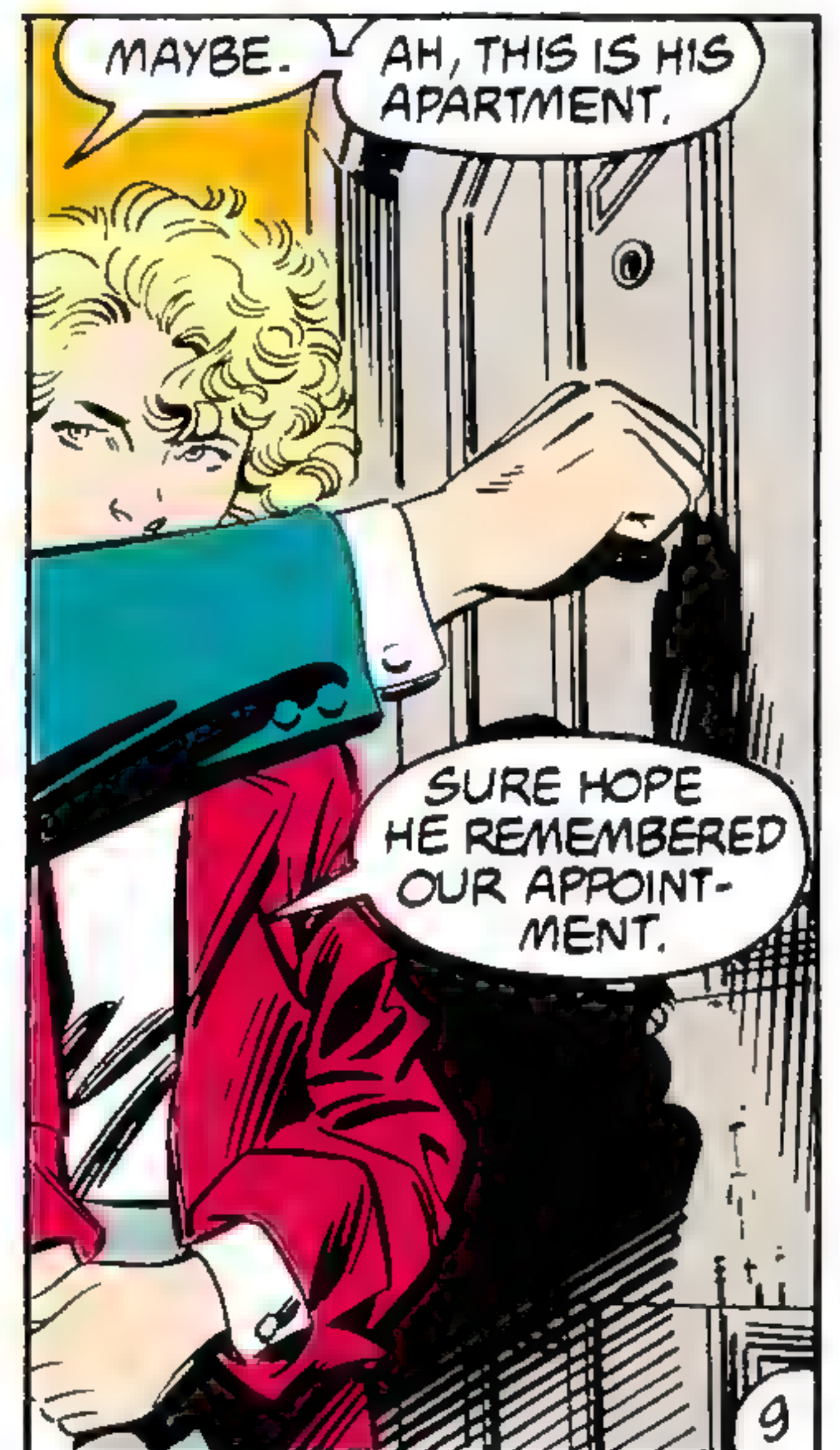
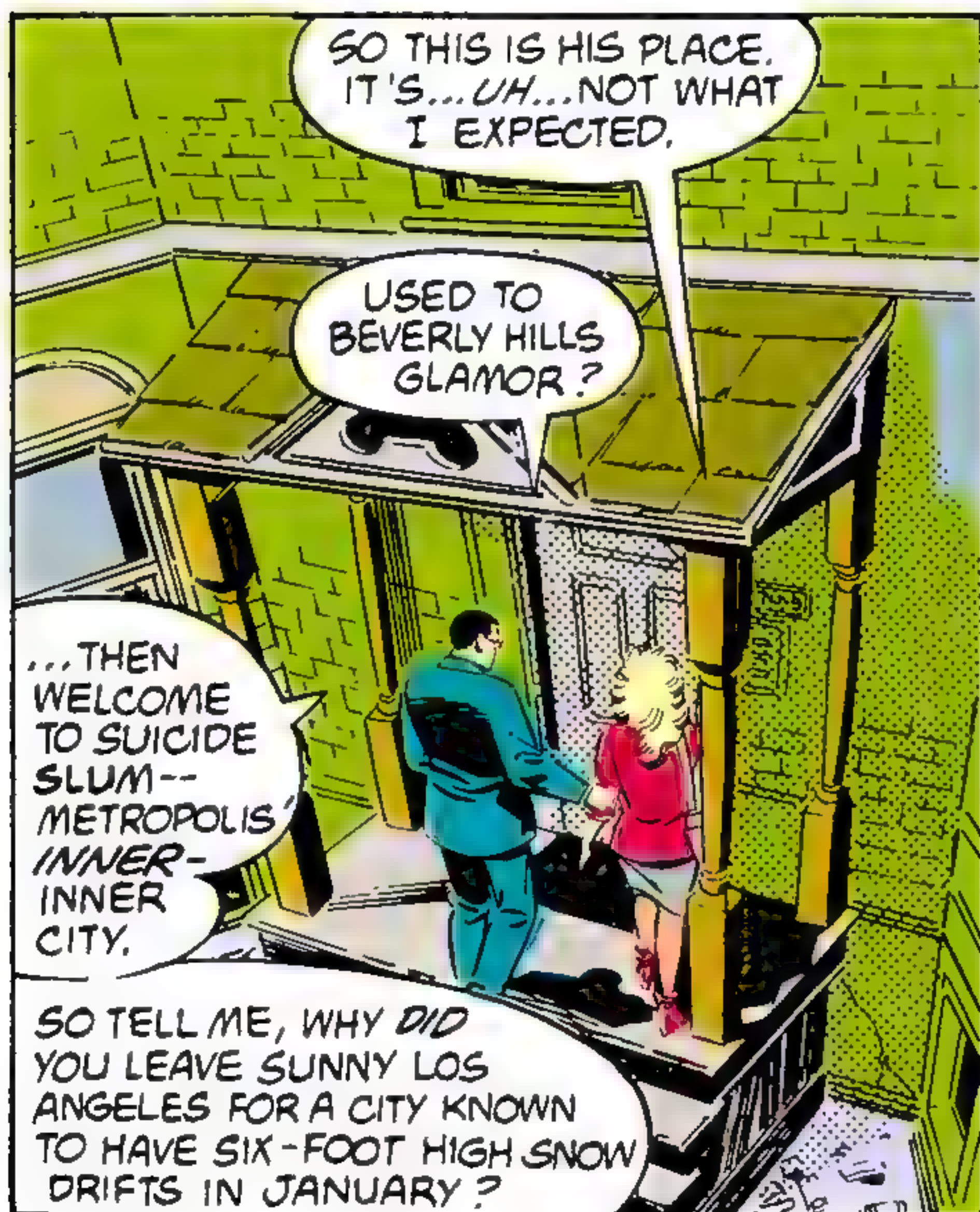
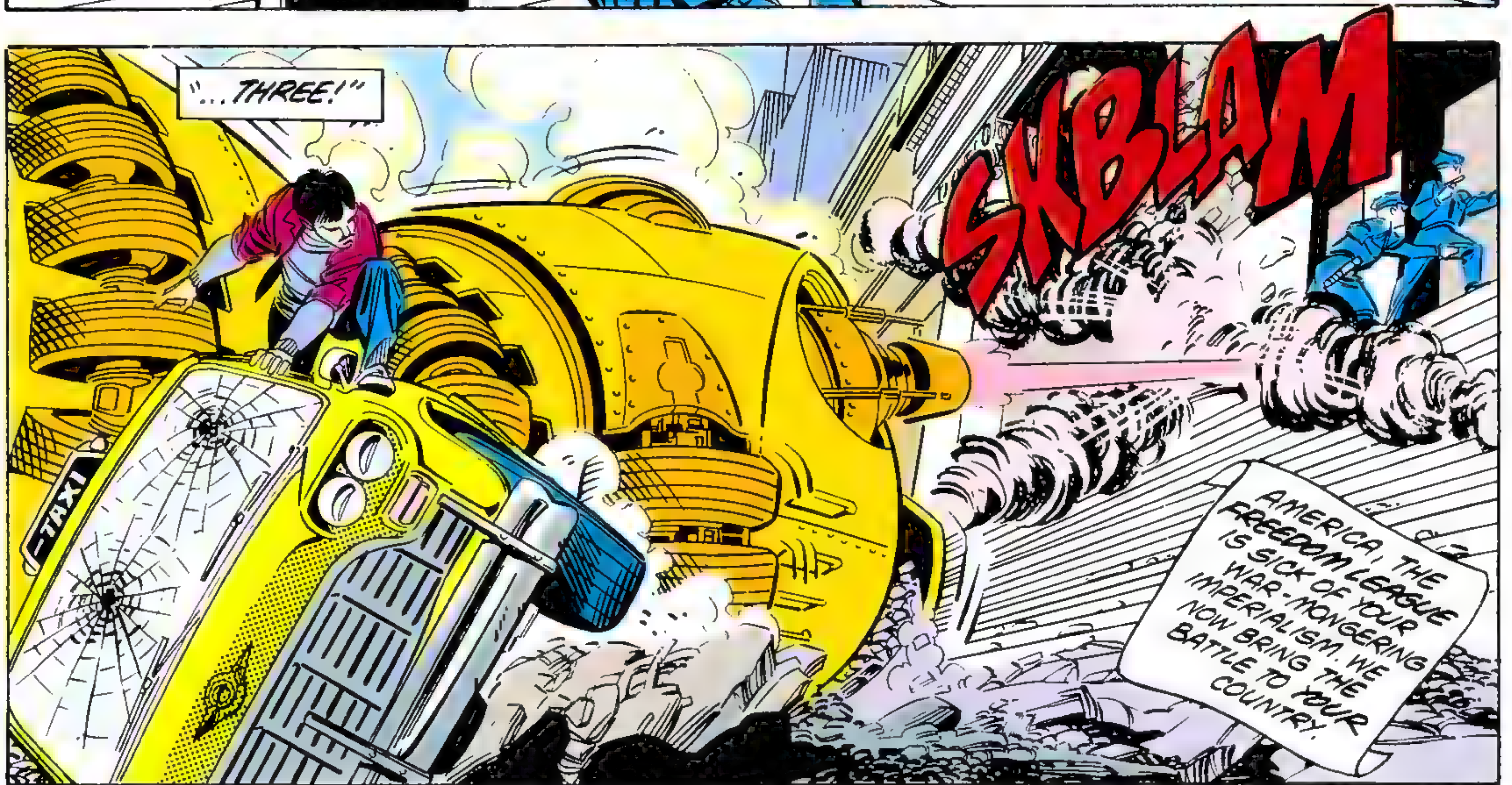
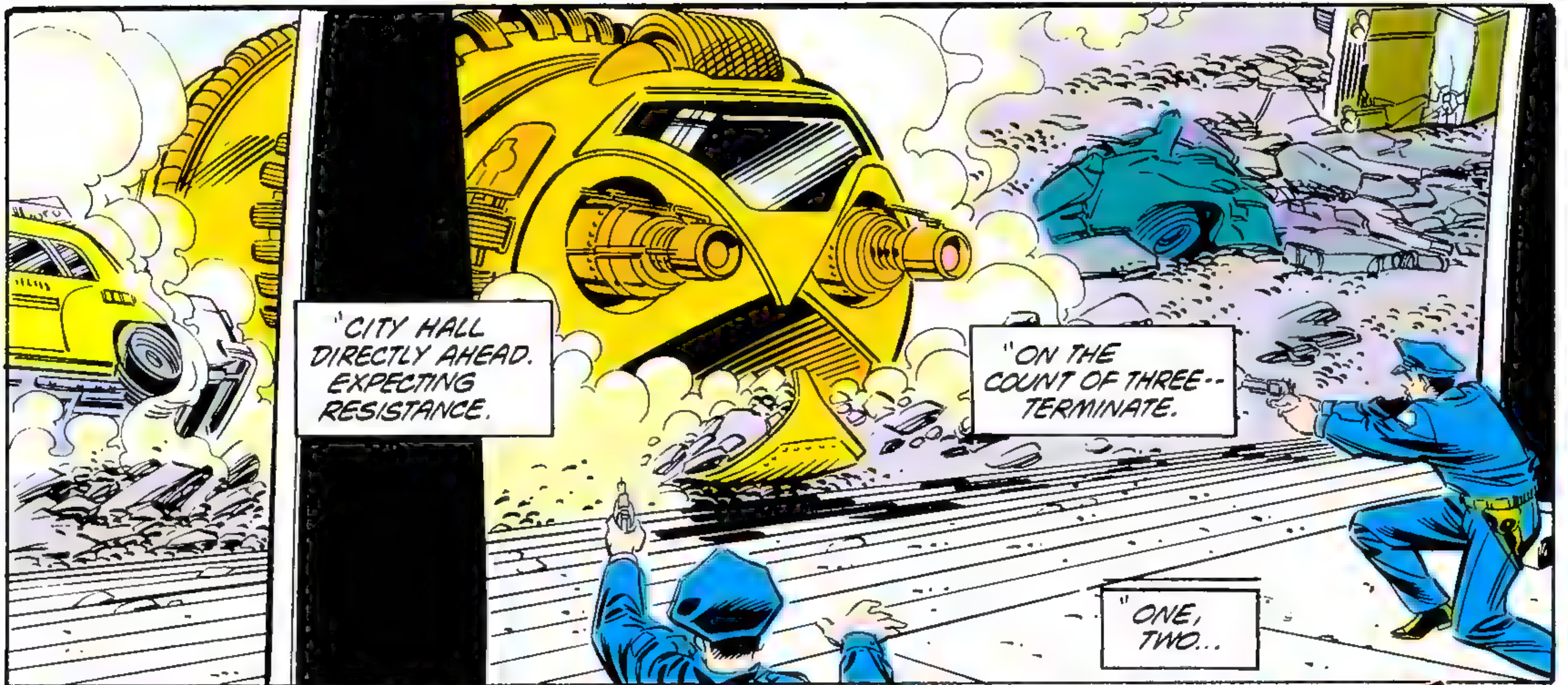


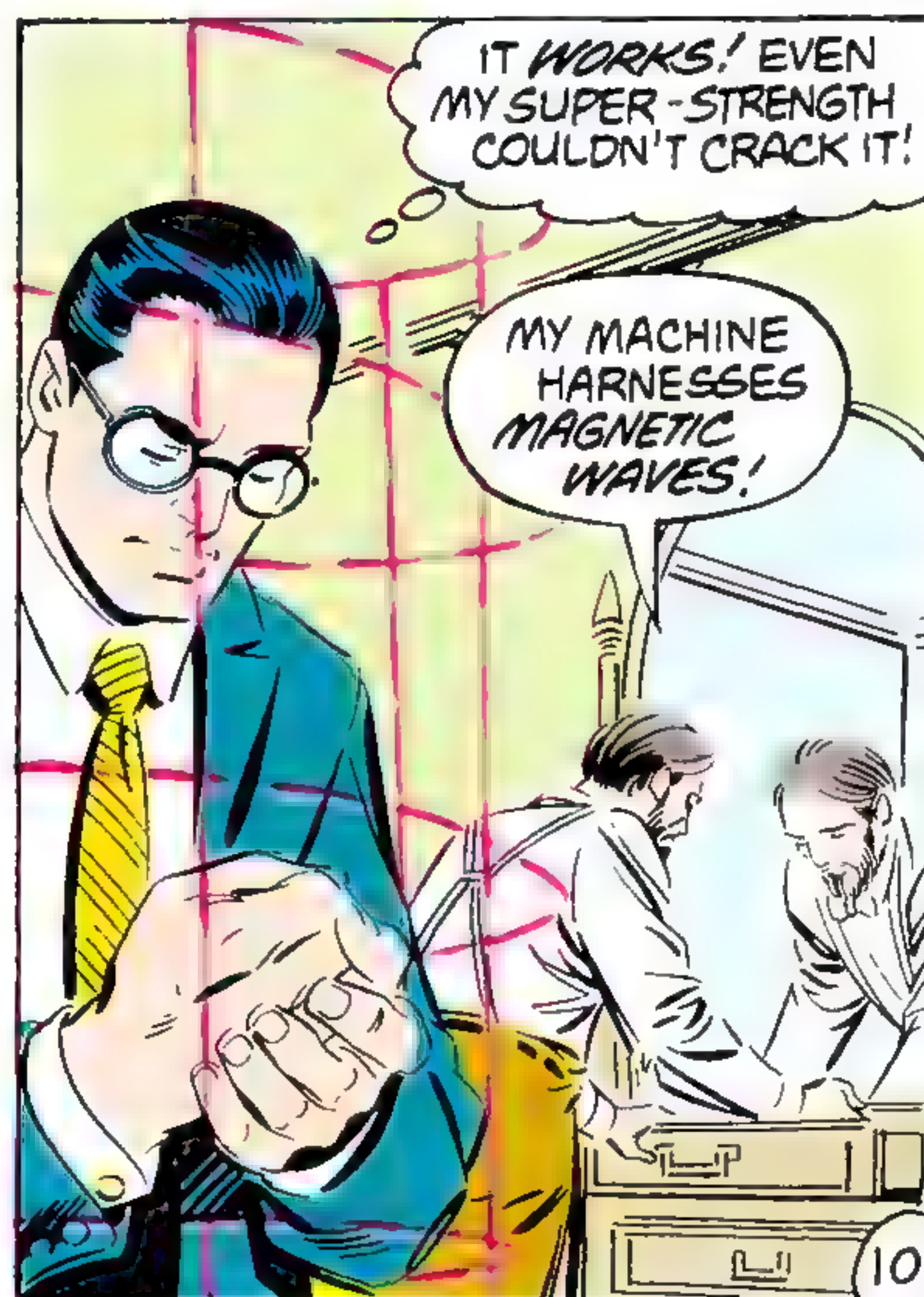
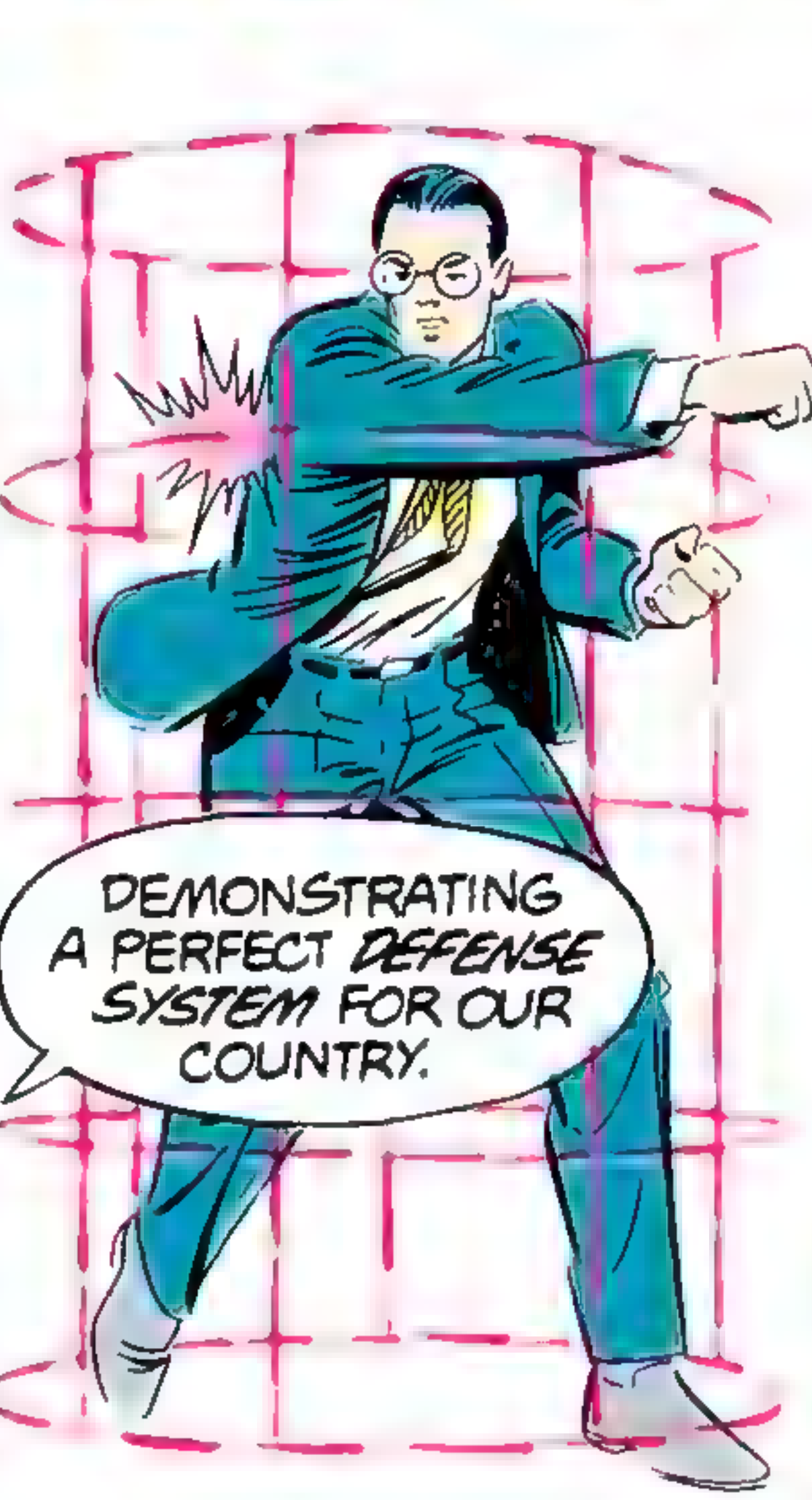
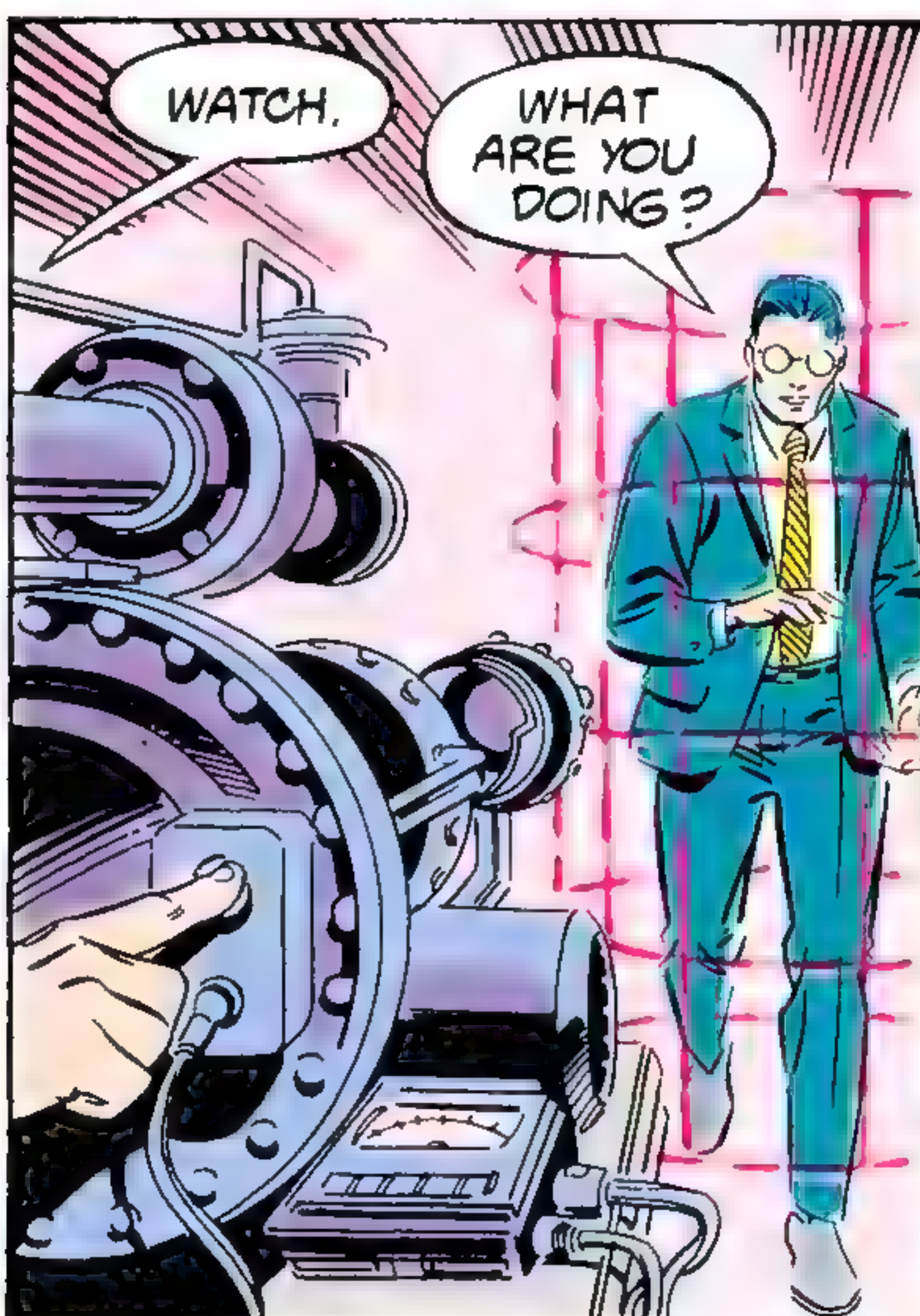
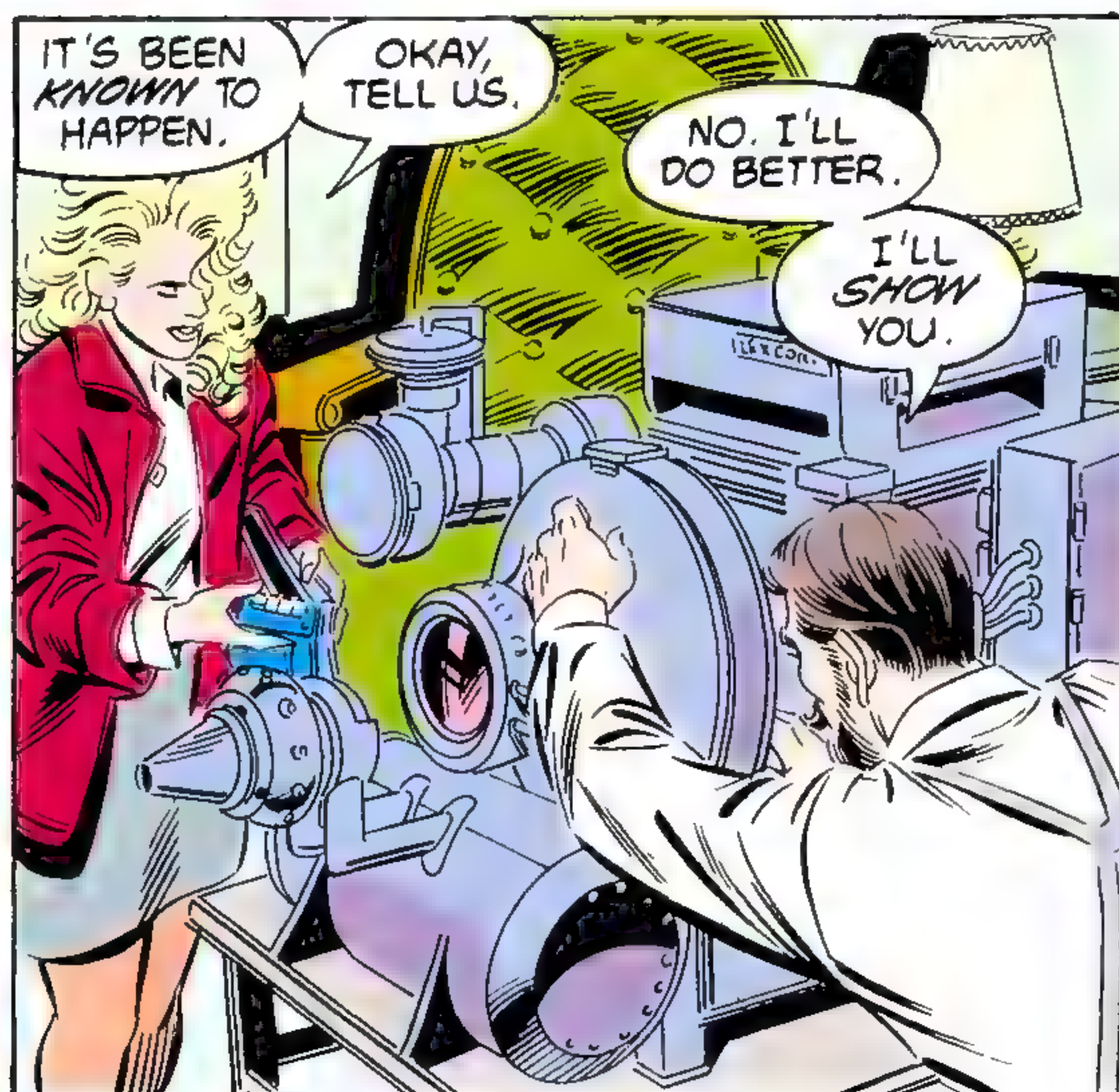
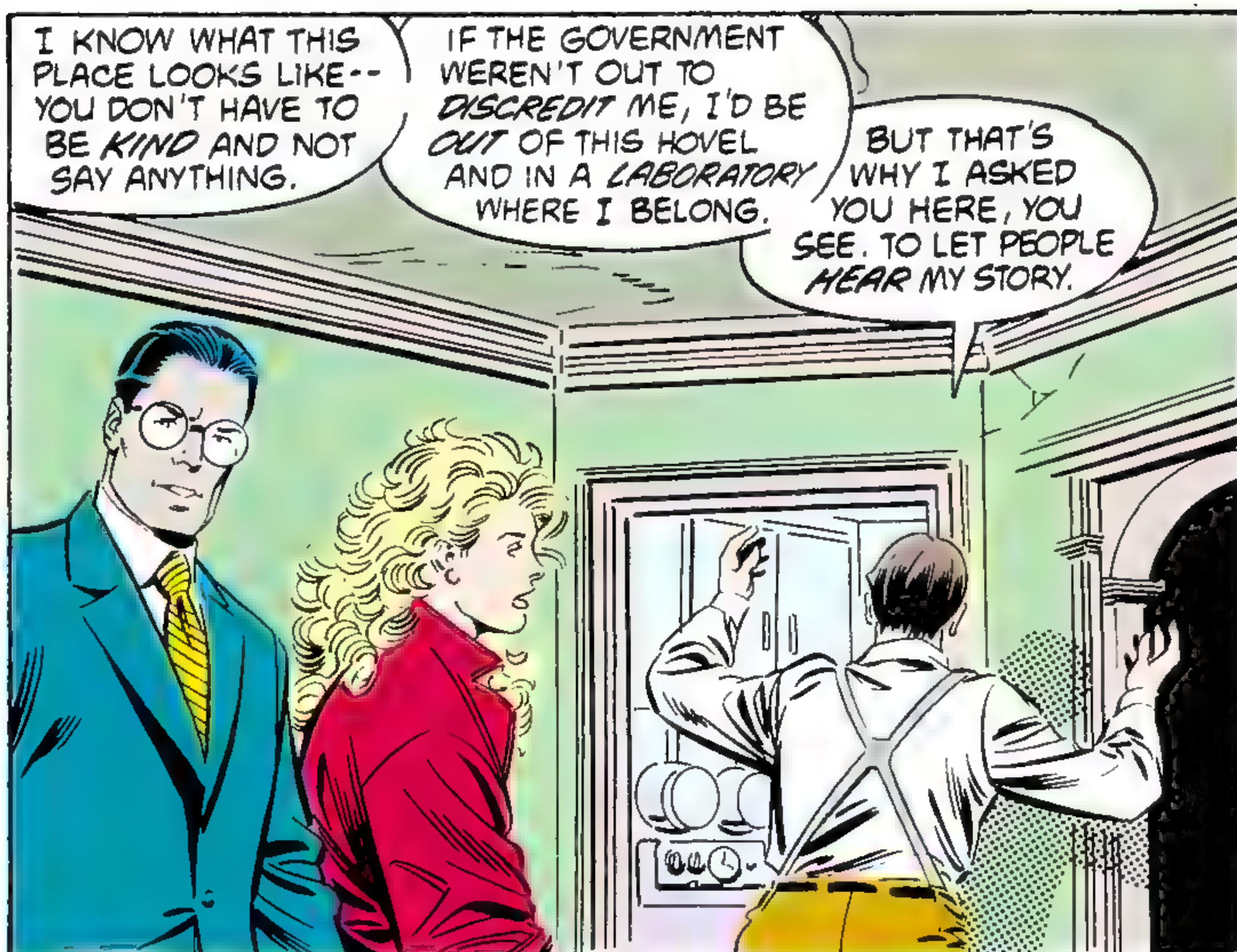


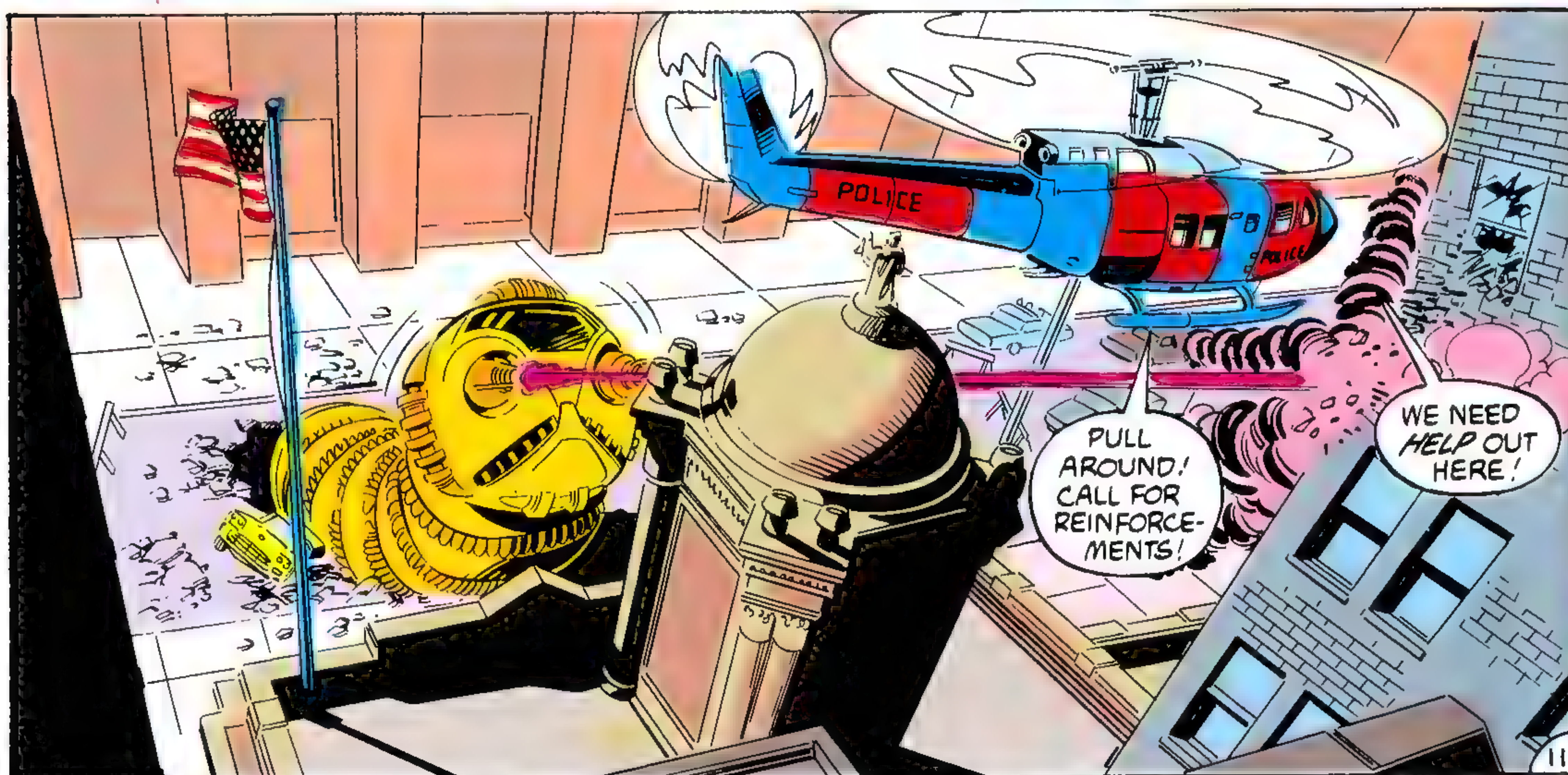
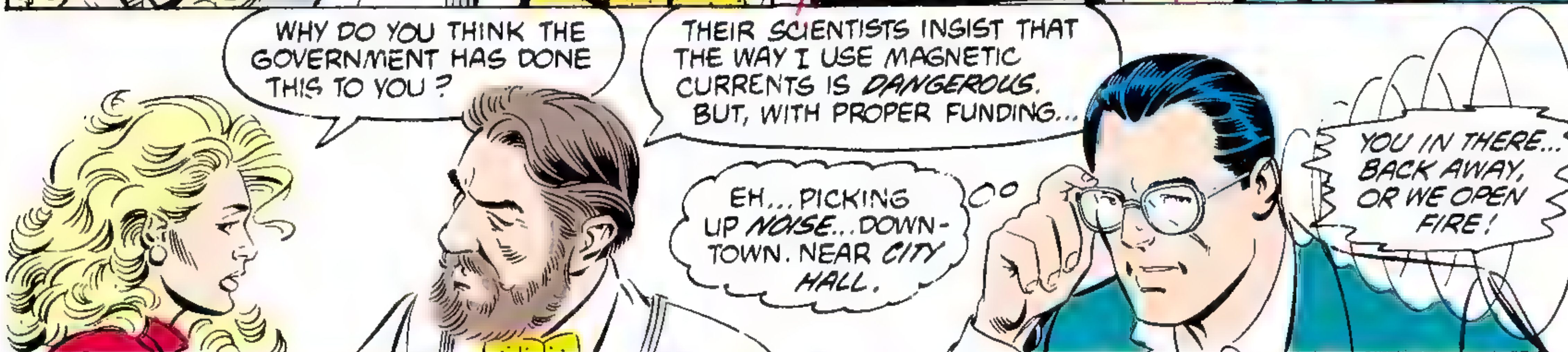
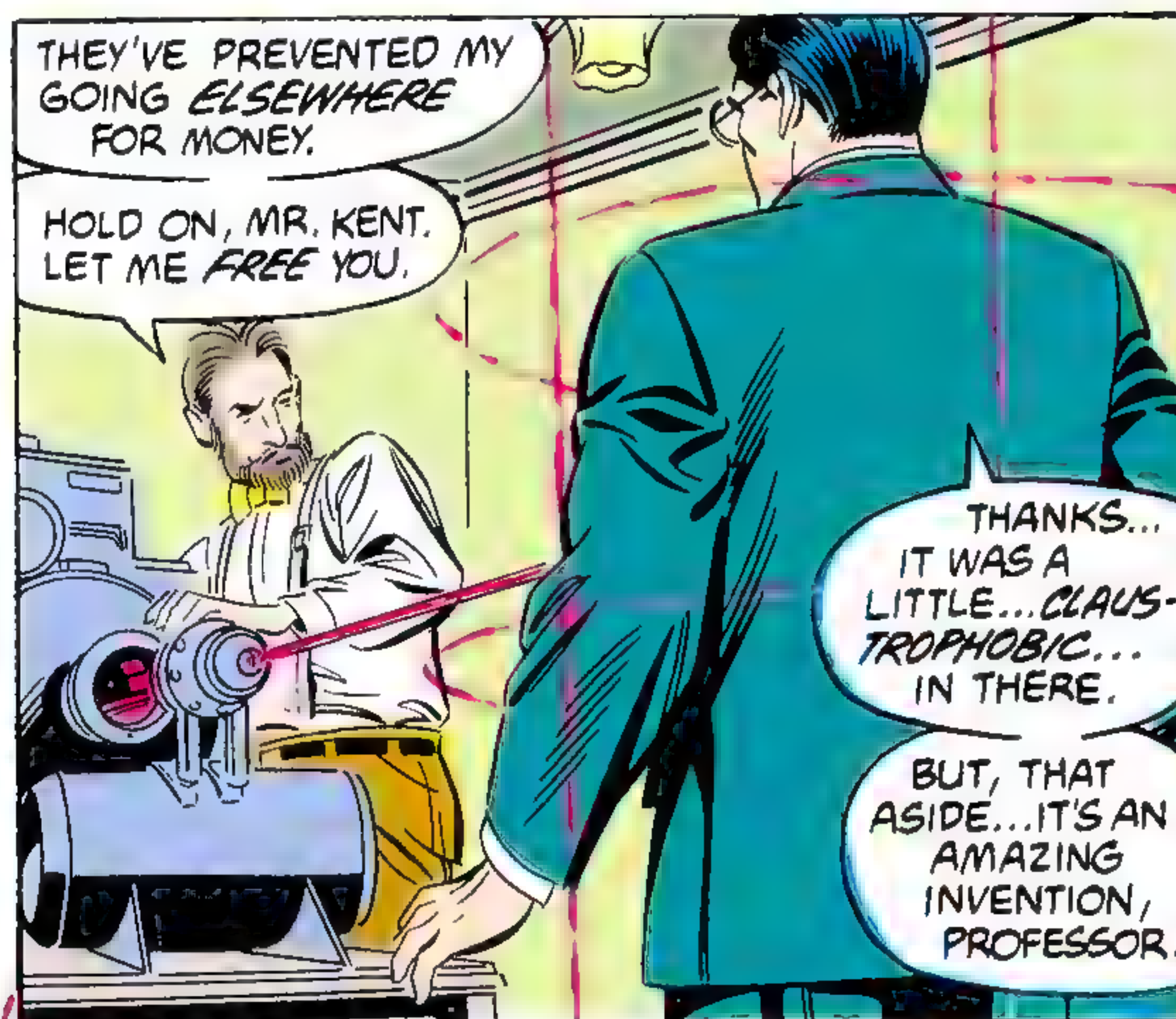
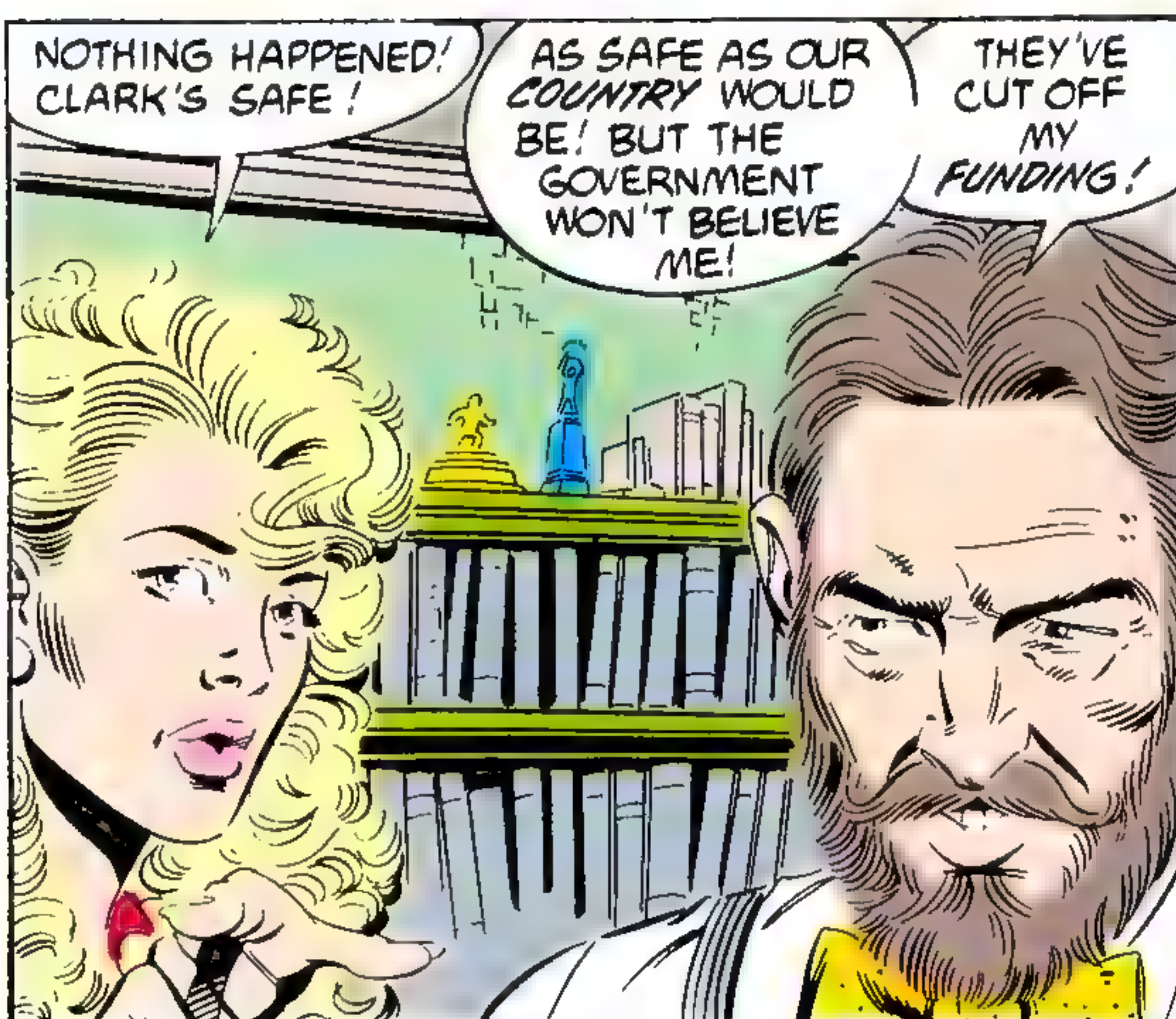
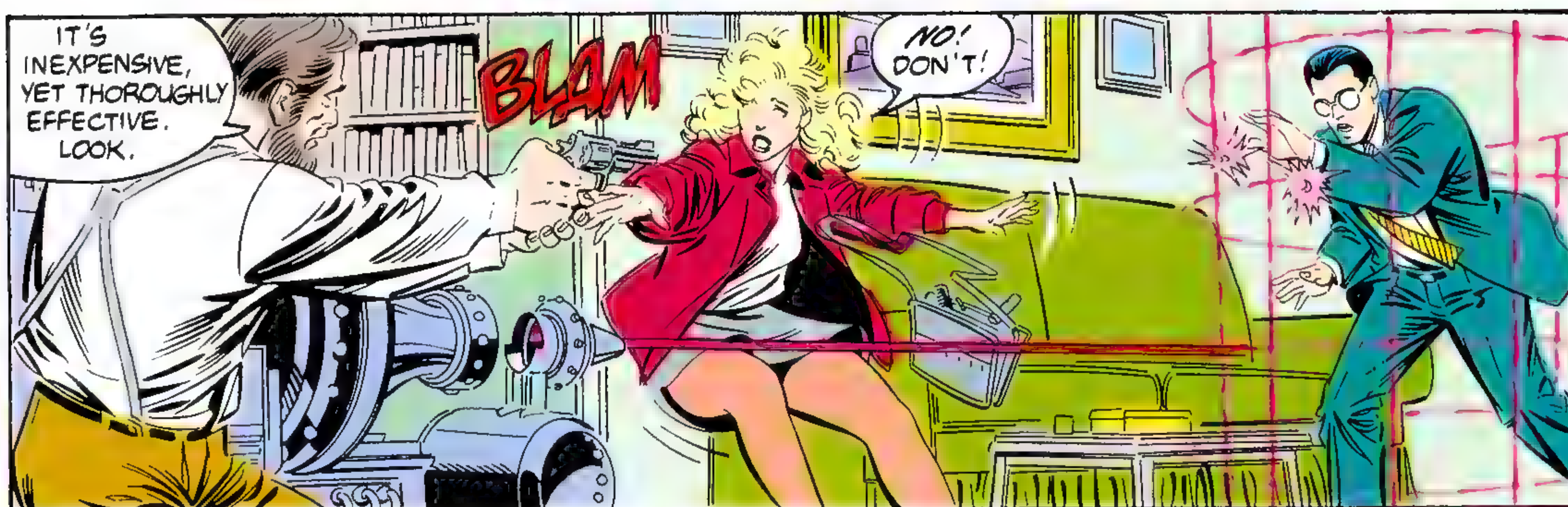


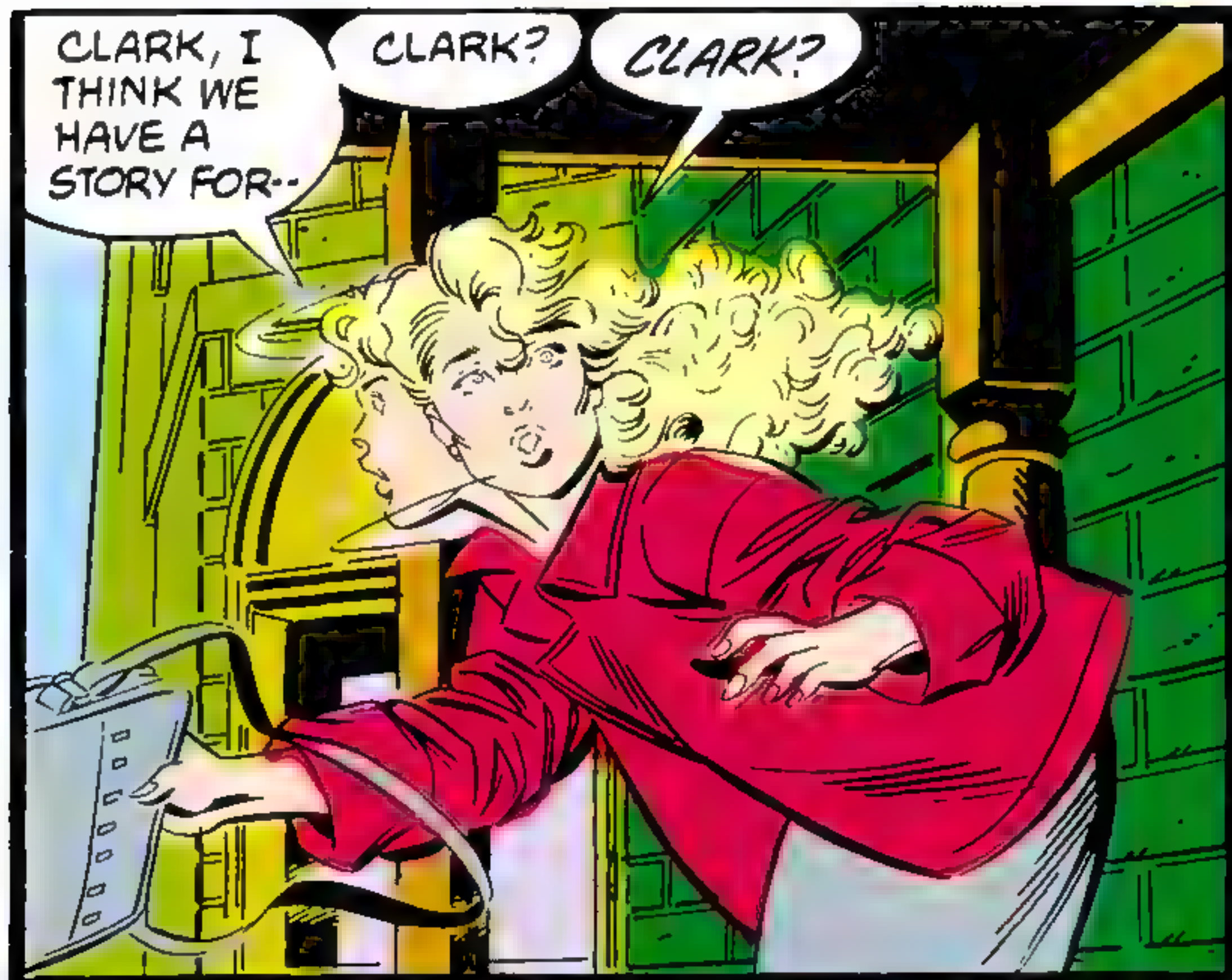












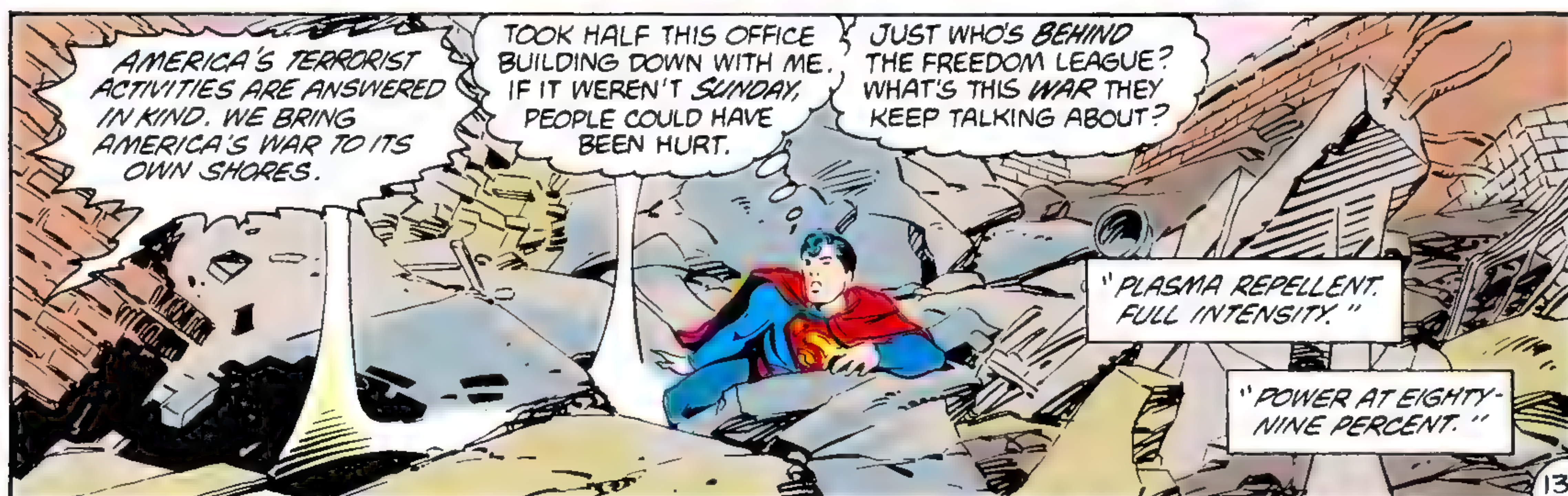
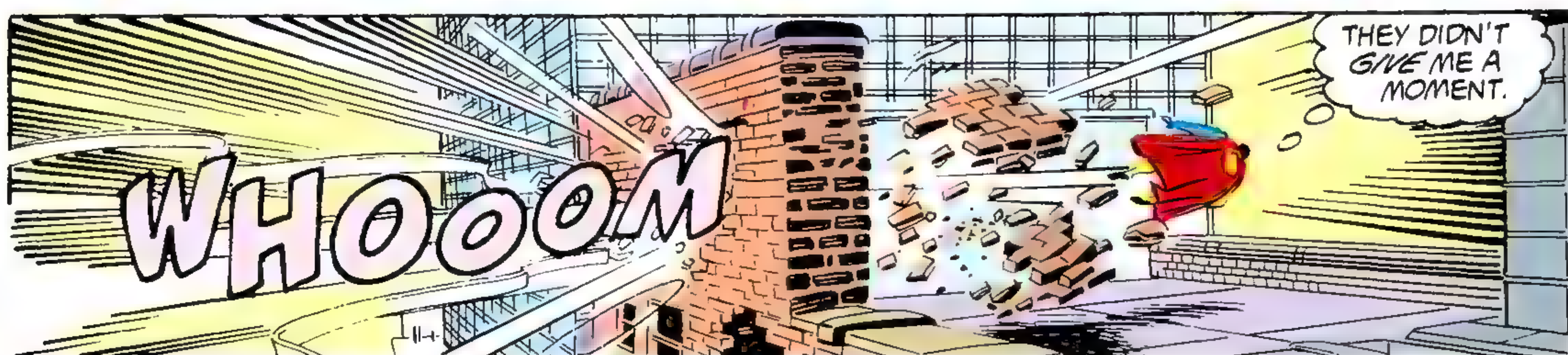
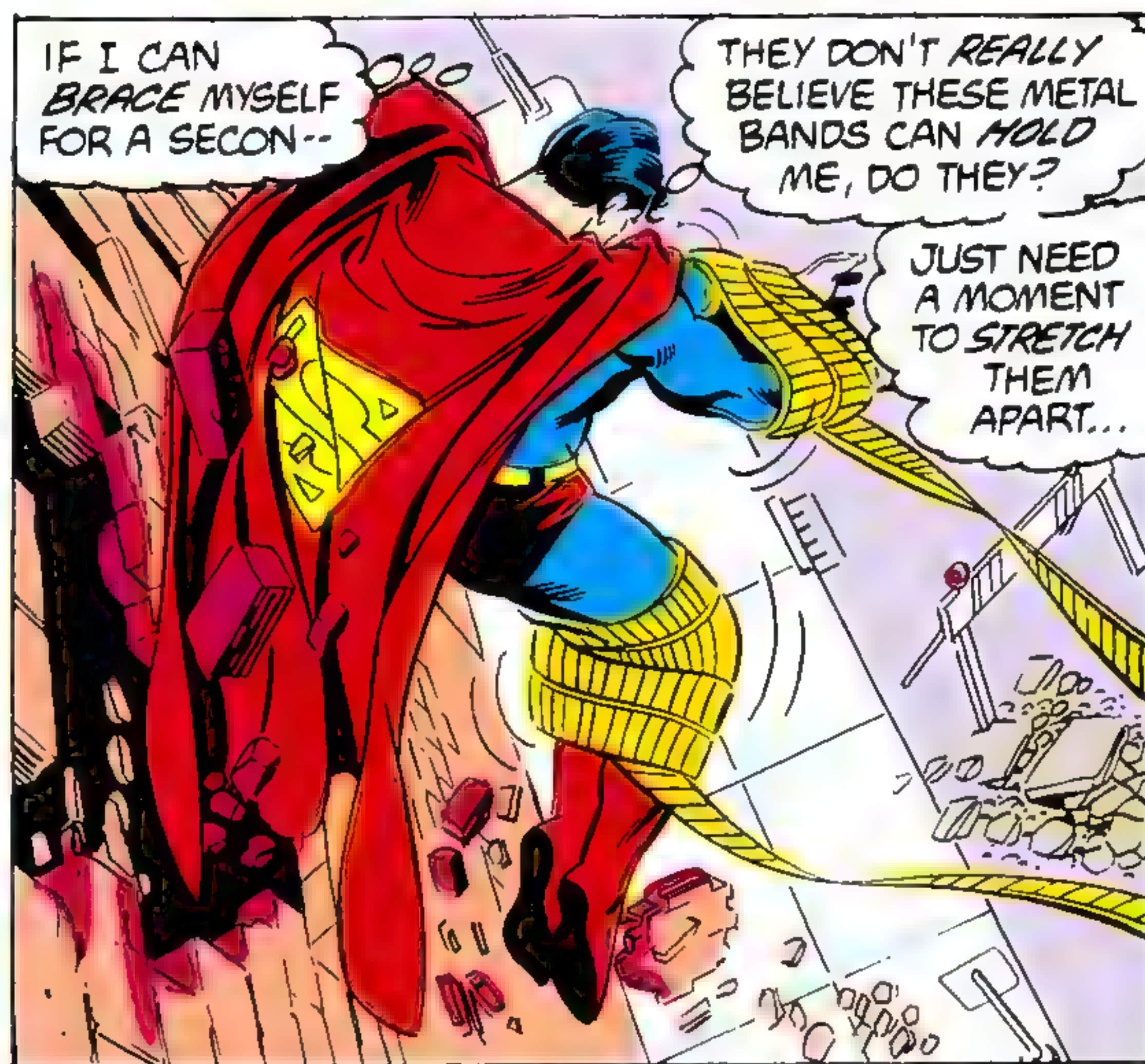
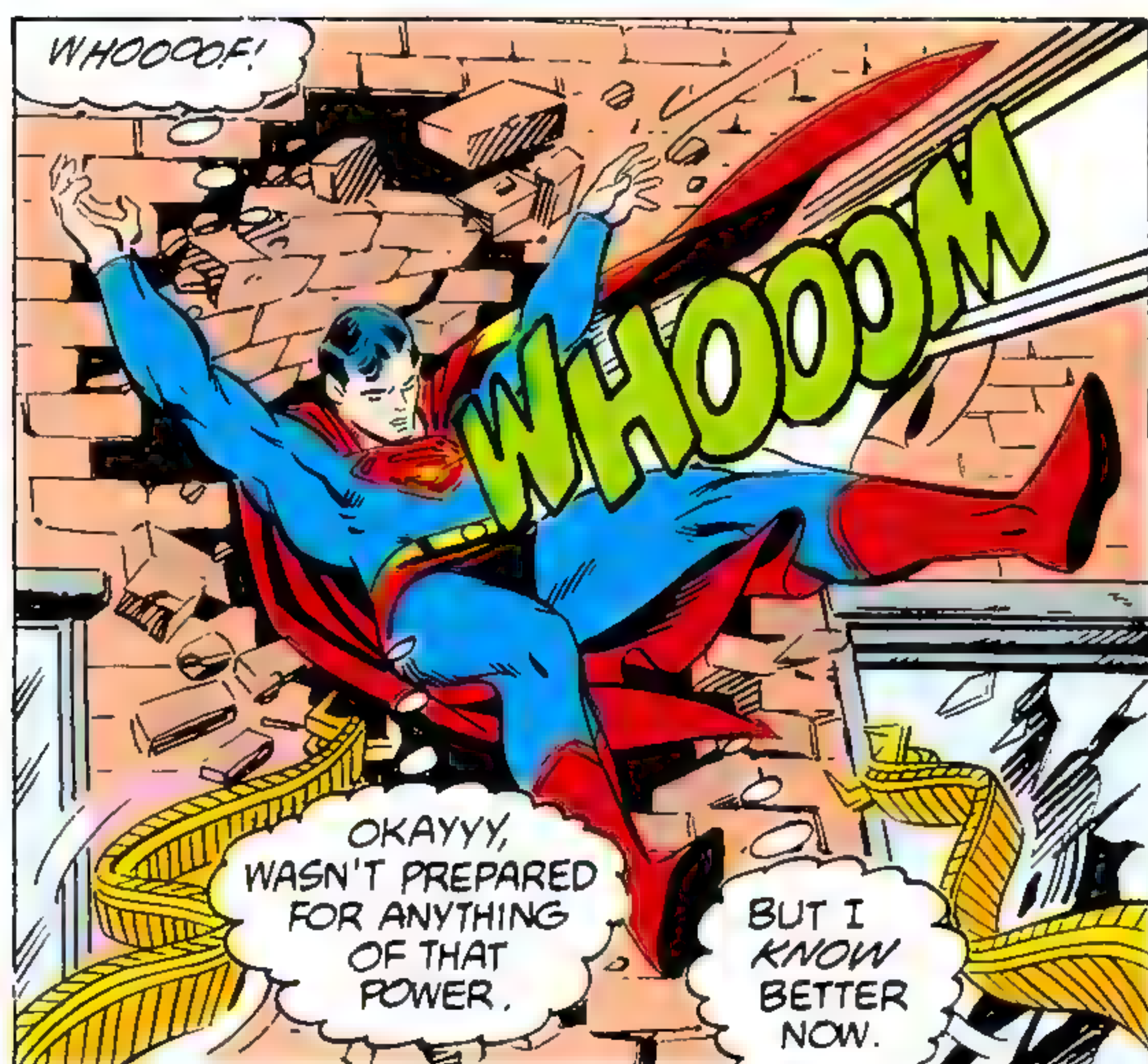
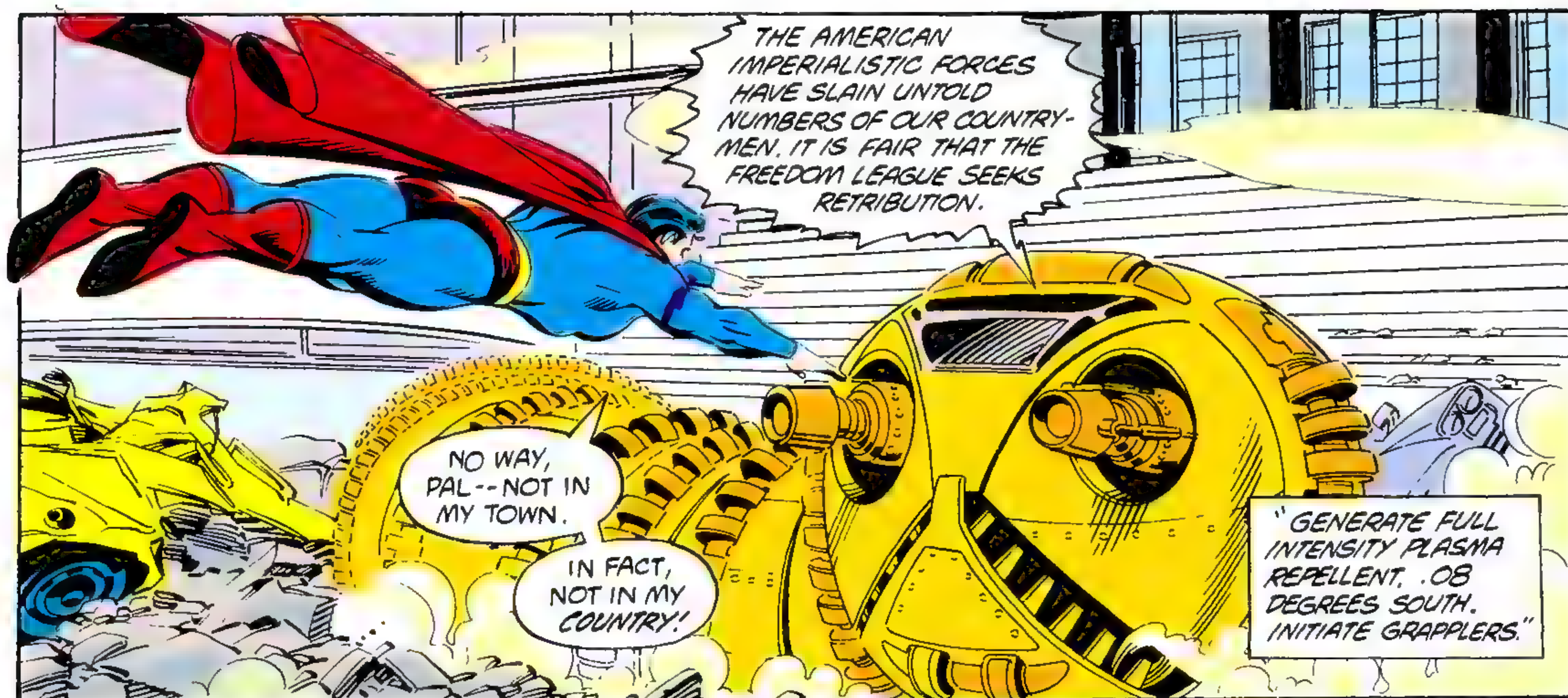
SOME KIND OF ROBOT IS ATTACKING CITY HALL! I'M PICKING UP SEVERAL HEART-BEATS FROM INSIDE, SO IT'S MANUALLY CONTROLLED. LEAD SHIELDING PREVENTS ME FROM TELLING WHO'S INSIDE.

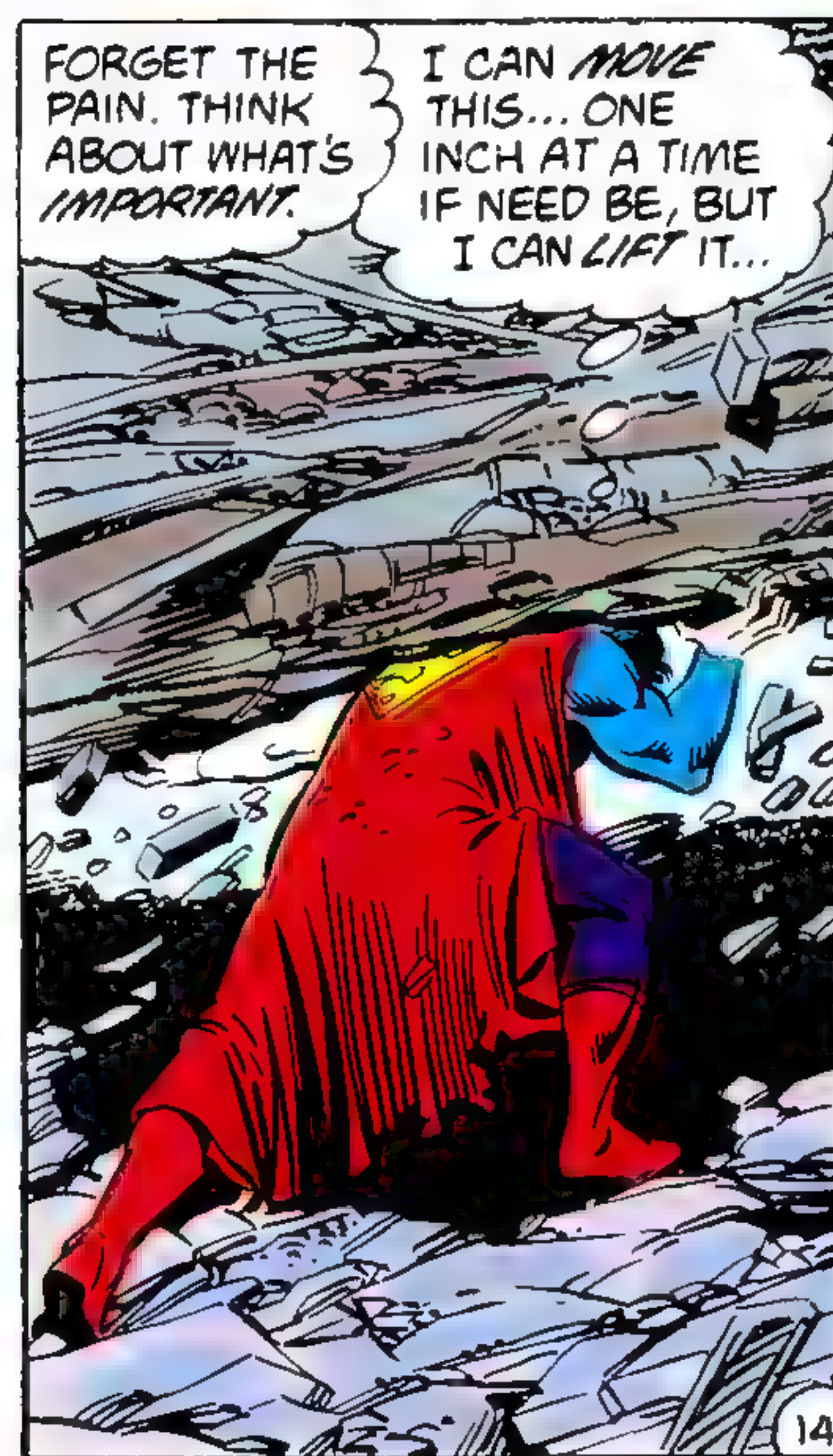
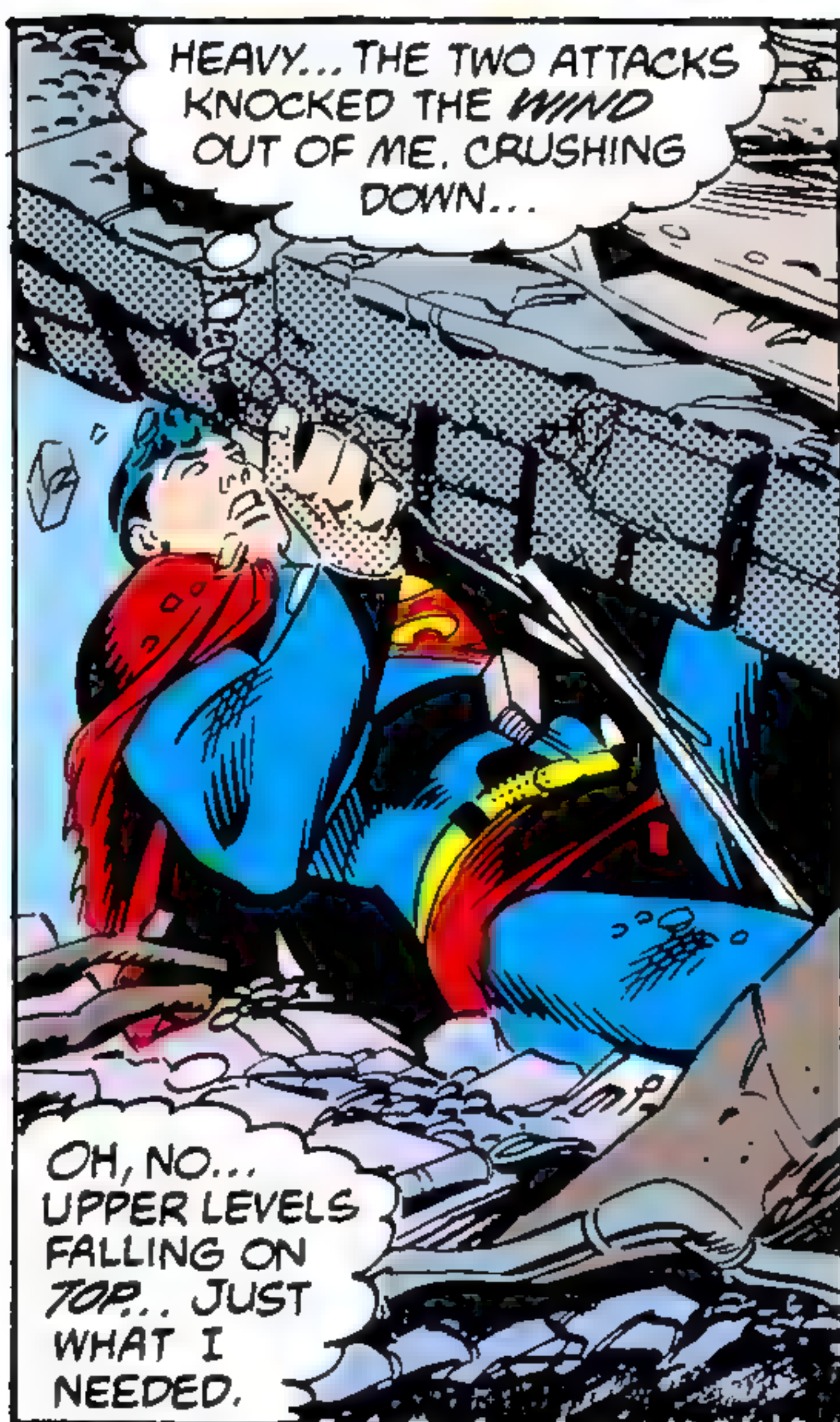
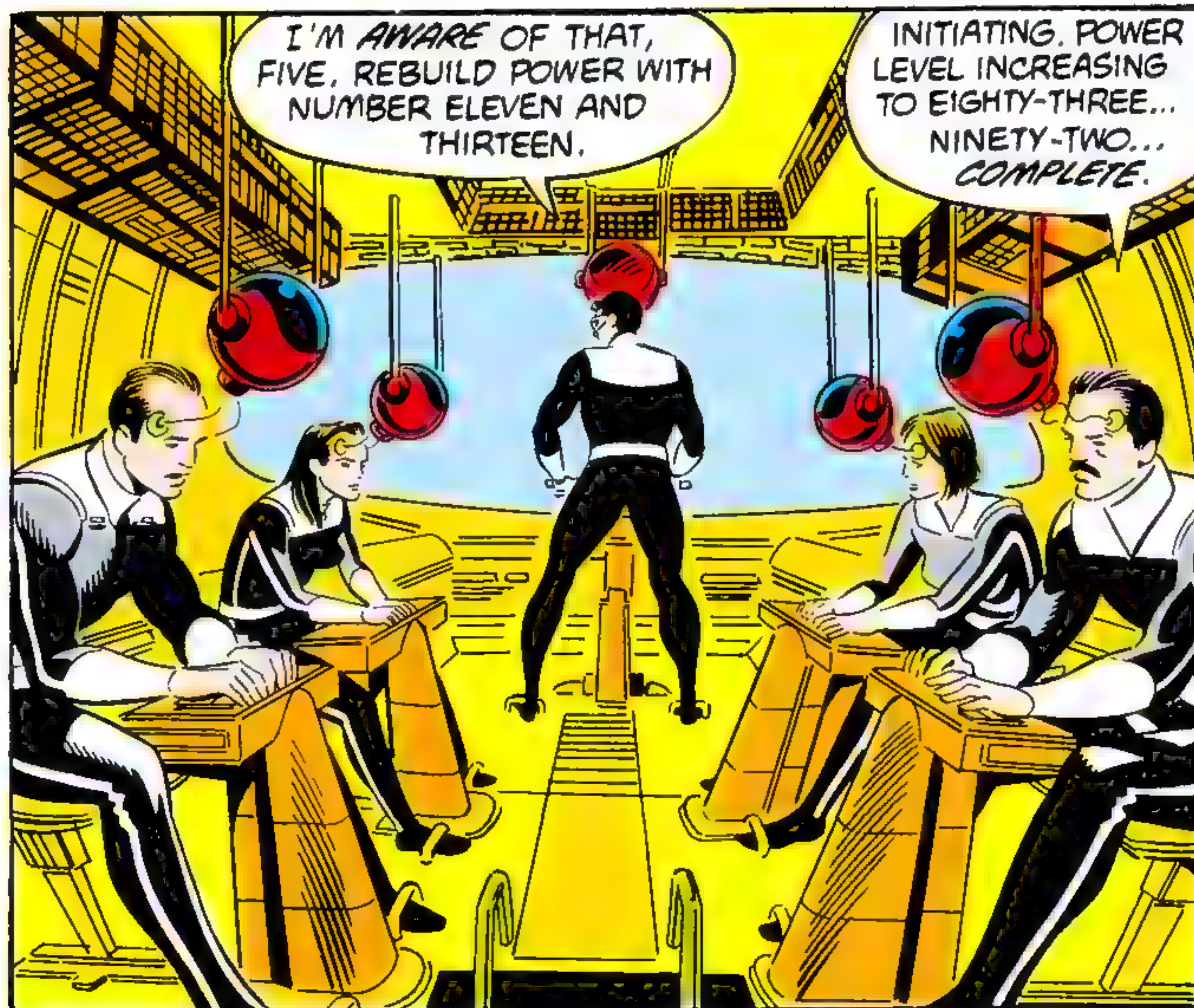
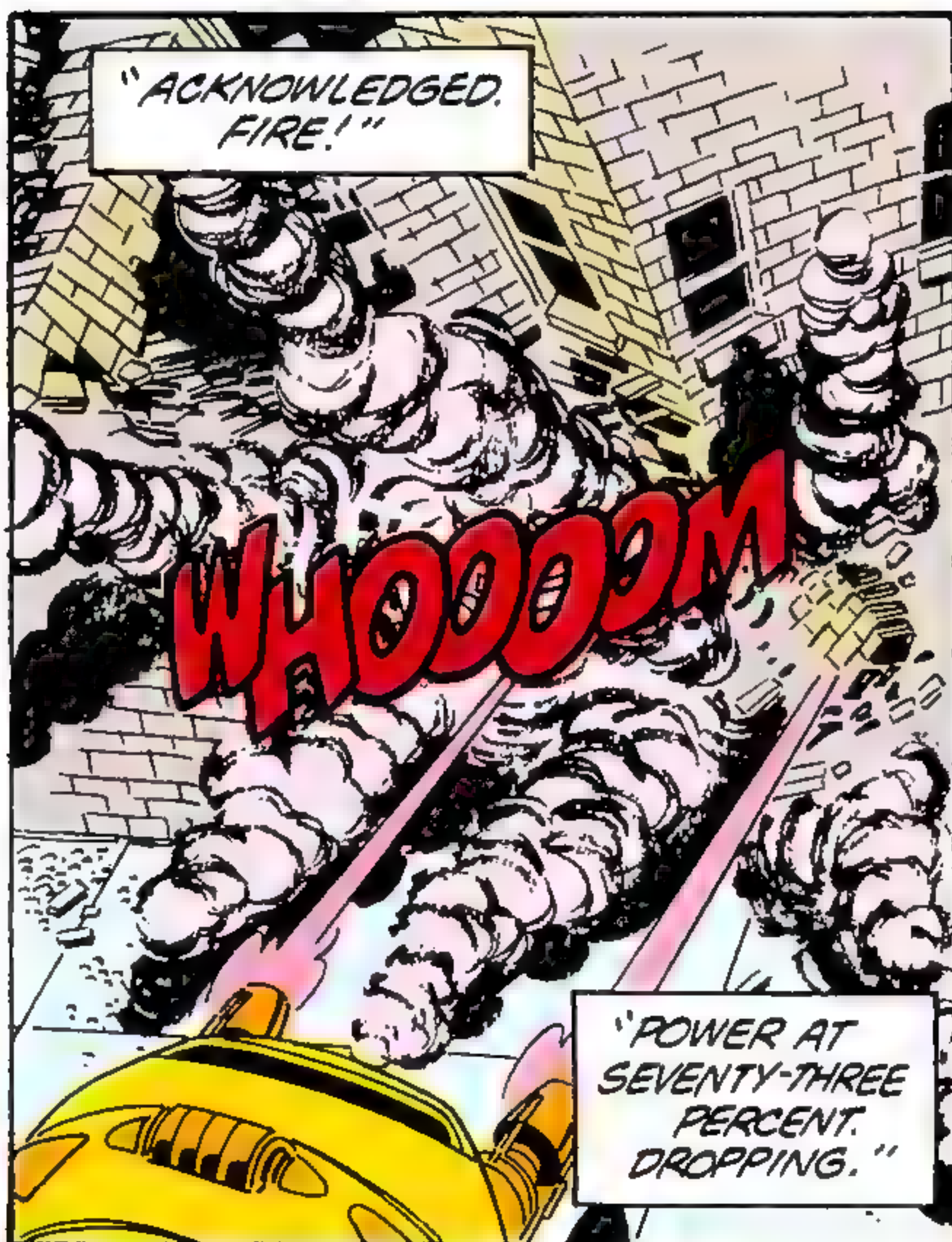
IF IT WERE CONTROLLED REMOTELY, I'D HAVE NO QUALMS ABOUT DESTROYING IT, BUT I CAN'T DO THAT NOW.

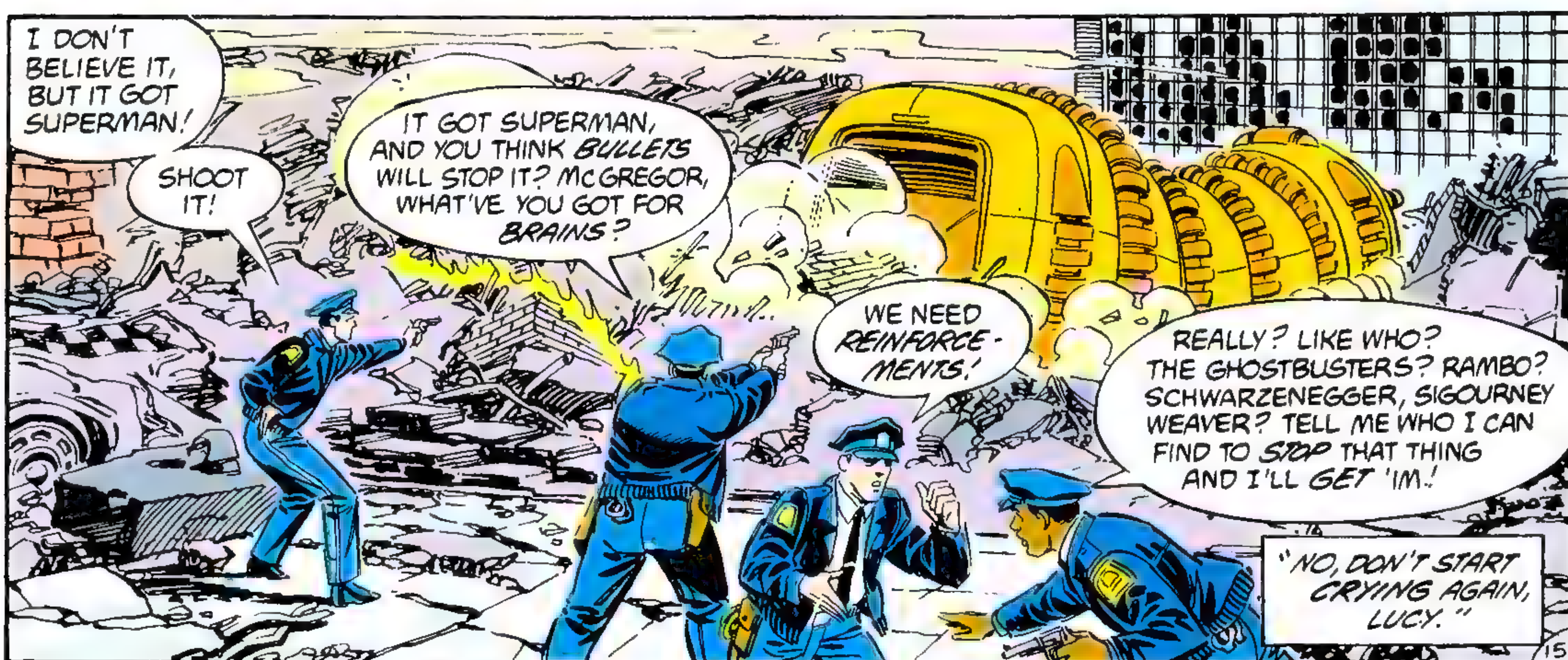
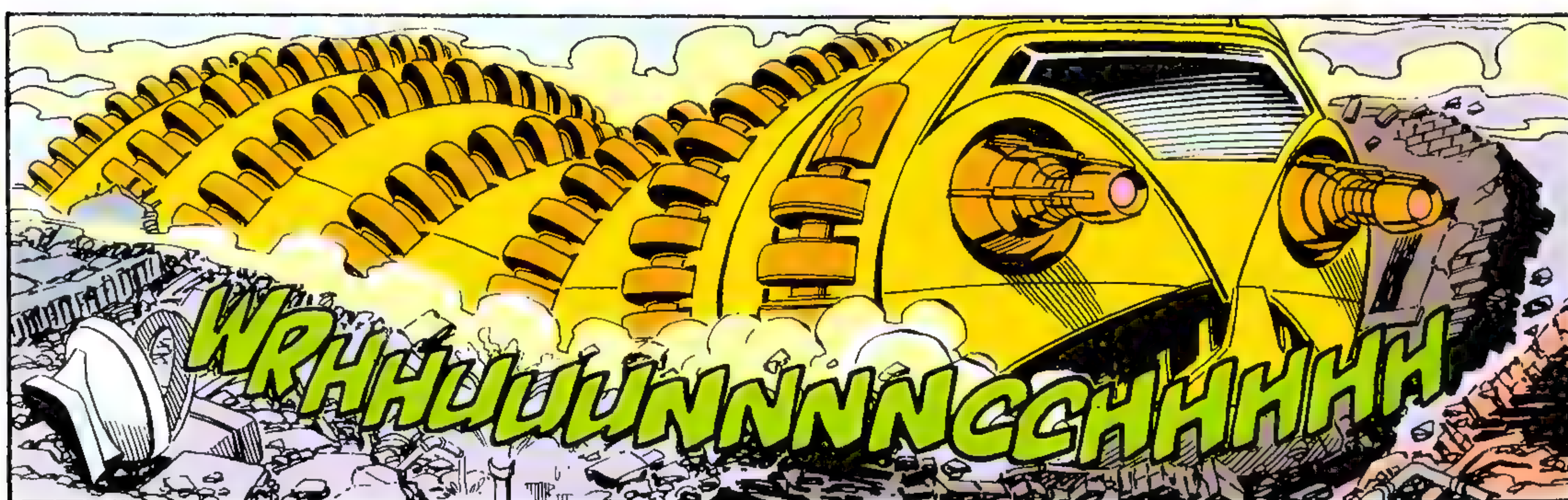
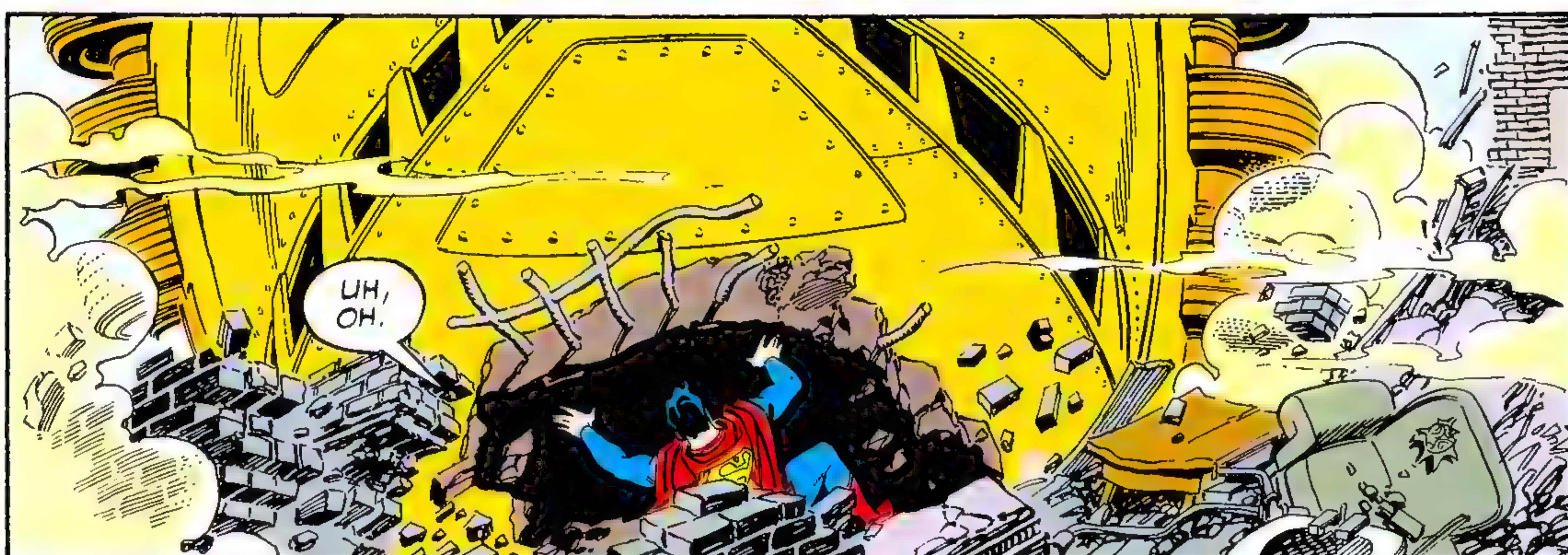
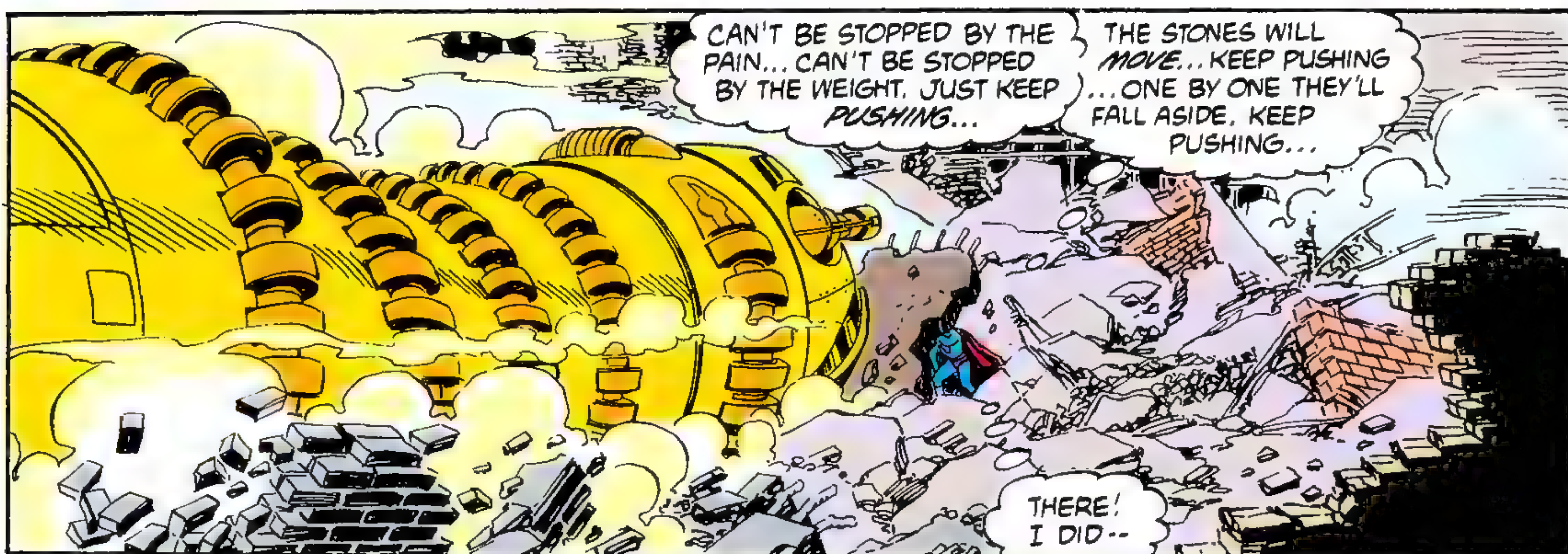


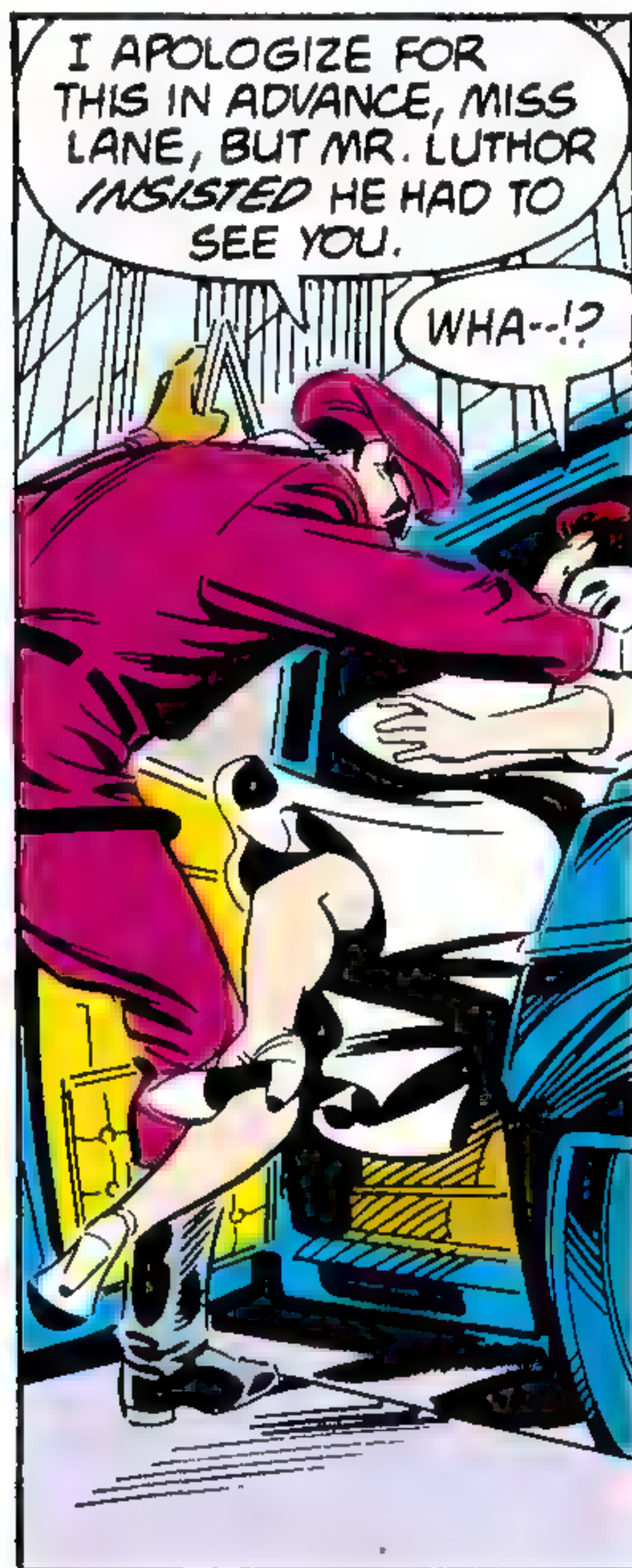
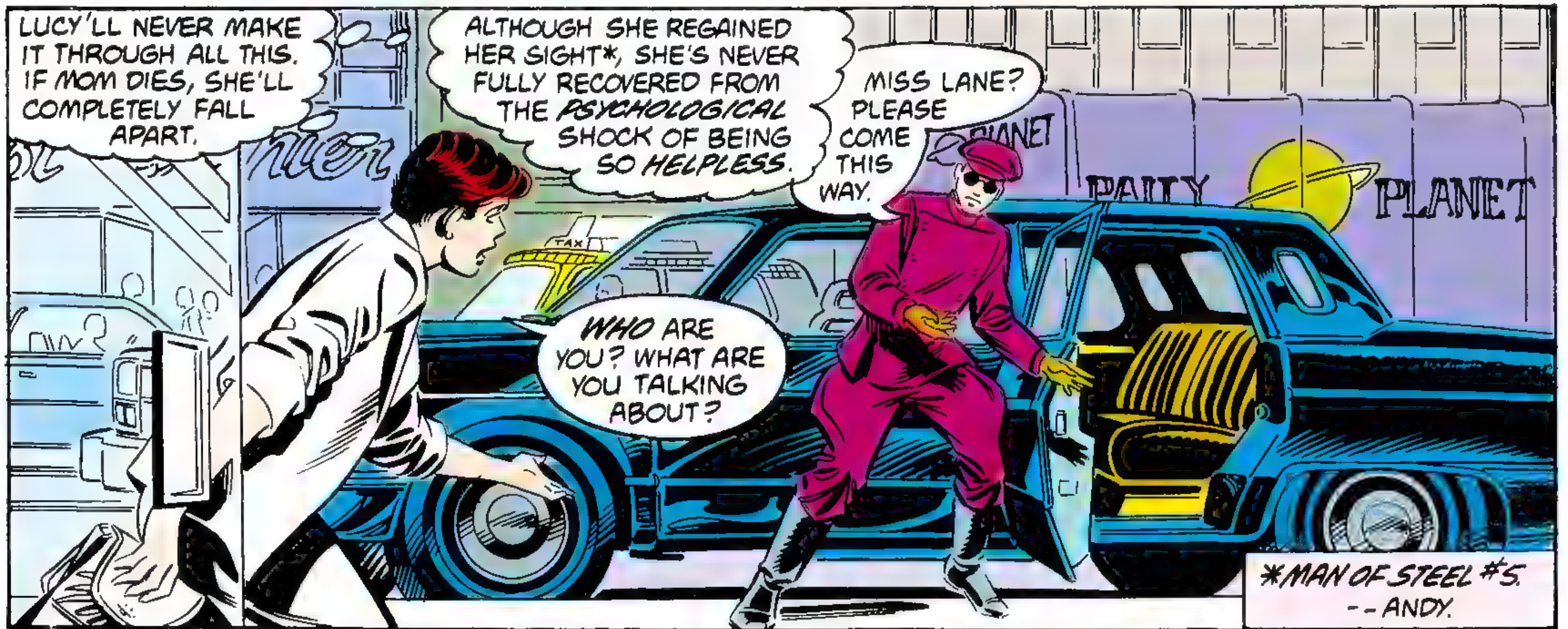
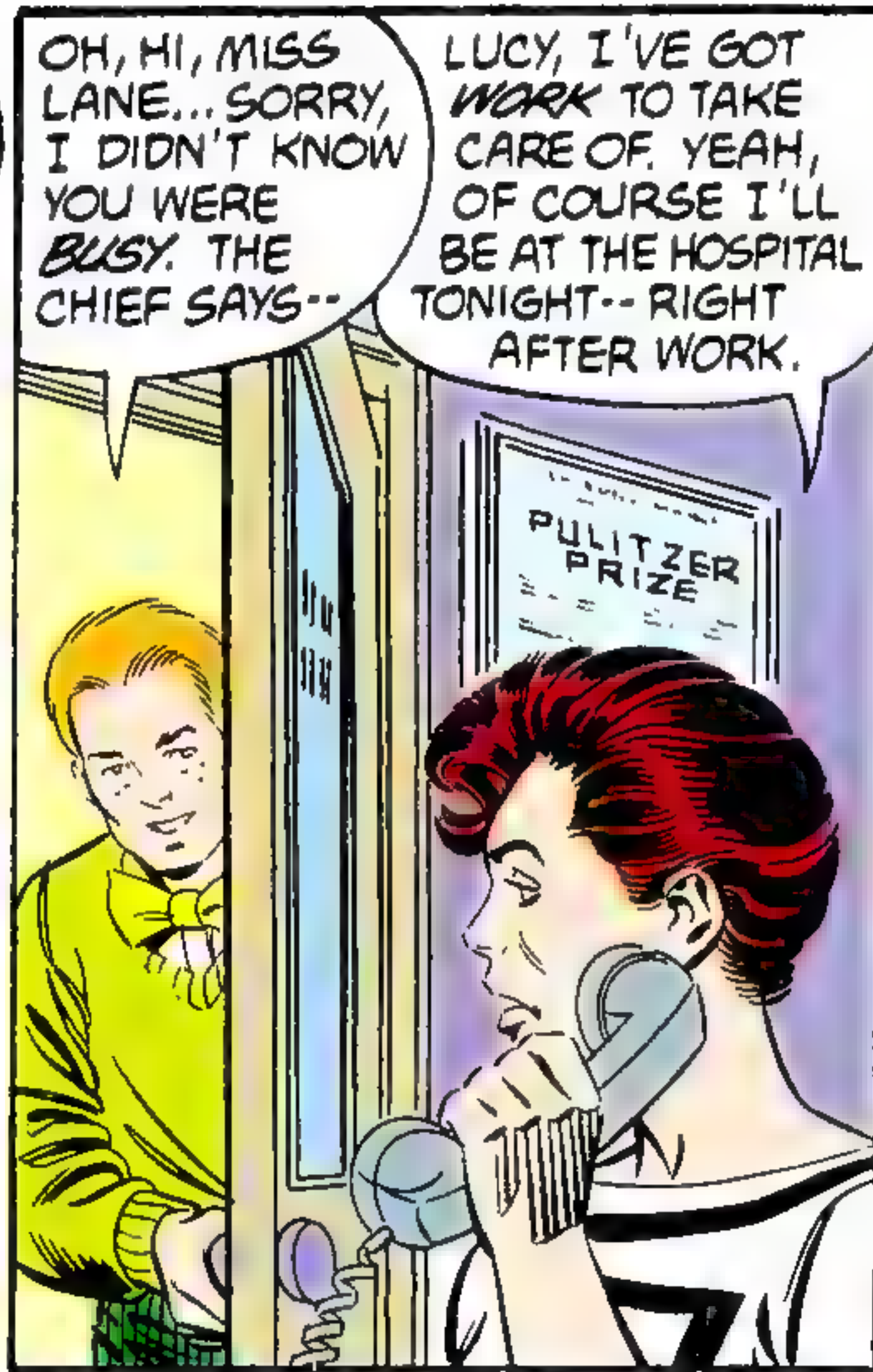
WONDER IF THIS IS WHAT DESTROYED THAT OFFICE BUILDING WE SAW? IT WOULD MAKE SENSE.

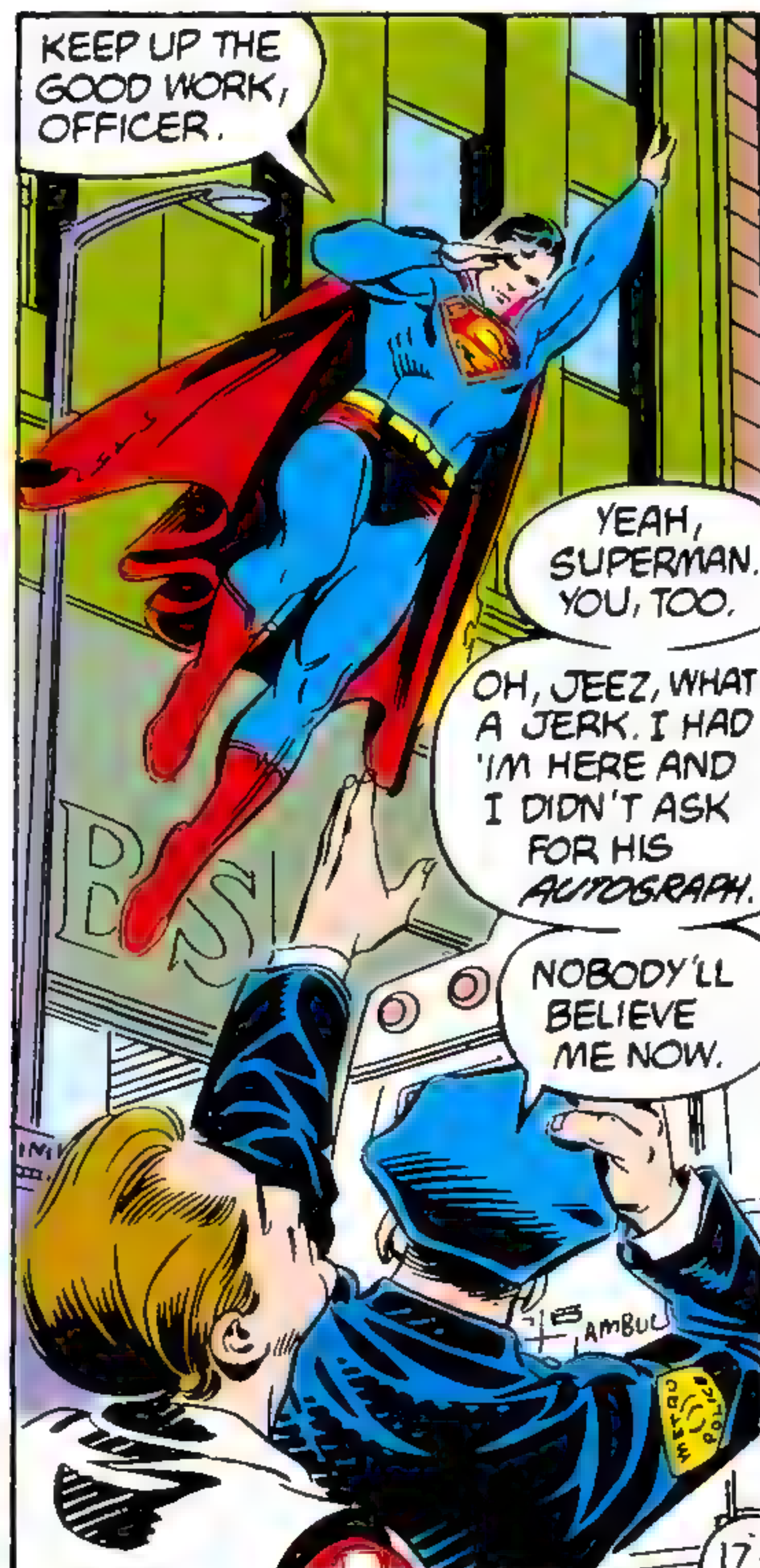
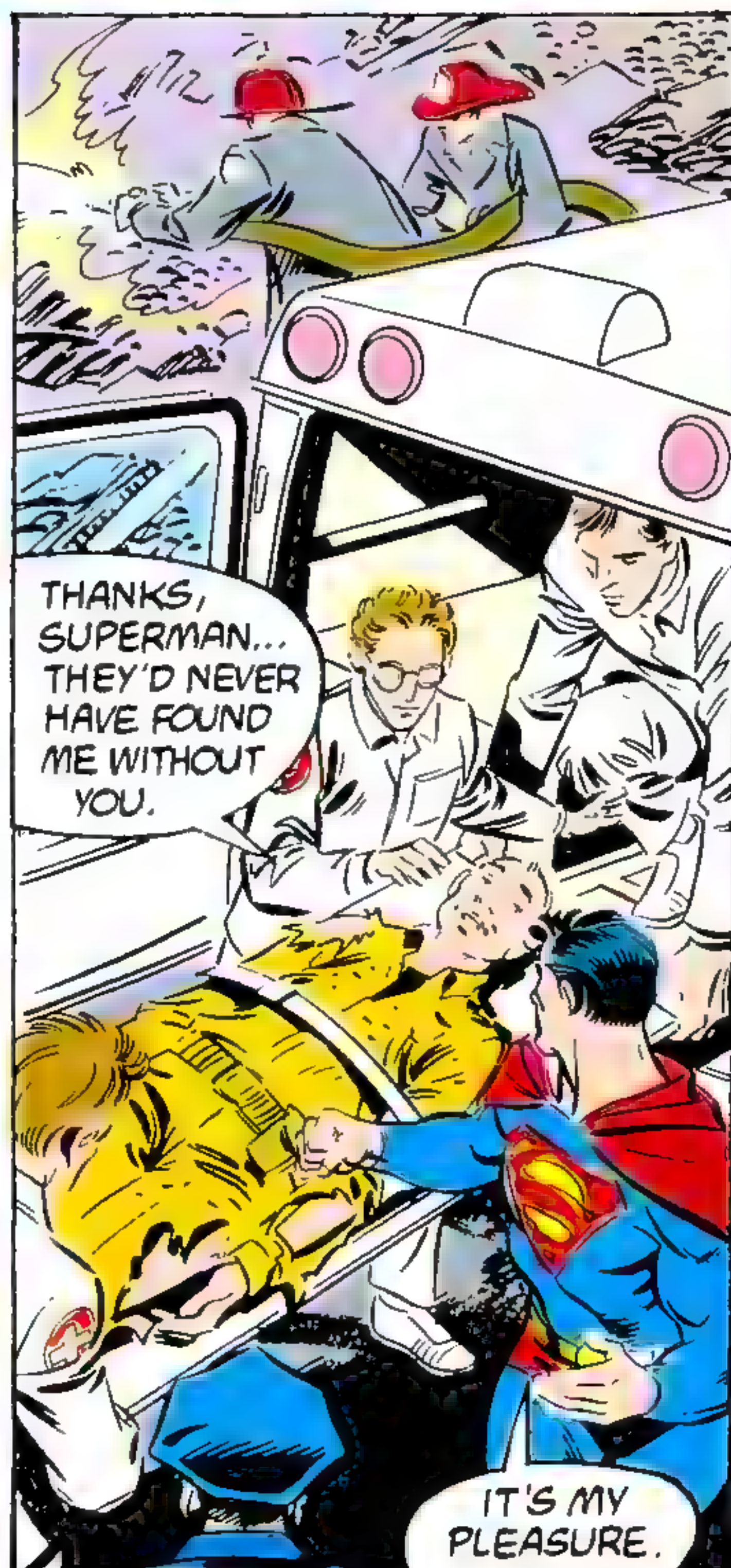
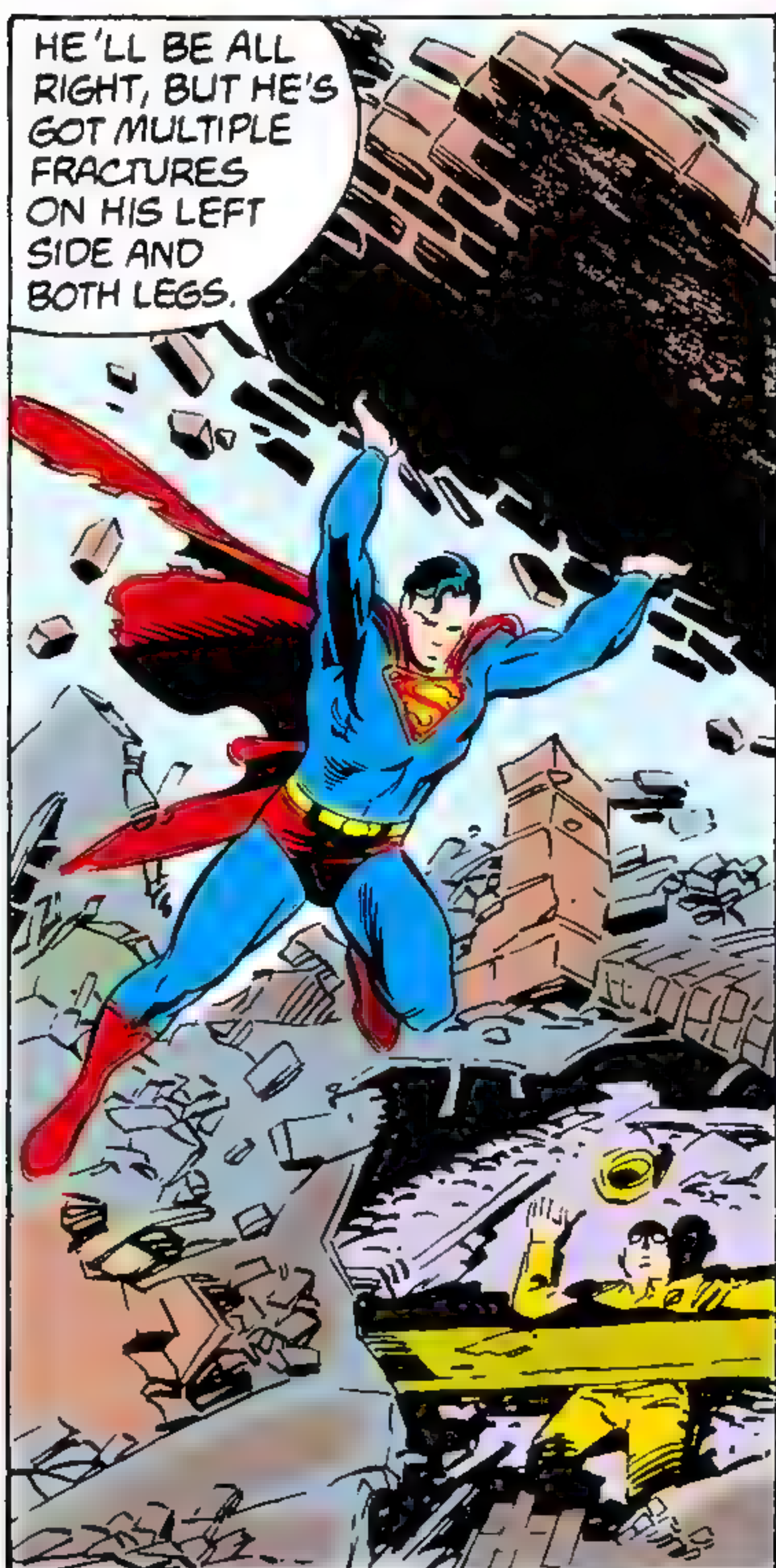
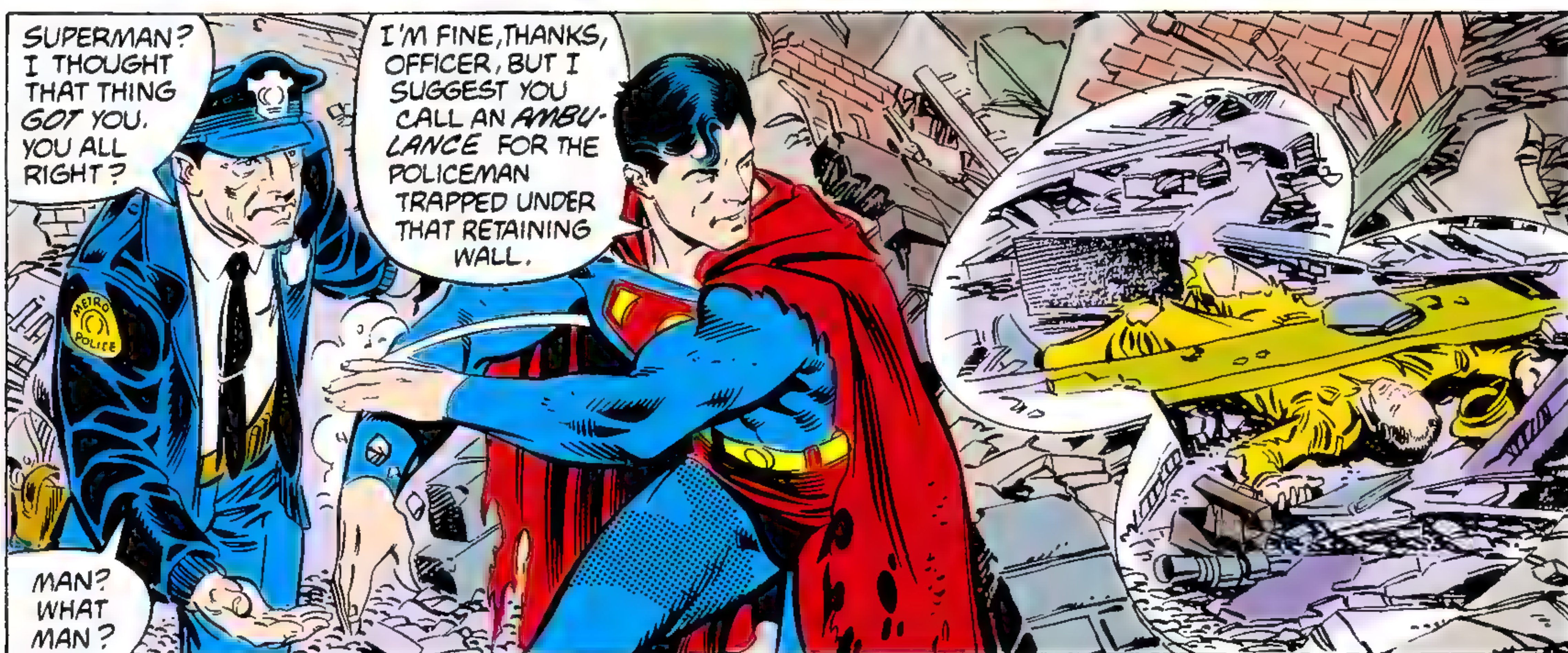
WELL, I CAN STOP SPECULATING. I'LL HAVE MY ANSWERS ONCE I OPEN UP THAT OVERSIZED SARDINE CAN!

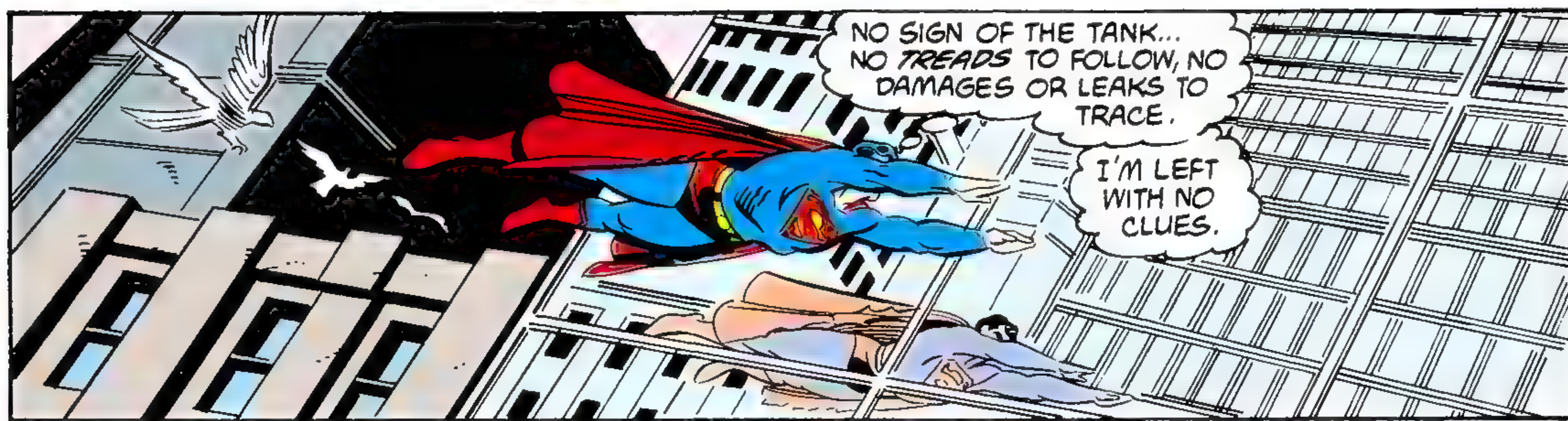












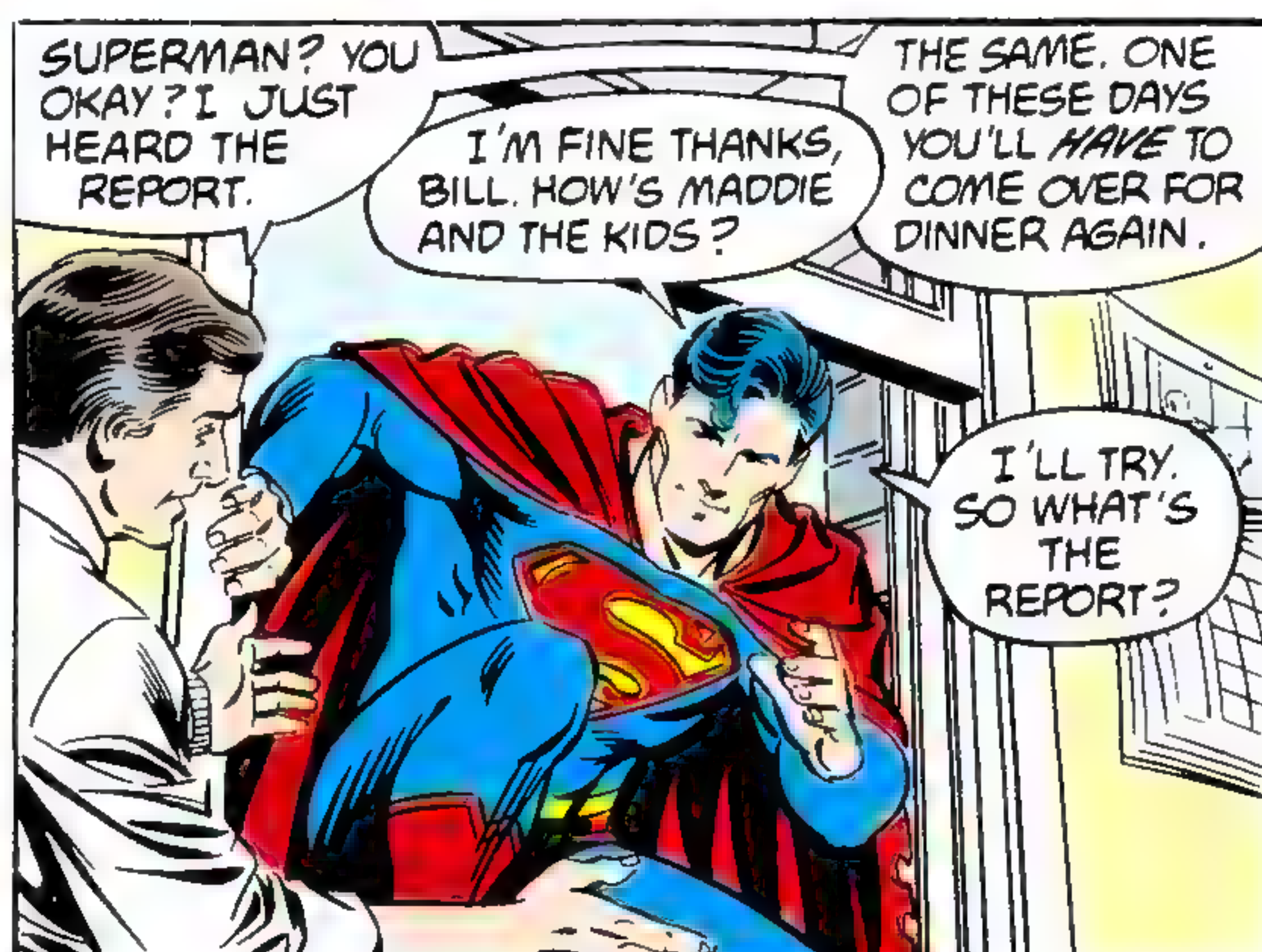
NO SIGN OF THE TANK...
NO TREADS TO FOLLOW, NO
DAMAGES OR LEAKS TO
TRACE.

I'M LEFT
WITH NO
CLUES.



BUT THE POLICE
MAY KNOW SOMETHING
I DON'T.

IT'S ABOUT
TIME TO
COMPARE
NOTES.



SUPERMAN? YOU
OKAY? I JUST
HEARD THE
REPORT.

I'M FINE THANKS,
BILL. HOW'S MADDIE
AND THE KIDS?

THE SAME. ONE
OF THESE DAYS
YOU'LL HAVE TO
COME OVER FOR
DINNER AGAIN.

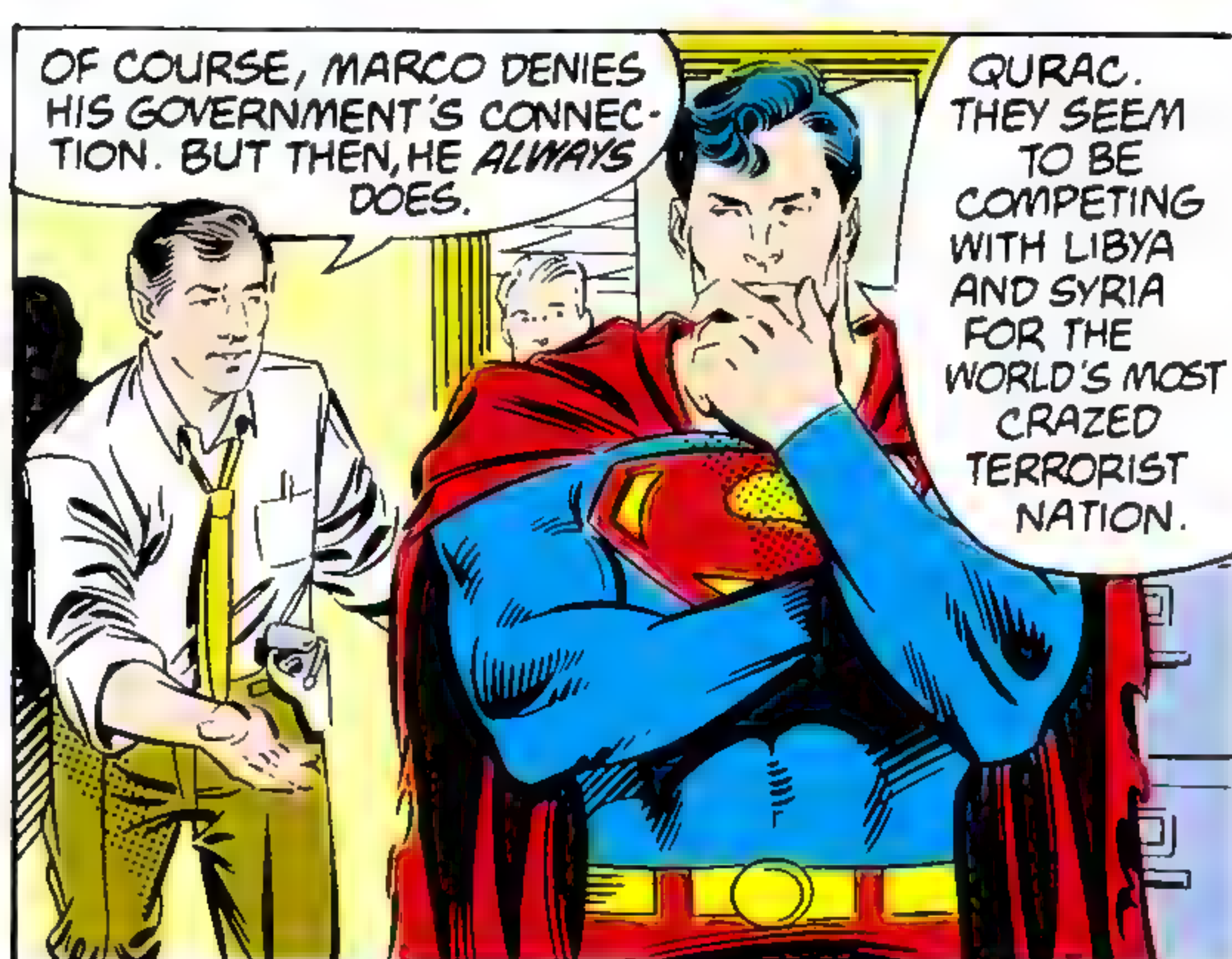
I'LL TRY.
SO WHAT'S
THE
REPORT?



WE'VE HEARD
FROM THE
STATE
DEPARTMENT,
AND THEY FEEL
WE'RE DEALING
WITH QURAC
TERRORISTS.

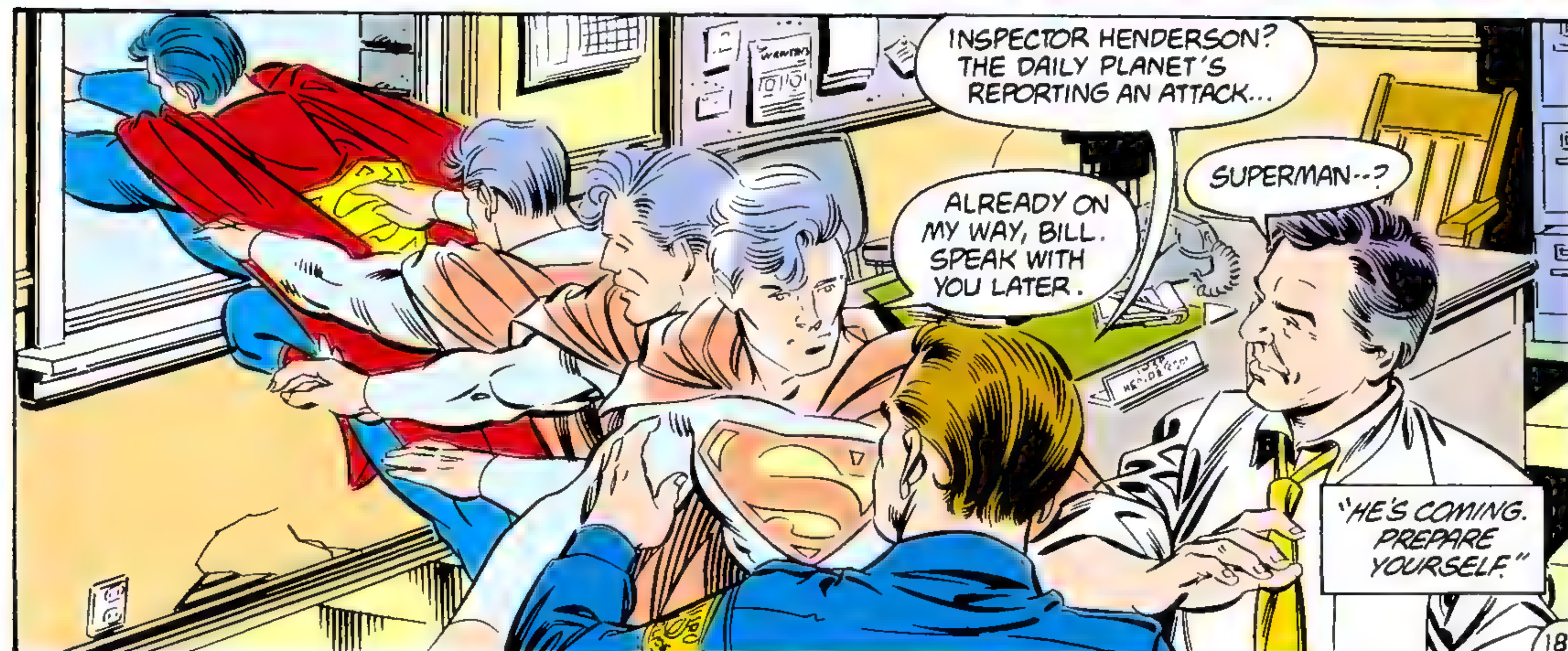
THEY'VE
STEPPED UP
THEIR ATTACKS
SINCE THE
PROMETHIUM
INCIDENT A FEW
WEEKS BACK.*

*TEEN TITANS
SPOTLIGHT #3-6
-- ANDY



OF COURSE, MARCO DENIES
HIS GOVERNMENT'S CONNEC-
TION. BUT THEN, HE ALWAYS
DOES.

QURAC.
THEY SEEM
TO BE
COMPETING
WITH LIBYA
AND SYRIA
FOR THE
WORLD'S MOST
CRAZED
TERRORIST
NATION.

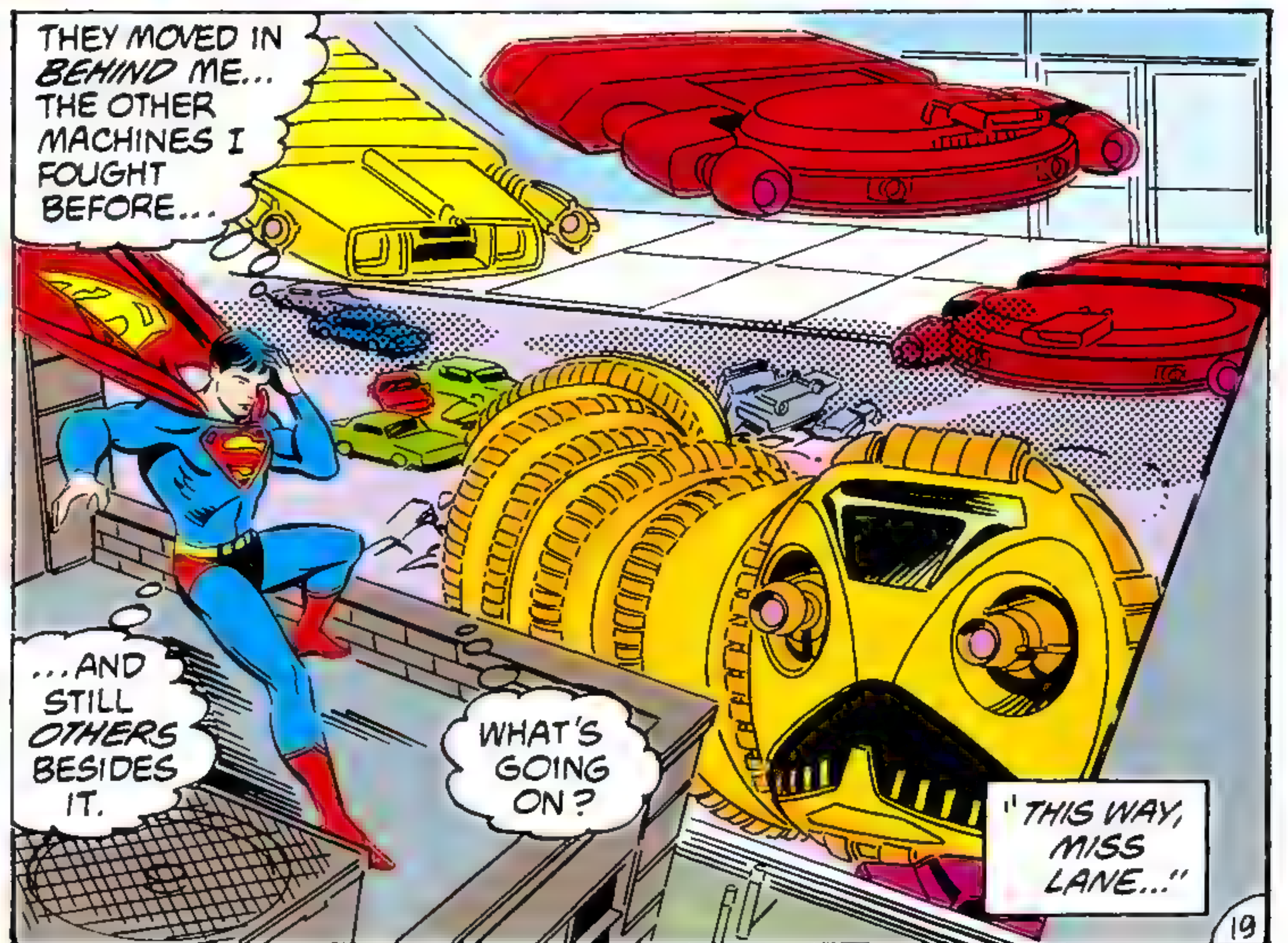
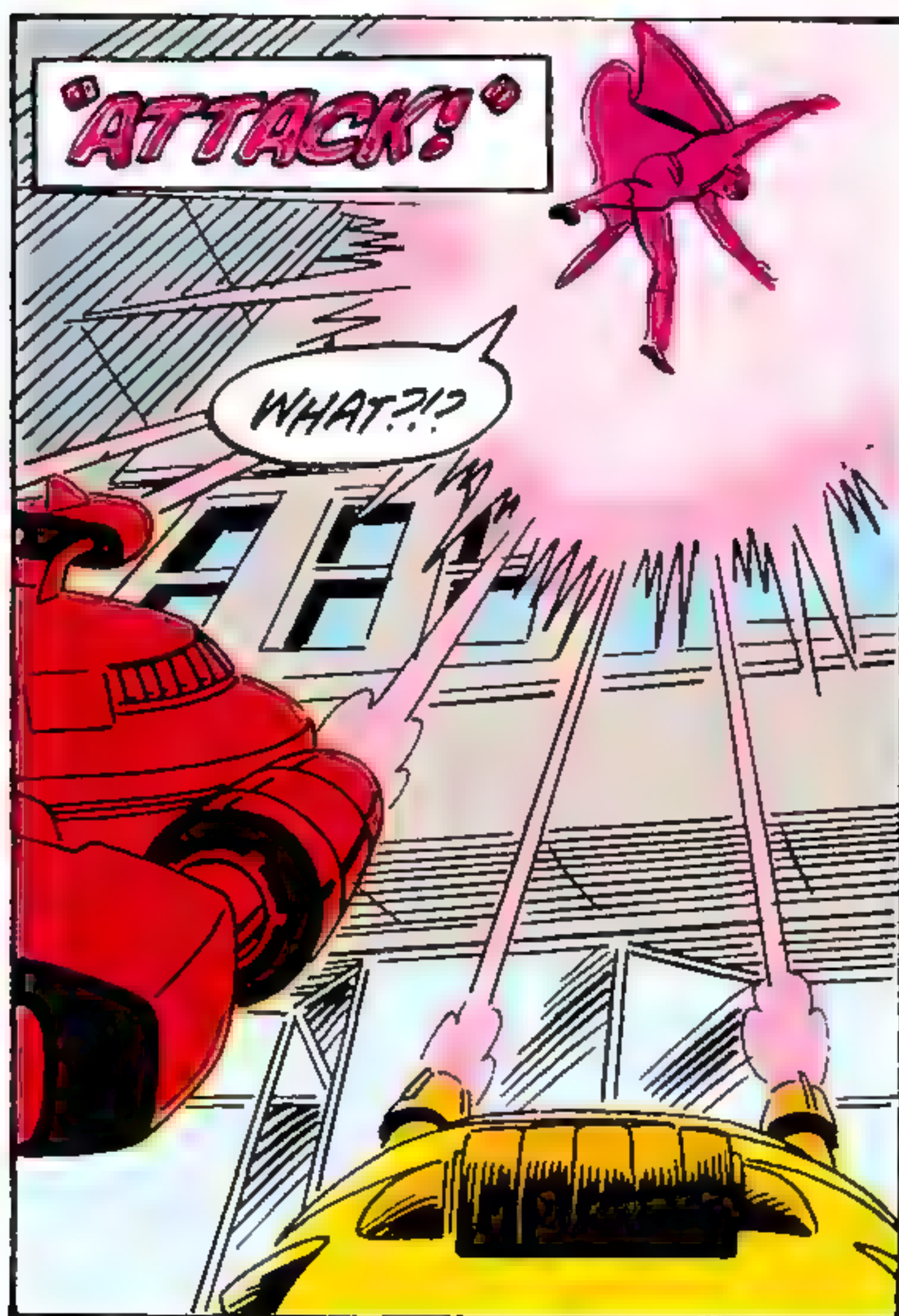
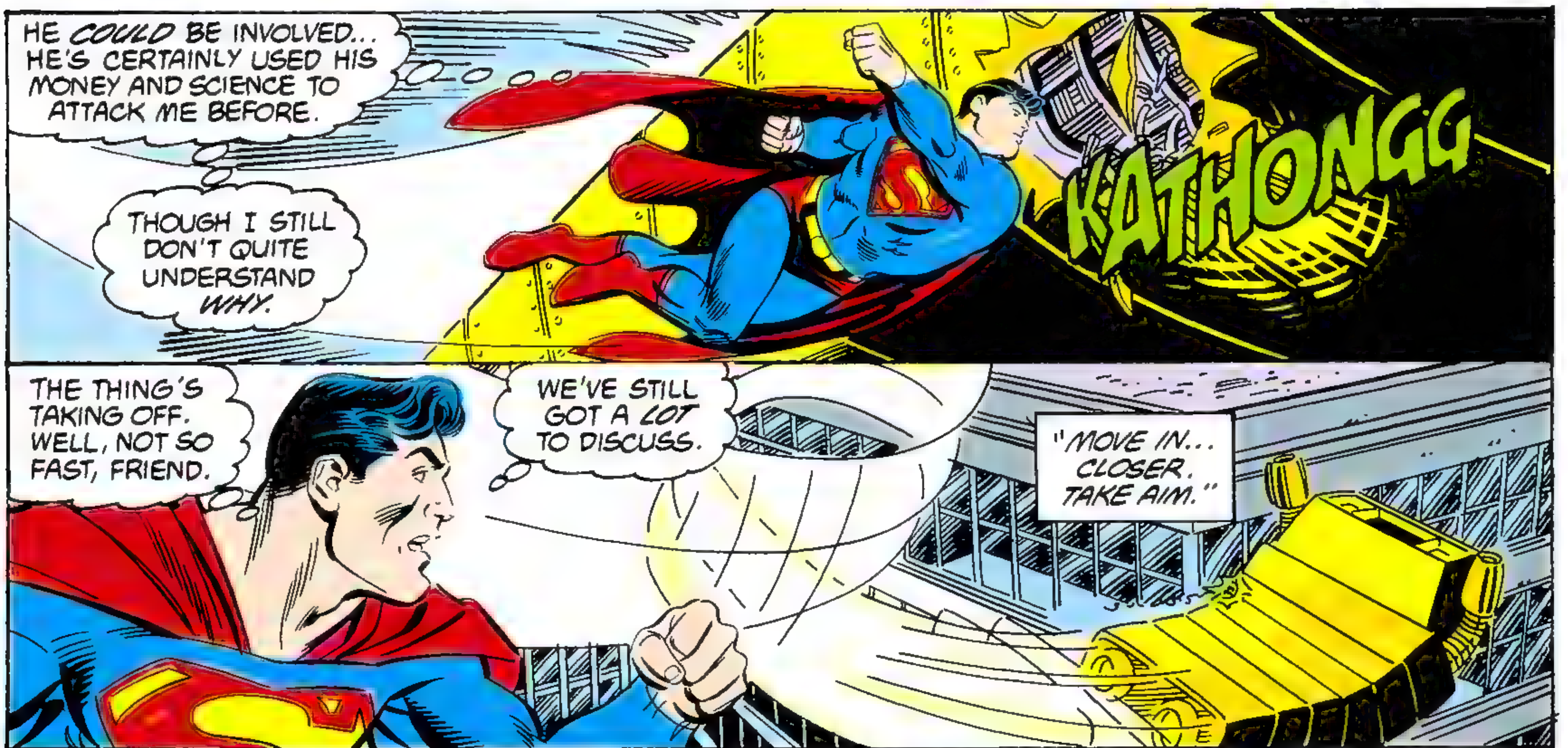
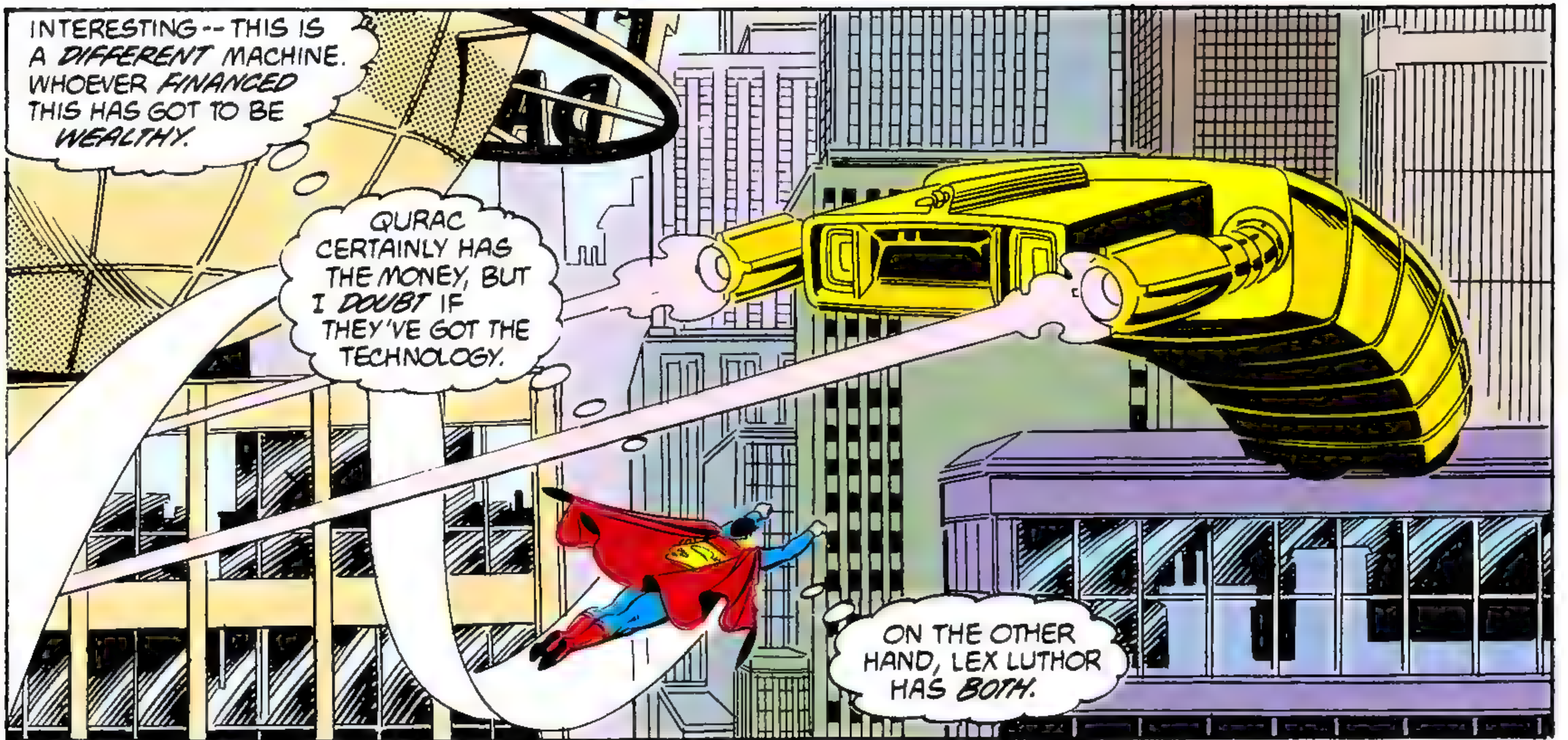


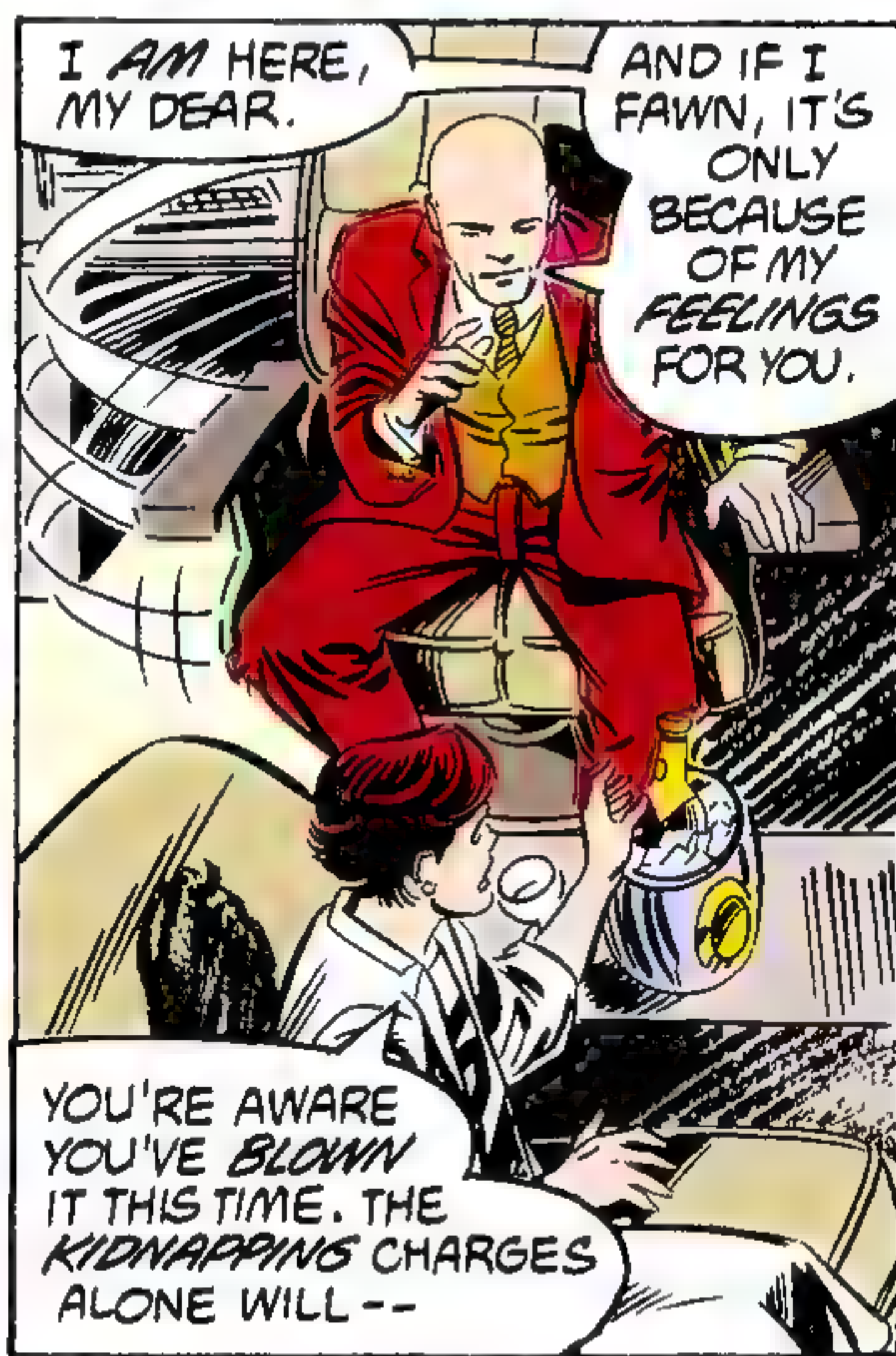
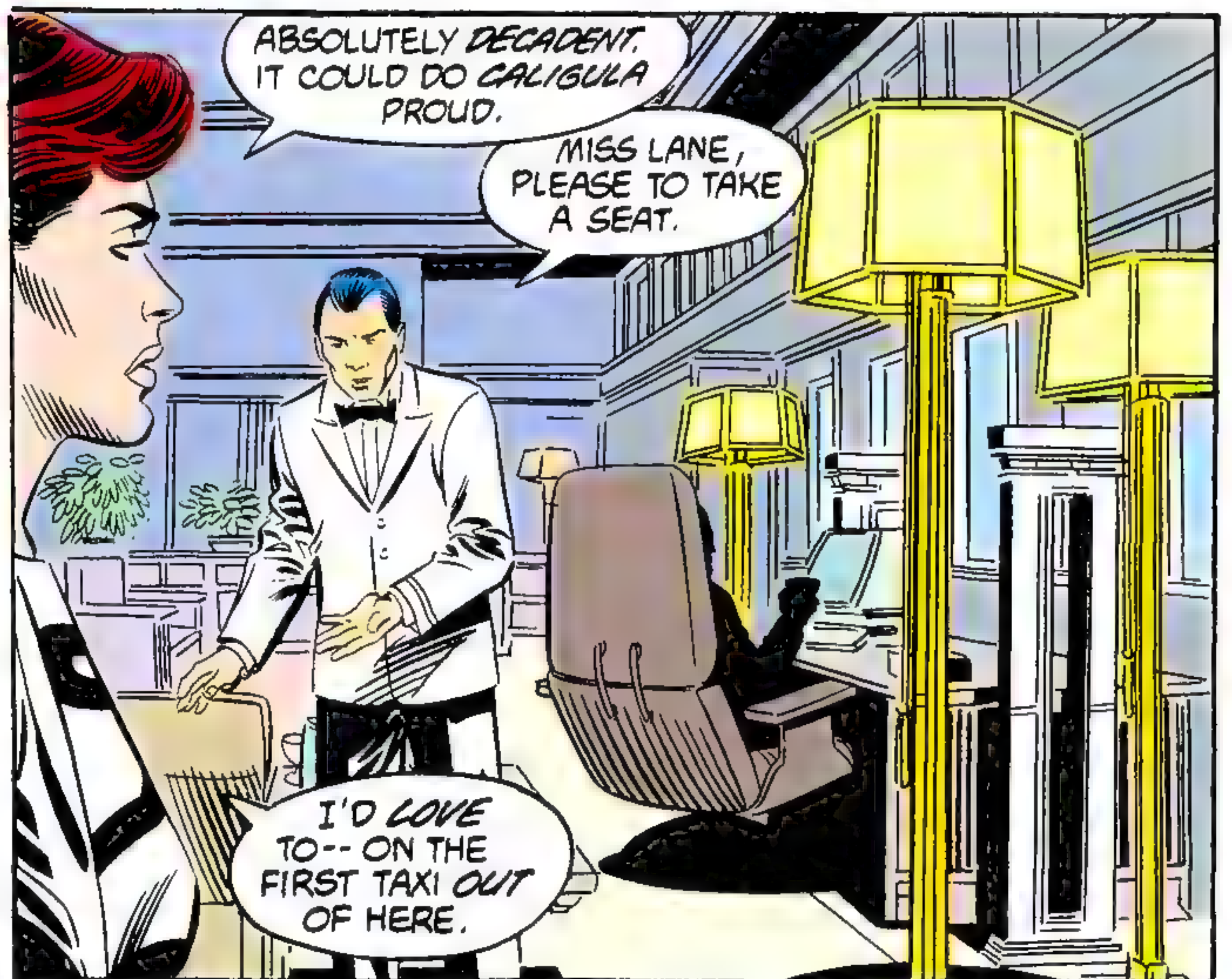
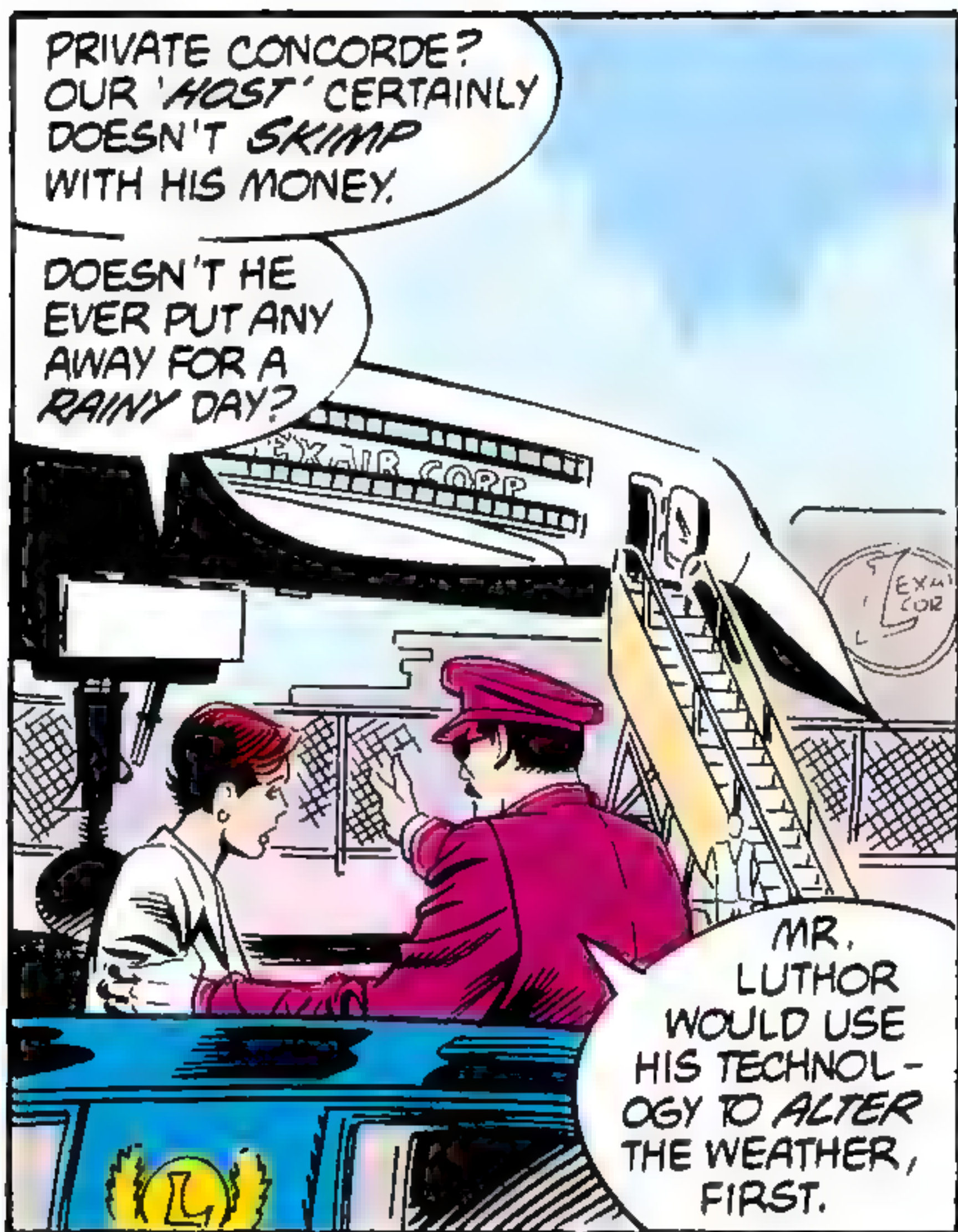
INSPECTOR HENDERSON?
THE DAILY PLANET'S
REPORTING AN ATTACK...

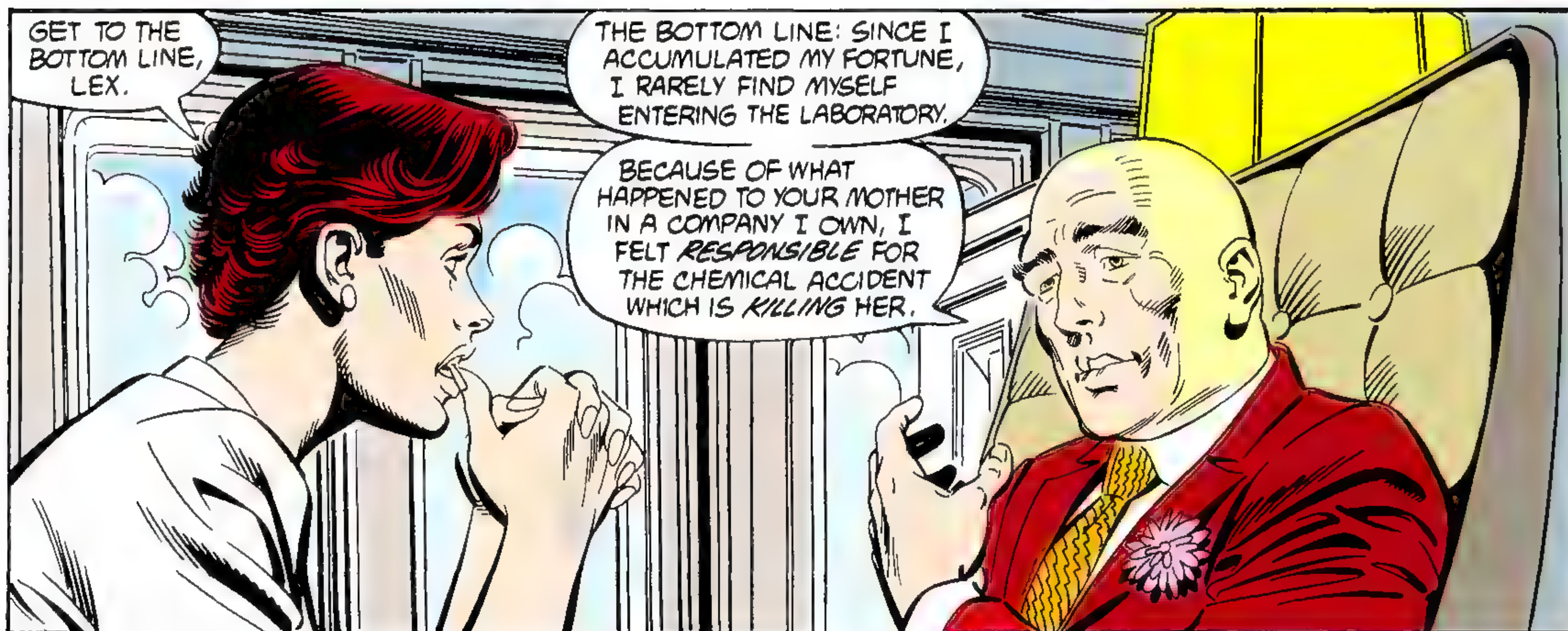
ALREADY ON
MY WAY, BILL.
SPEAK WITH
YOU LATER.

SUPERMAN--?

"HE'S COMING.
PREPARE
YOURSELF."







GET TO THE BOTTOM LINE, LEX.

THE BOTTOM LINE: SINCE I ACCUMULATED MY FORTUNE, I RARELY FIND MYSELF ENTERING THE LABORATORY.

BECAUSE OF WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR MOTHER IN A COMPANY I OWN, I FELT RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CHEMICAL ACCIDENT WHICH IS KILLING HER.

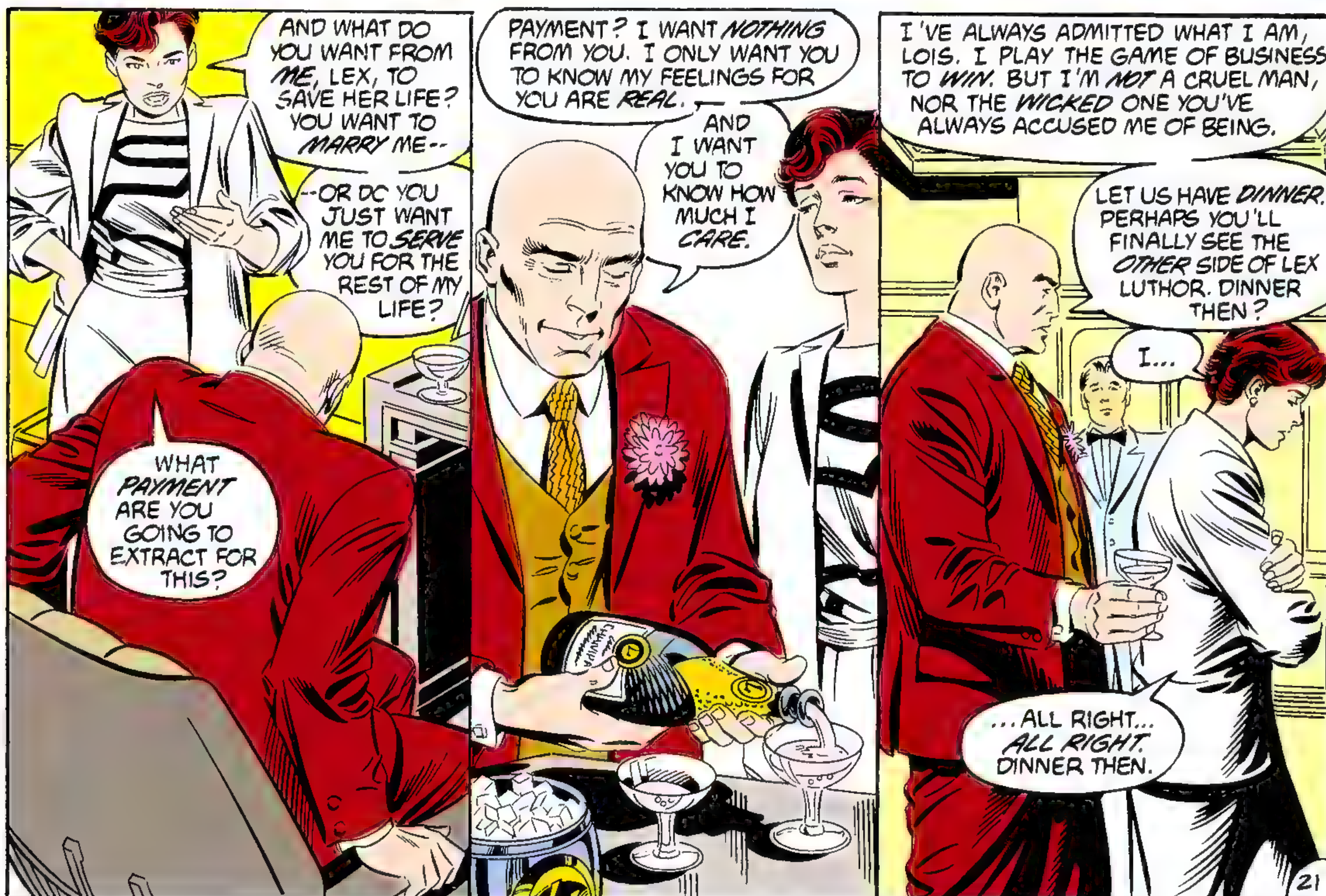
AND SO, I RETURNED TO THE LABORATORY, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MANY YEARS.

I BROUGHT MY FINEST SCIENTISTS WITH ME, AND, FOR THE PAST TWO WEEKS, LEXCHEM'S GREATEST MINDS CONCERNED THEMSELVES WITH YOUR MOTHER'S PROBLEM.

THE RESULTS ARE NOW IN. WE'VE DEVELOPED A SERUM WHICH CAN SAVE YOUR MOTHER'S LIFE.

IT IS TERRIBLY EXPENSIVE, BUT THAT DOESN'T MATTER-- NOT WITH A LIFE AT STAKE.

YOUR MOTHER WILL BE REQUIRED TO TAKE THE SERUM EVERY MONTH, BUT IT DOES WORK.



AND WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME, LEX, TO SAVE HER LIFE? YOU WANT TO MARRY ME--

--OR DO YOU JUST WANT ME TO SERVE YOU FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE?

WHAT PAYMENT ARE YOU GOING TO EXTRACT FOR THIS?

PAYMENT? I WANT NOTHING FROM YOU. I ONLY WANT YOU TO KNOW MY FEELINGS FOR YOU ARE REAL.

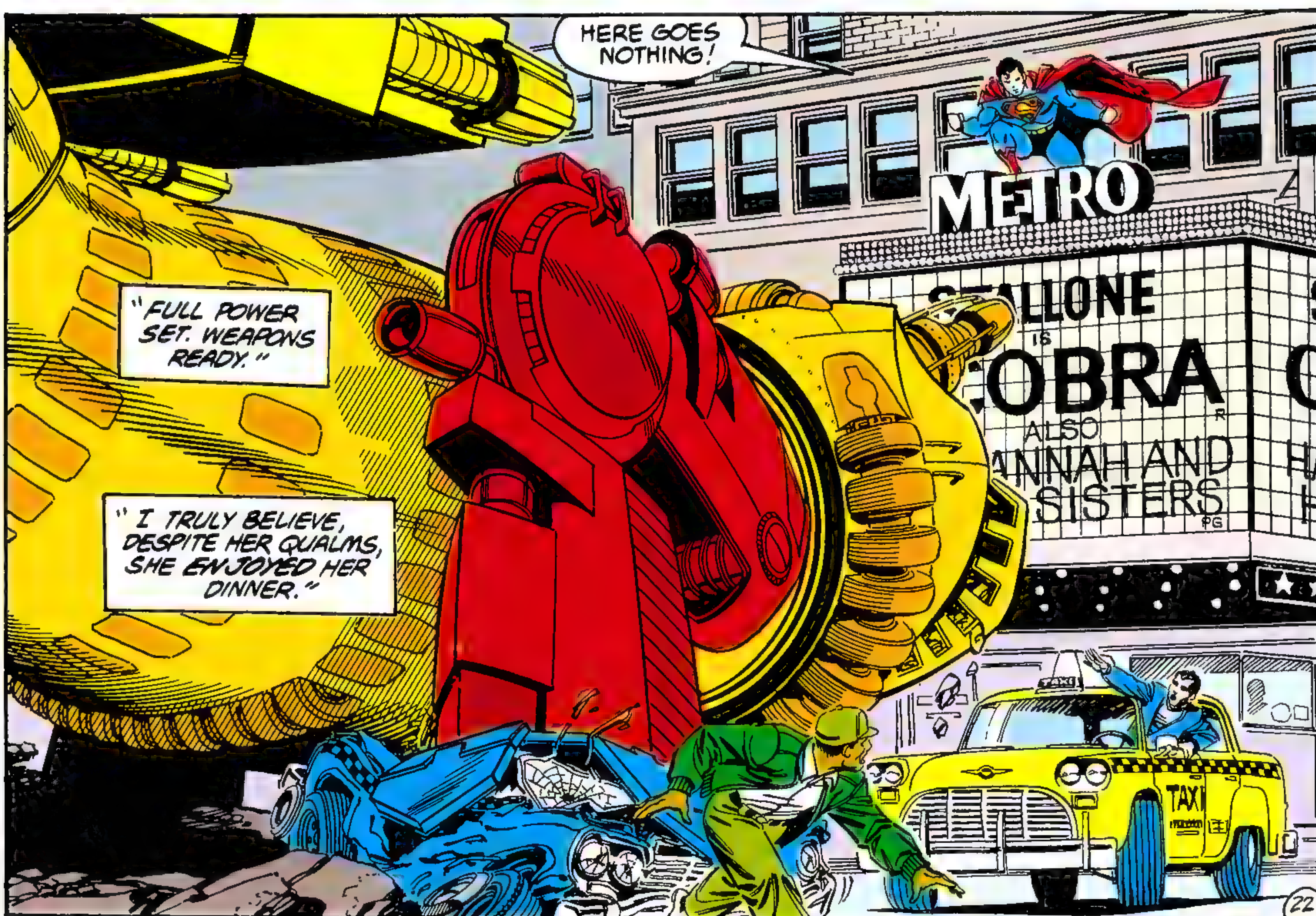
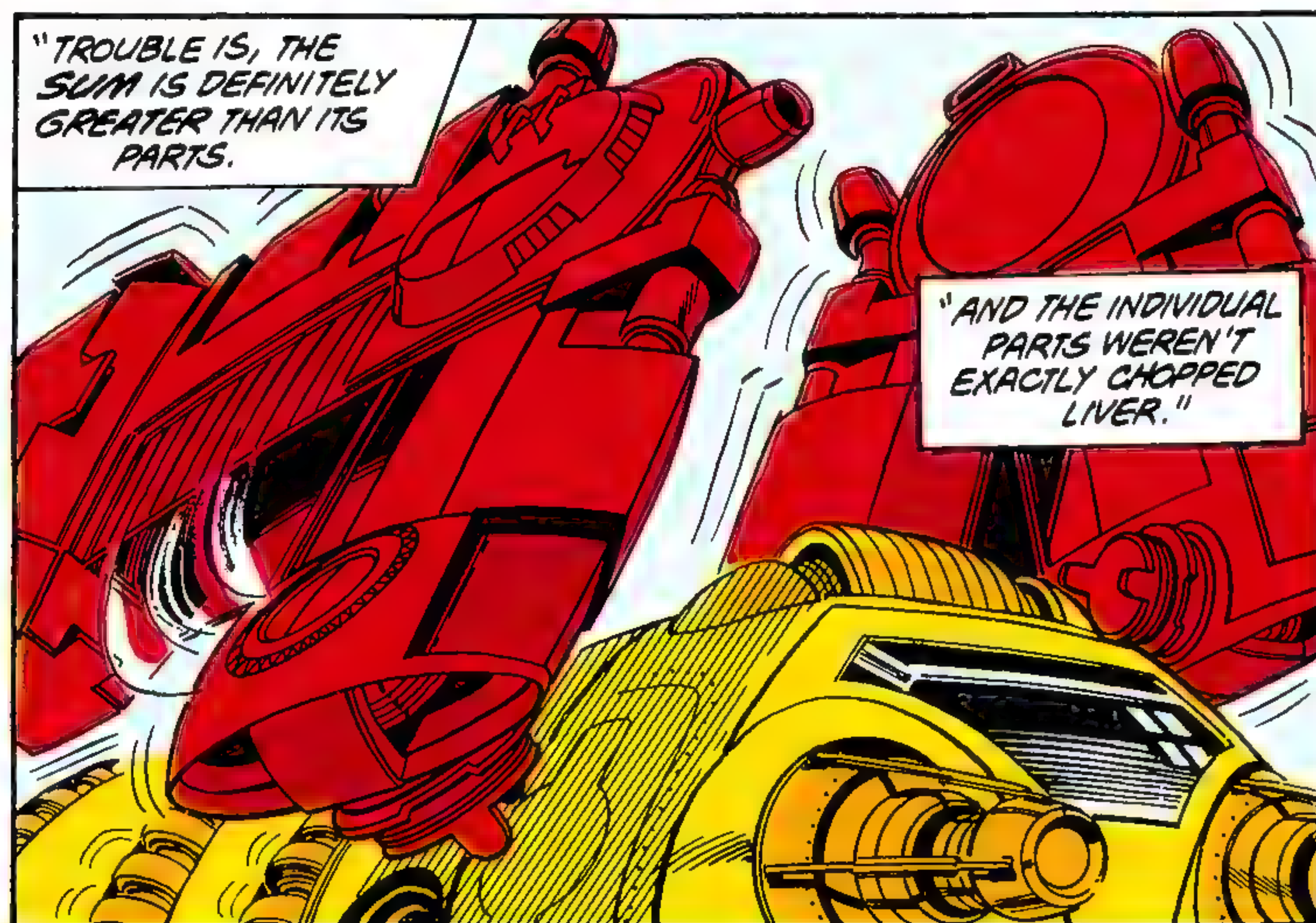
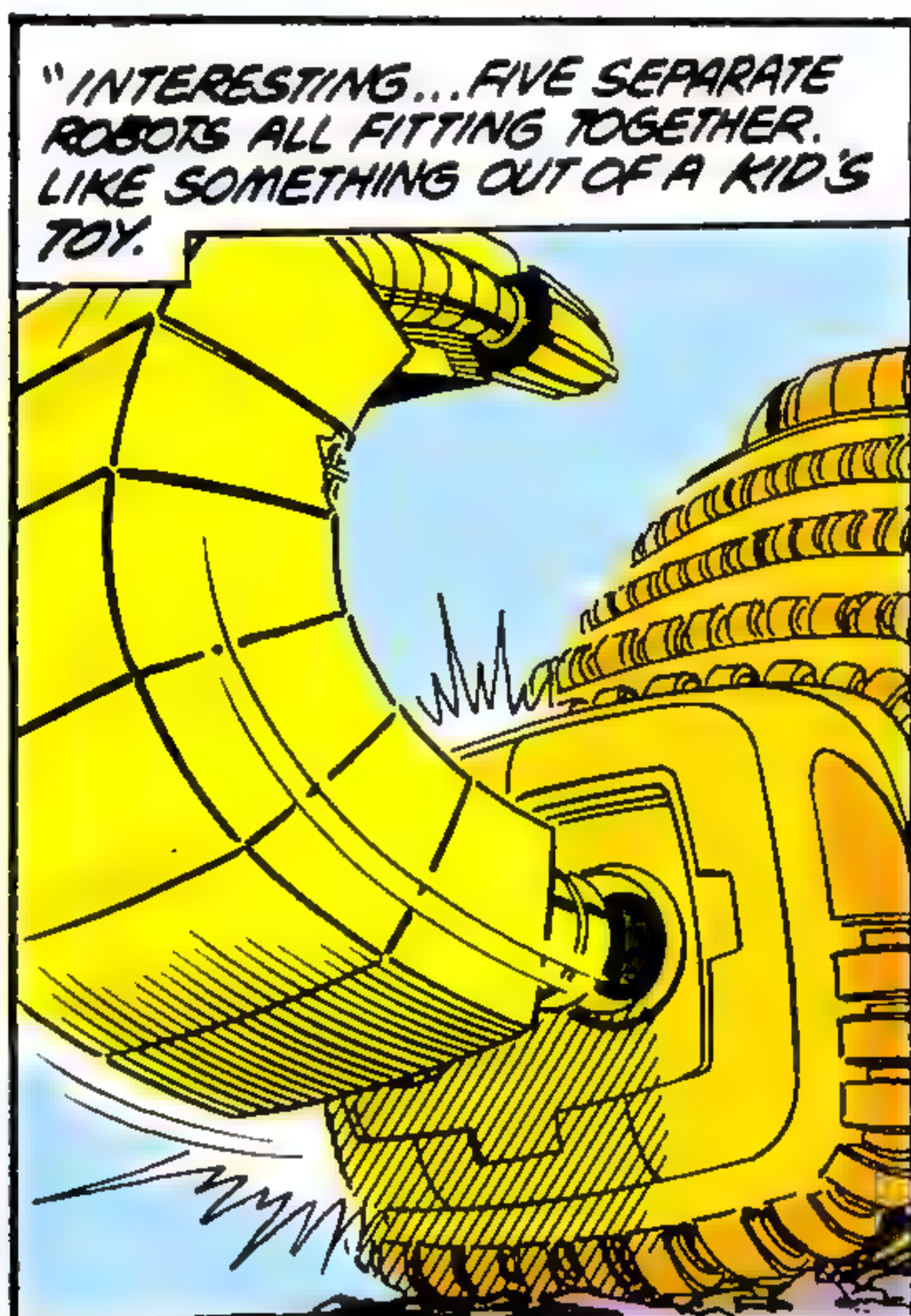
AND I WANT YOU TO KNOW HOW MUCH I CARE.

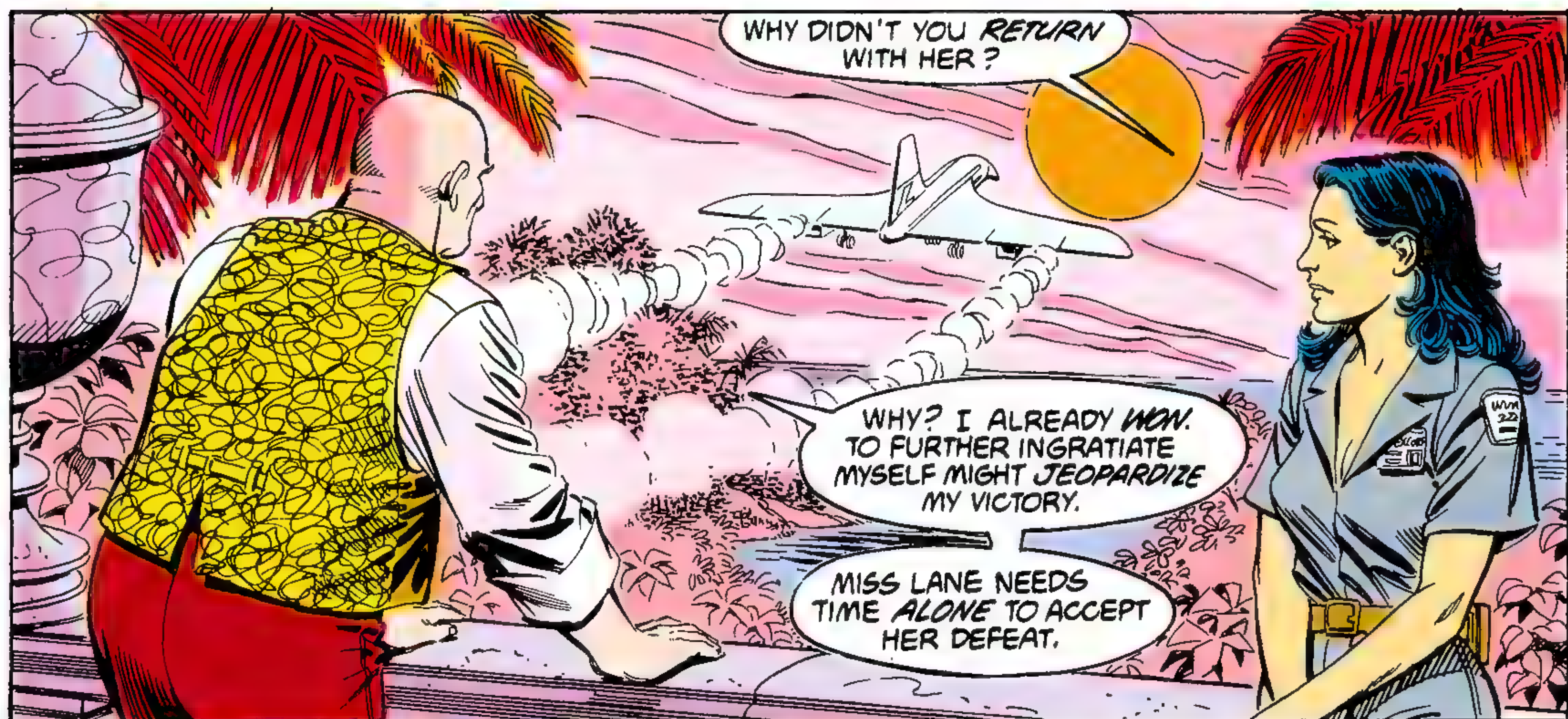
I'VE ALWAYS ADMITTED WHAT I AM, LOIS. I PLAY THE GAME OF BUSINESS TO WIN. BUT I'M NOT A CRUEL MAN, NOR THE WICKED ONE YOU'VE ALWAYS ACCUSED ME OF BEING.

LET US HAVE DINNER. PERHAPS YOU'LL FINALLY SEE THE OTHER SIDE OF LEX LUTHOR. DINNER THEN?

I...

...ALL RIGHT... ALL RIGHT. DINNER THEN.





WHY DIDN'T YOU RETURN WITH HER?

WHY? I ALREADY *WON*. TO FURTHER INGRATIATE MYSELF MIGHT JEOPARDIZE MY VICTORY.

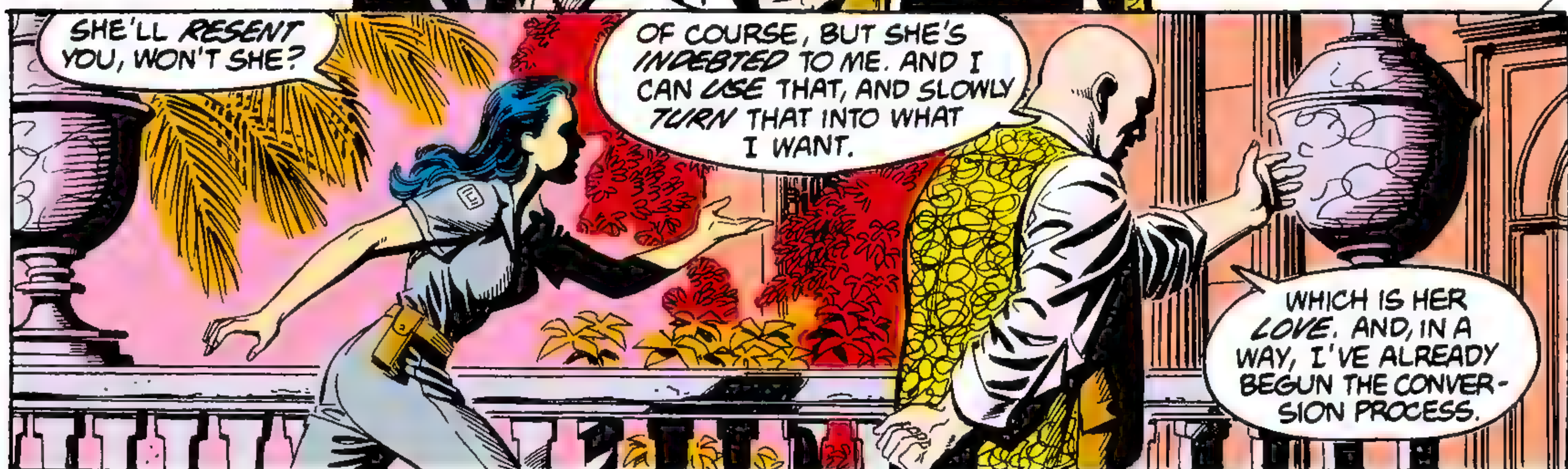
MISS LANE NEEDS TIME *ALONE* TO ACCEPT HER DEFEAT.



SHE *KNOWS* SHE LOST?

OF COURSE SHE DOES, MY DEAR LILYA. SHE'S SEEN HOW NOBLE AND GENTLEMANLY I'VE BEEN, AND HOW THAT *CONTRADICTS* HER IMAGE OF ME. AND SHE IS RIGHTFULLY *CONFUSED*. BUT SHE KNOWS.

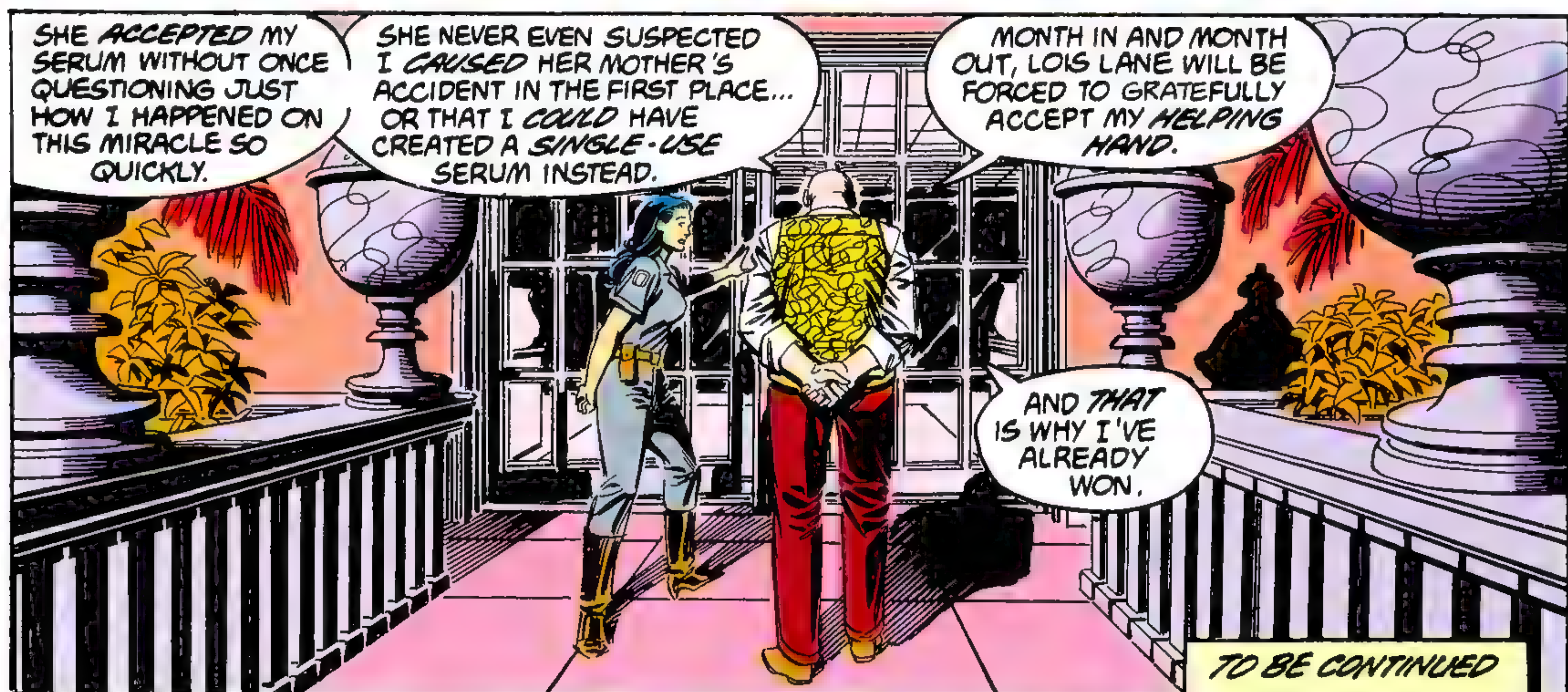
YOU SEE, HER MOTHER MUST COME TO ME EACH MONTH FOR *FRESH SERUM* TO SAVE HER LIFE. EVERY MONTH, LOIS LANE WILL BE FORCED TO REALIZE HOW MUCH SHE *OWES* ME. HENCE MY VICTORY.



SHE'LL *RESENT* YOU, WON'T SHE?

OF COURSE, BUT SHE'S *INDEBTED* TO ME. AND I CAN *USE* THAT, AND SLOWLY *TURN* THAT INTO WHAT I WANT.

WHICH IS HER *LOVE*. AND, IN A WAY, I'VE ALREADY BEGUN THE *CONVERSION* PROCESS.



SHE *ACCEPTED* MY SERUM WITHOUT ONCE QUESTIONING JUST HOW I HAPPENED ON THIS MIRACLE SO QUICKLY.

SHE NEVER EVEN SUSPECTED I *CAUSED* HER MOTHER'S ACCIDENT IN THE FIRST PLACE... OR THAT I *COULD* HAVE CREATED A *SINGLE-USE* SERUM INSTEAD.

MONTH IN AND MONTH OUT, LOIS LANE WILL BE FORCED TO GRATEFULLY ACCEPT MY *HELPING HAND*.

AND THAT IS WHY I'VE ALREADY *WON*.

TO BE CONTINUED

PLEASE LISTEN
TO ME...IT'S SO
IMPORTANT THAT
AT LEAST YOU
UNDERSTAND.
NOBODY ELSE
DOES.

I SIMPLY WANTED
PEOPLE TO KNOW
WHAT I DID...KNOW
WHAT THE GOVERN-
MENT TRIED TO
KEEP SECRET.

I WAS ACTUALLY ABLE
TO CONSTRUCT A MACHINE
WHICH COULD IMPRISON
SUPERMAN. DO YOU
REALIZE THE IMPORTANCE
OF THAT?

PLEASE HEAR ME
OUT. PLEASE LISTEN
TO ME. PLEASE
UNDERSTAND.

I AM PROFESSOR
EMIL HAMILTON. IF
AT LEAST ONE
PERSON REMEMBERS
THAT NAME, MY WORK...

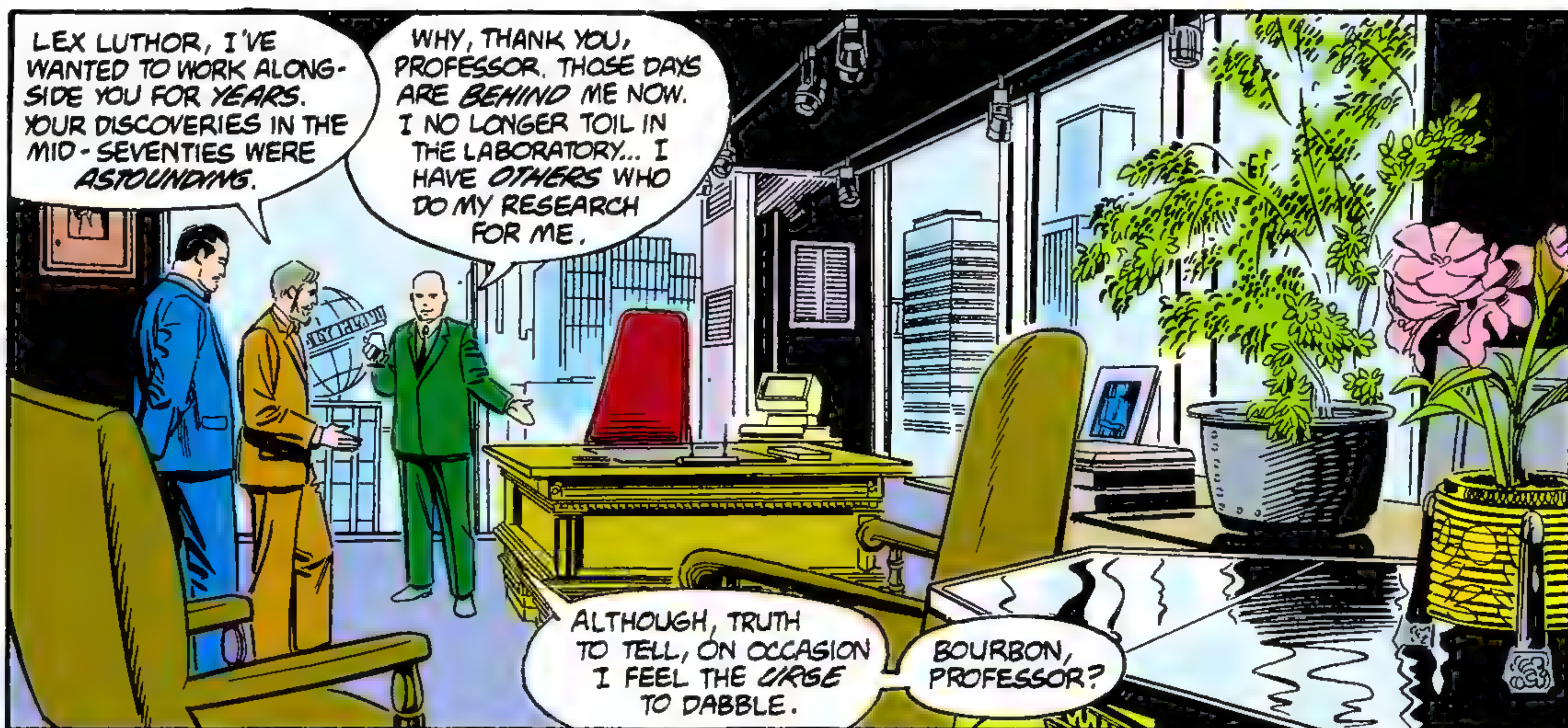
...WON'T
HAVE BEEN
IN VAIN.

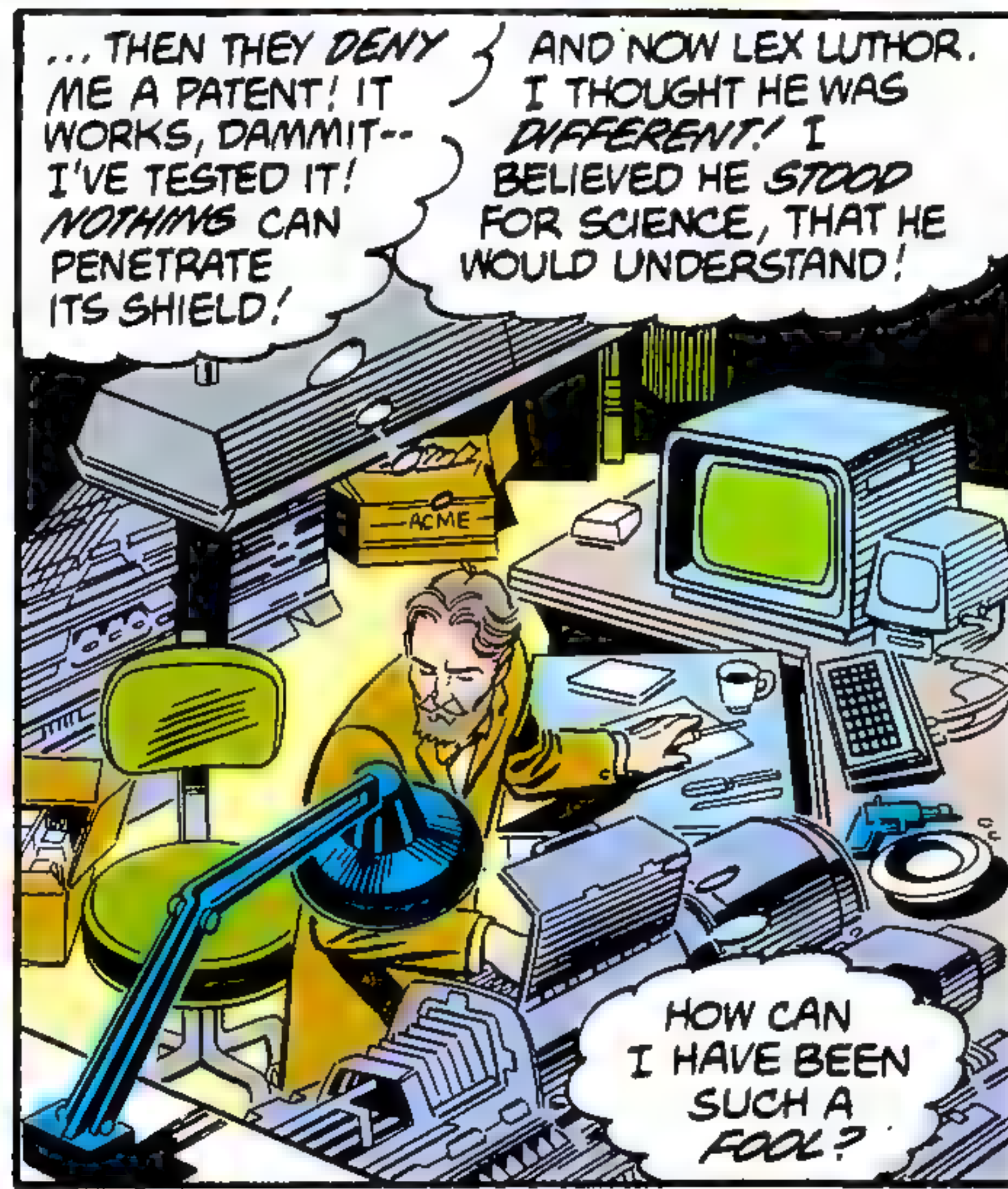
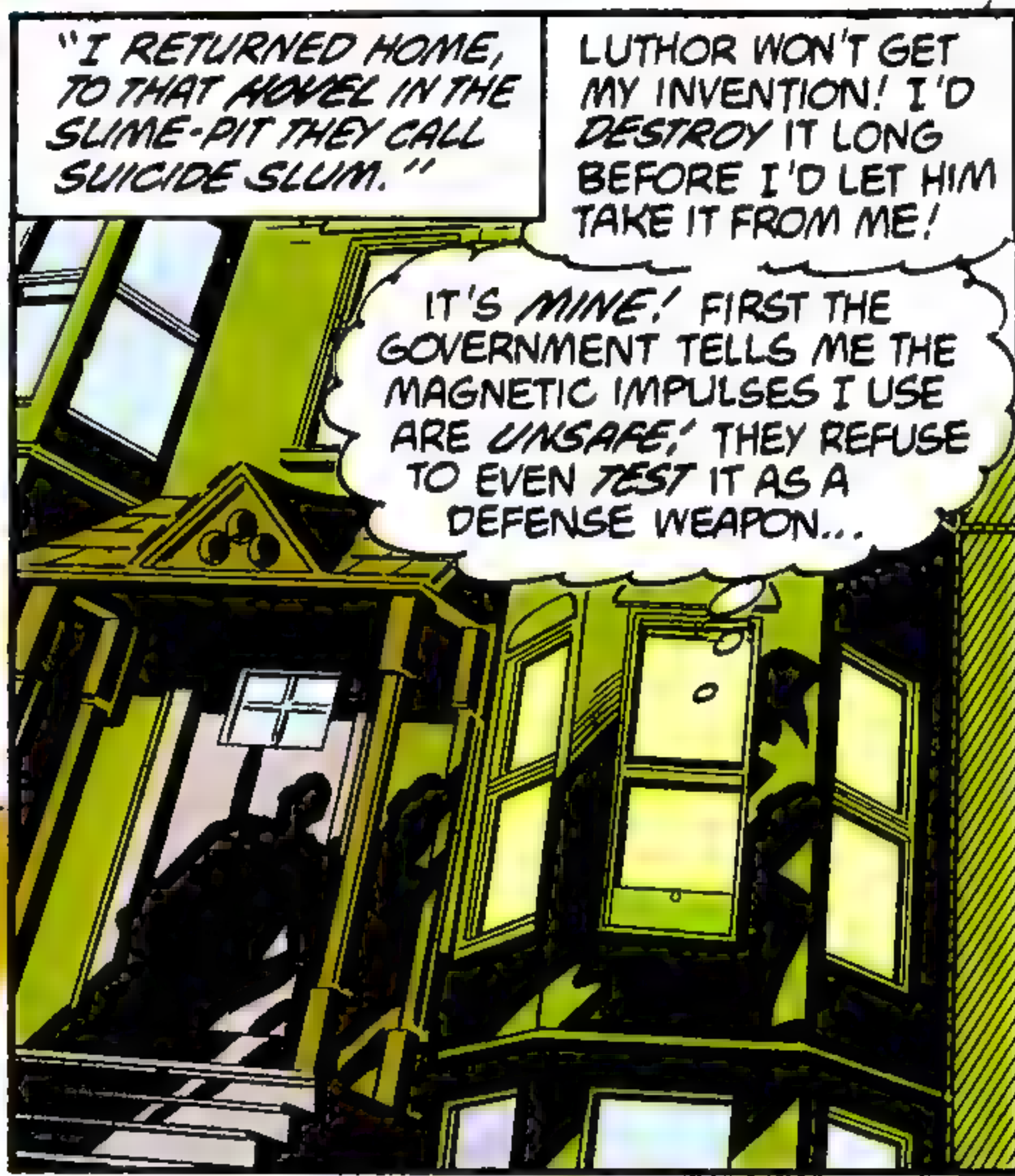
WHEN THE GOVERNMENT
BLACKBALLED ME, I WAS
BROKE. THEN I RECEIVED
AN OFFER--ALMOST OUT
OF NOWHERE. FOR
GOOD MONEY.

AT LEAST, I
THOUGHT
IT WAS.

GOING
THE
GAWWILET

Marv Wolfman	Terry Ordway
WRITER	ARTIST
John Costanza	Tom Ziuko
LETTERER	COLORIST
Andy Helfer EDITOR	







YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO NOW, DON'T YOU, PROFESSOR?

YOUR MACHINE BELONGS TO SOMEONE ELSE.

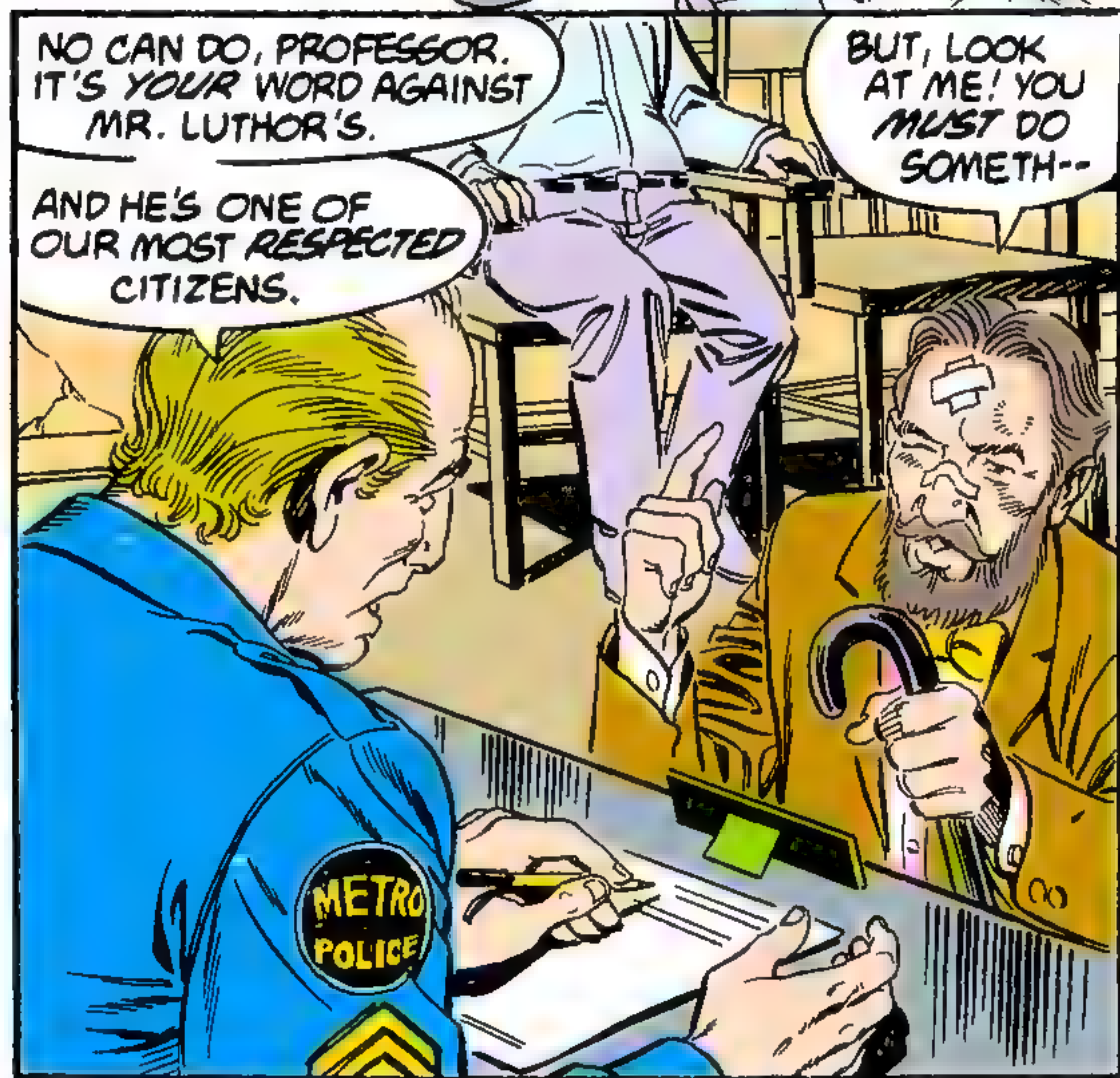
AND UNLESS YOU WANT US TO RETURN HERE--



--YOU'LL GIVE IT BACK TO ITS RIGHTFUL OWNER.

TH-THEY NEVER SAID THEY WORKED FOR LUTHOR, BUT WHO ELSE COULD IT BE?

BUT HOW COULD I PROVE IT? NOBODY BELIEVED ME.



NO CAN DO, PROFESSOR. IT'S YOUR WORD AGAINST MR. LUTHOR'S.

AND HE'S ONE OF OUR MOST RESPECTED CITIZENS.

BUT, LOOK AT ME! YOU MUST DO SOMETH--

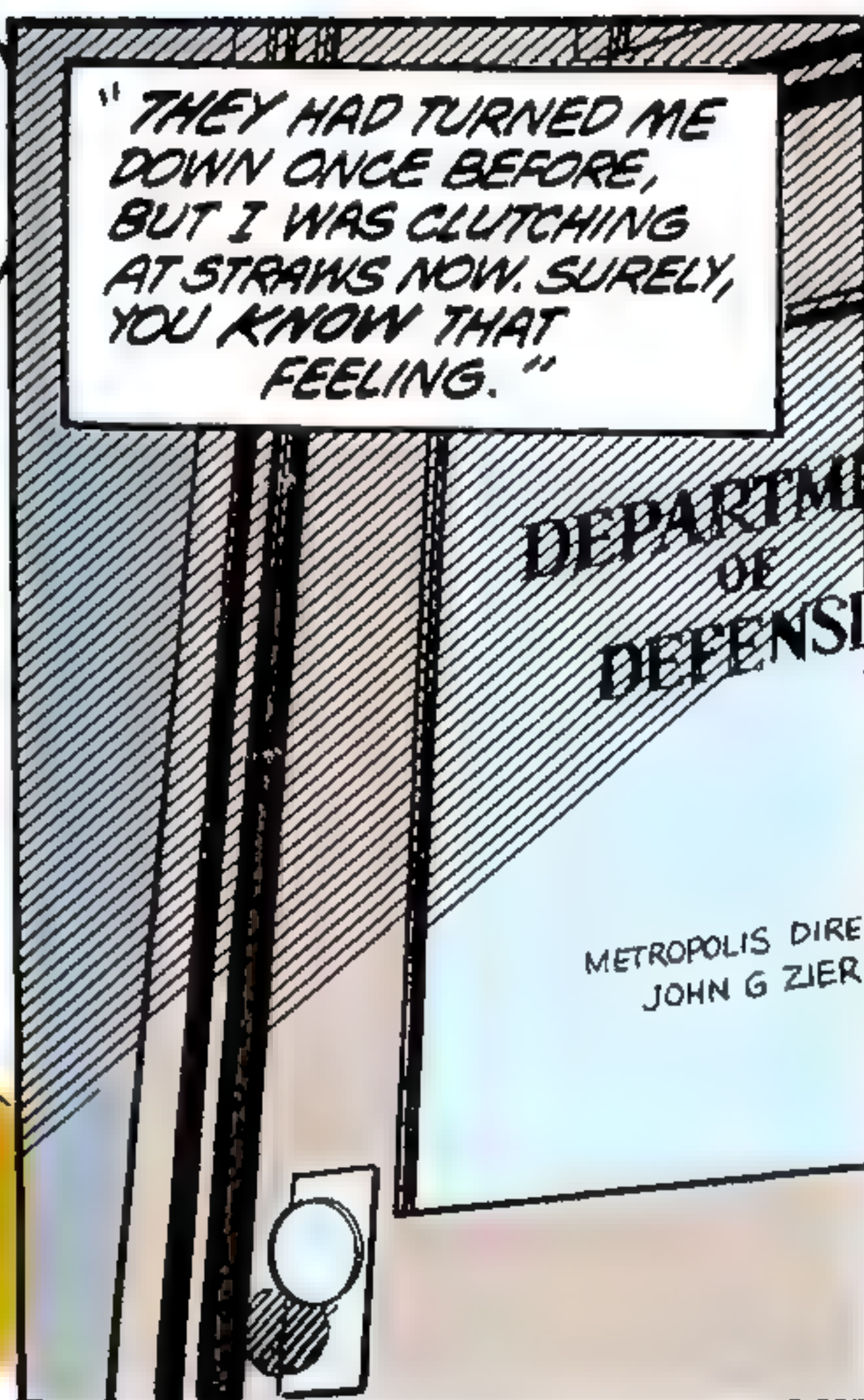


AWRIGHT, AWRIGHT. LISTEN, DOC-- IF YOU CAN FIND PROOF HE WAS BEHIND THE ATTACK, WE'LL BRING HIM IN FOR QUESTIONING.

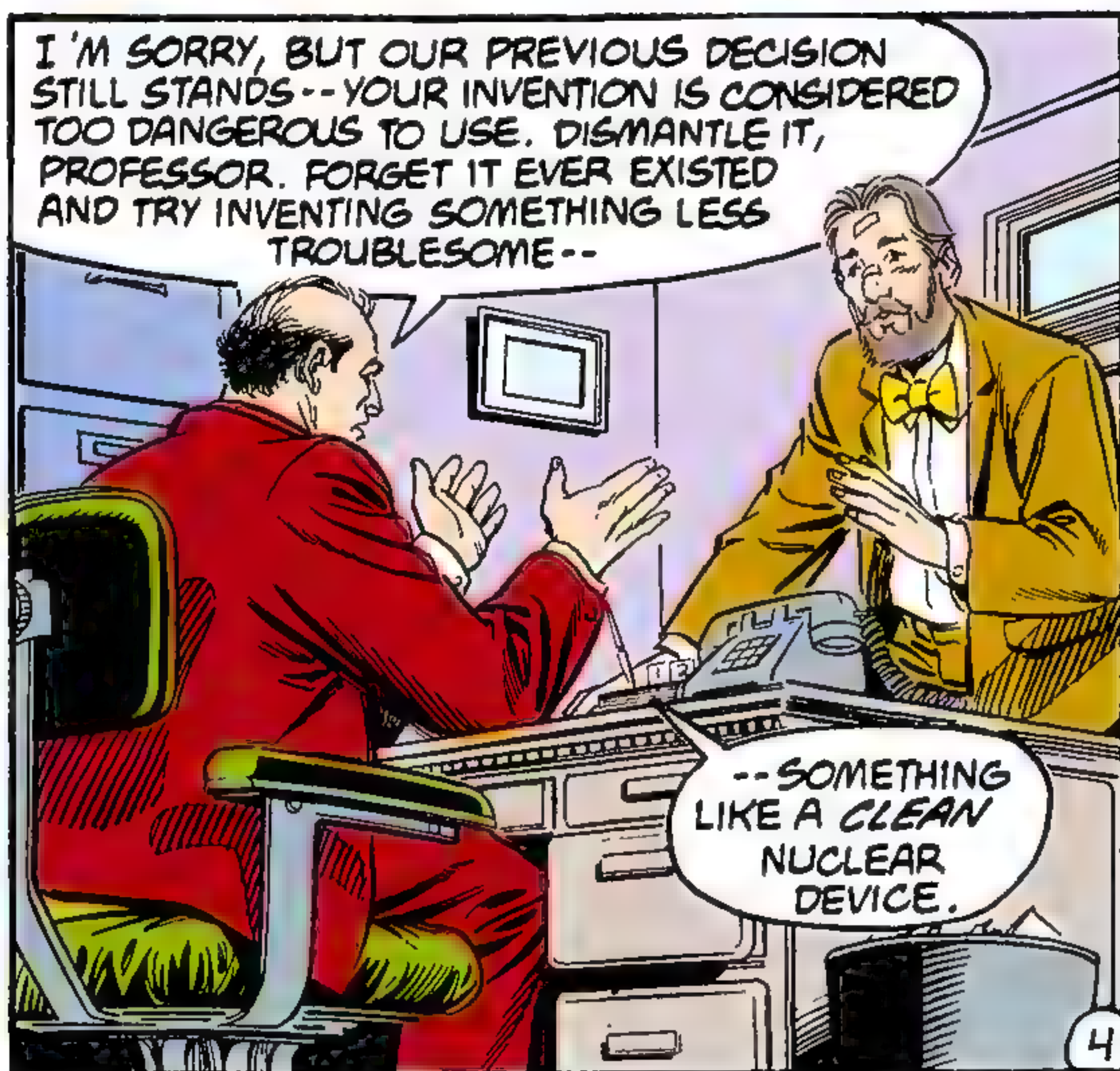
UNTIL THEN, I SUGGEST YOU FIND YOURSELF A STRONGER DOOR LOCK.



I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO! I WAS AFRAID LUTHOR WOULD HAVE ME KILLED! I NEEDED HELP!



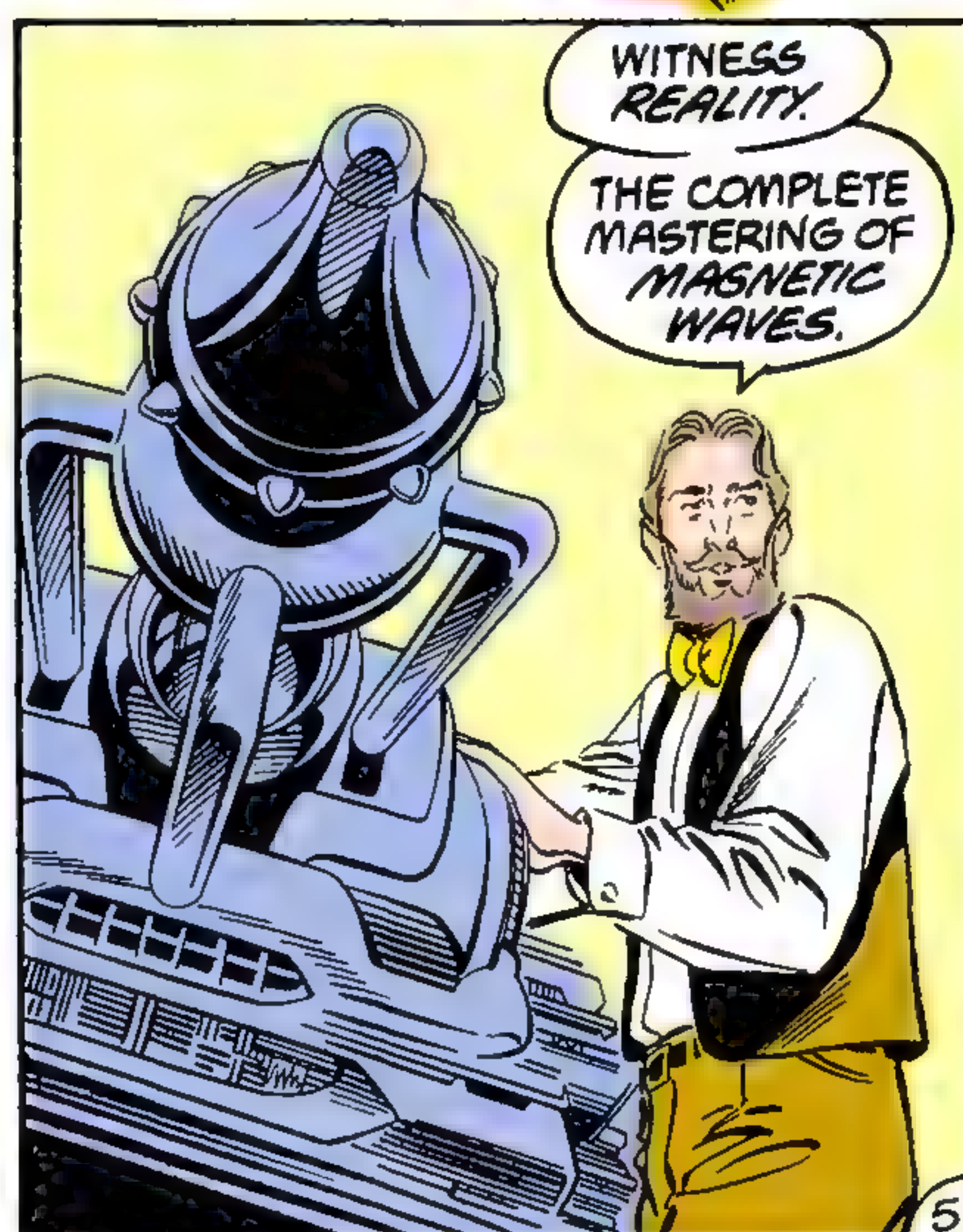
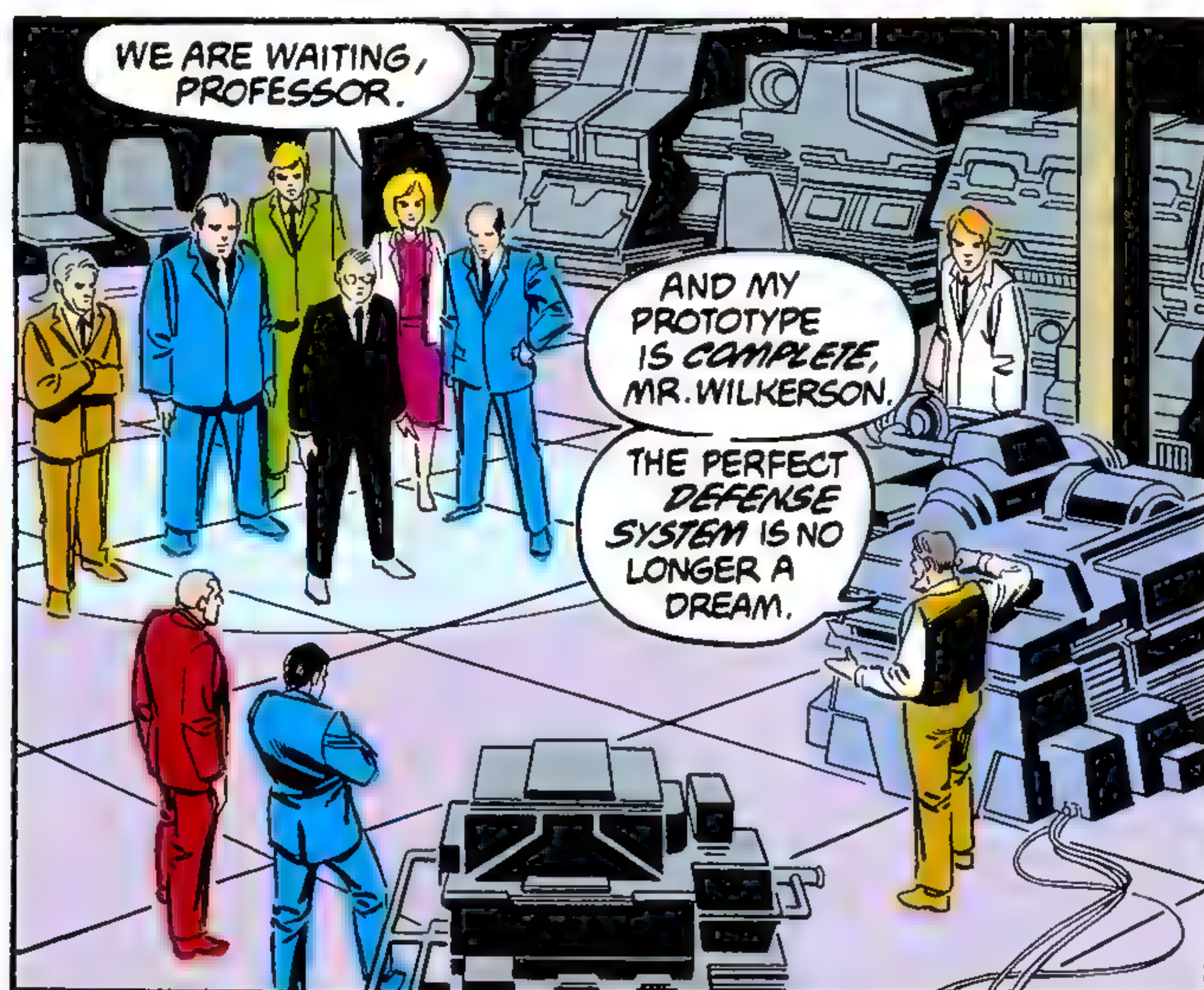
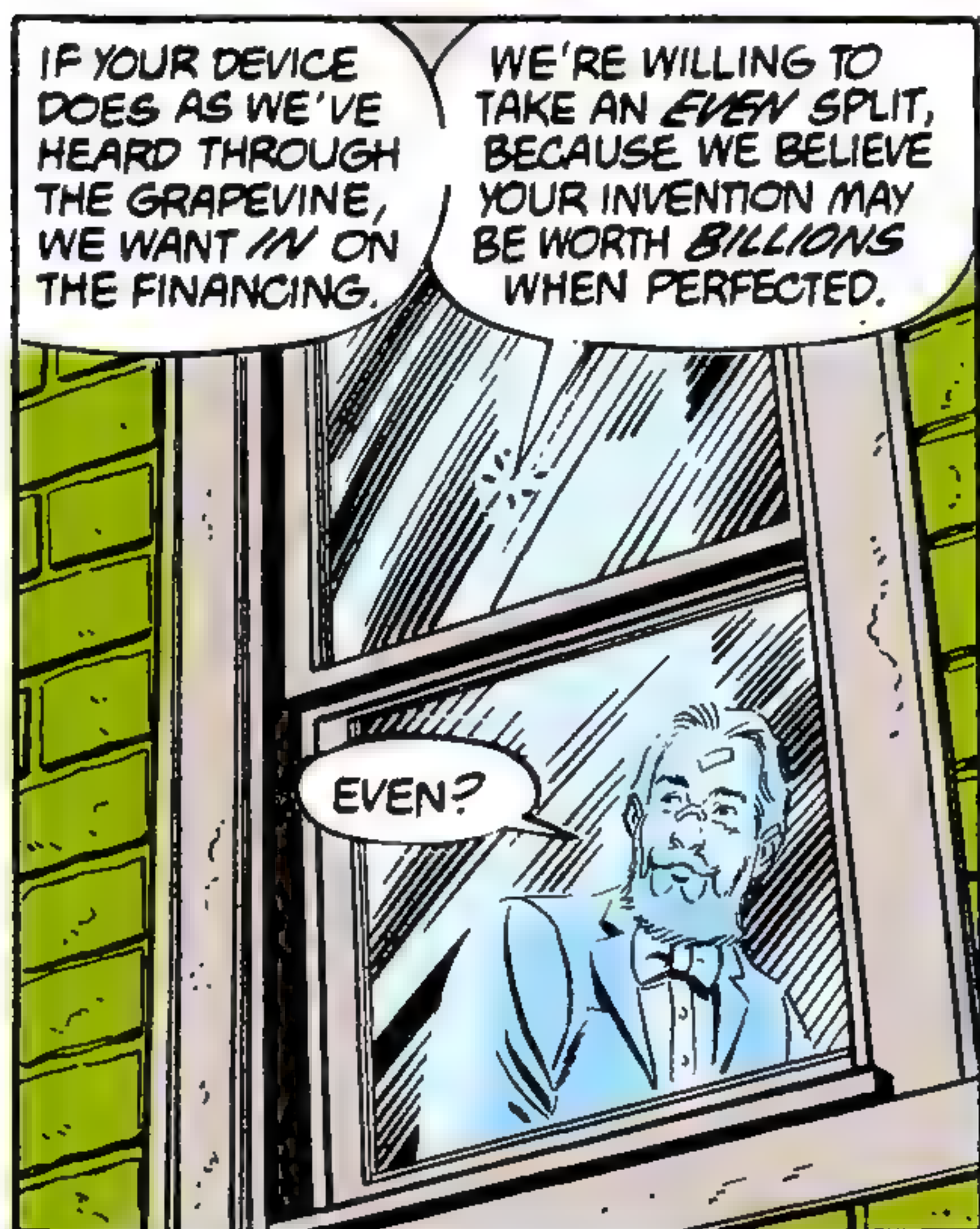
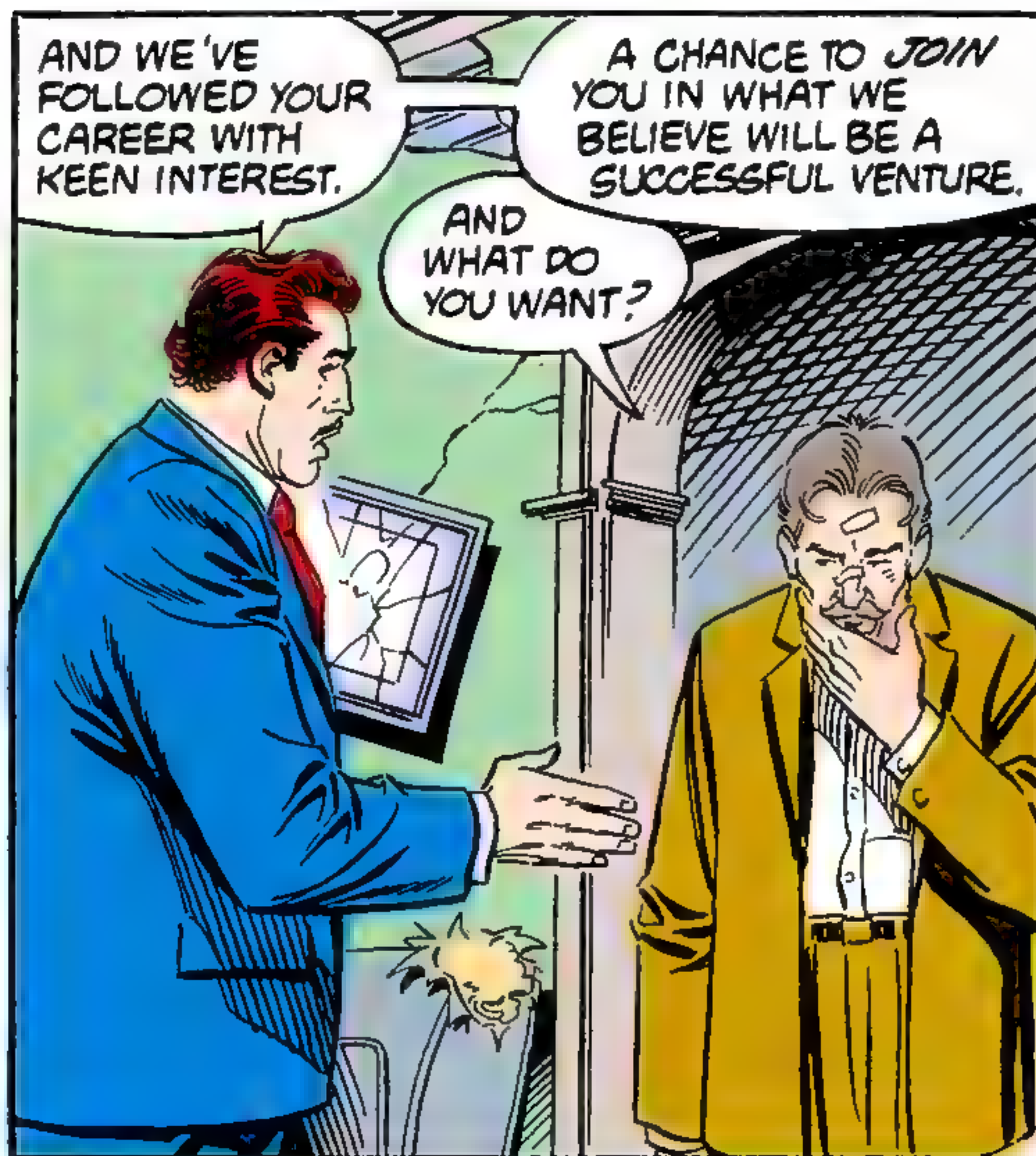
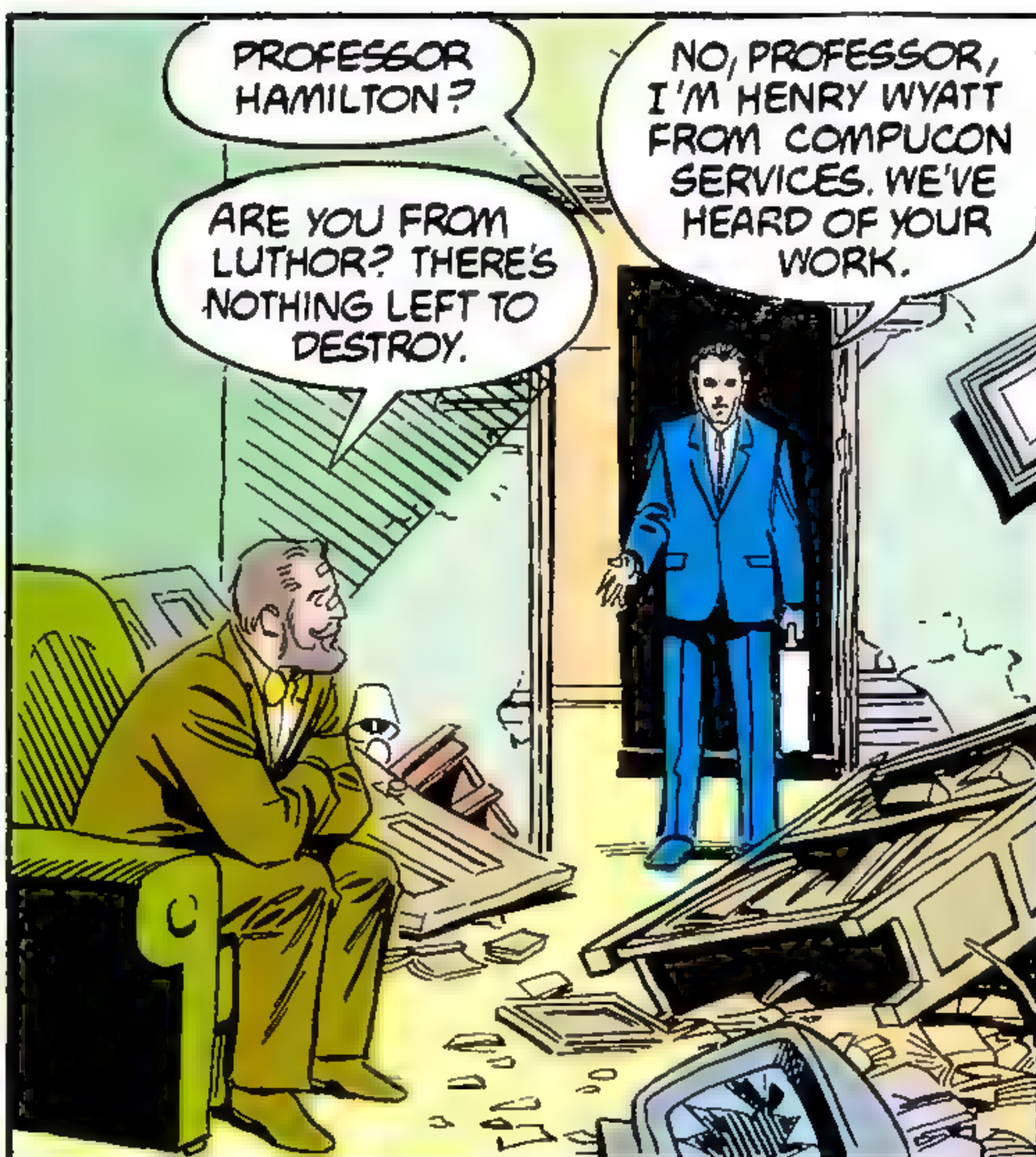
"THEY HAD TURNED ME DOWN ONCE BEFORE, BUT I WAS CLUTCHING AT STRAWS NOW. SURELY, YOU KNOW THAT FEELING."

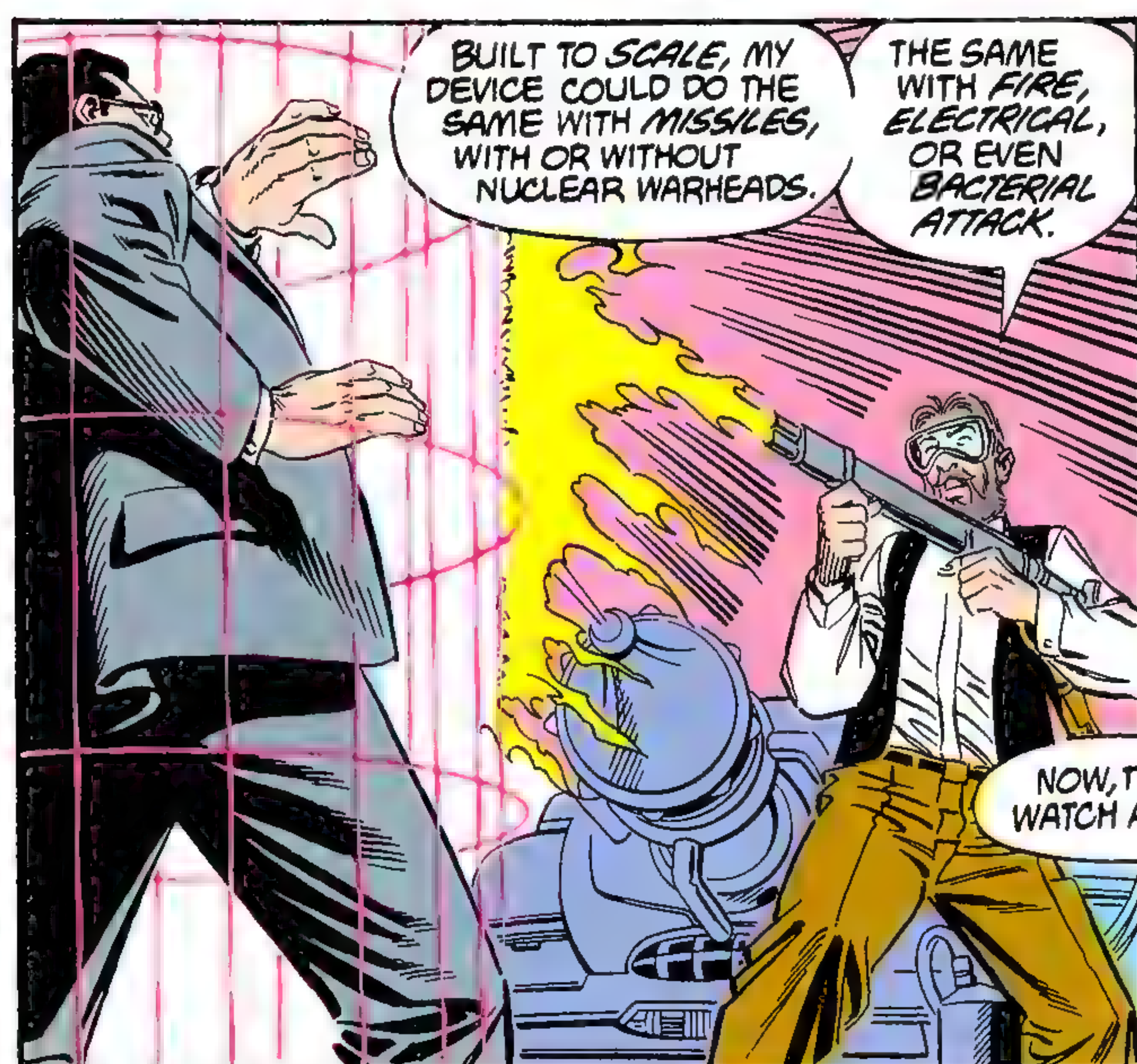
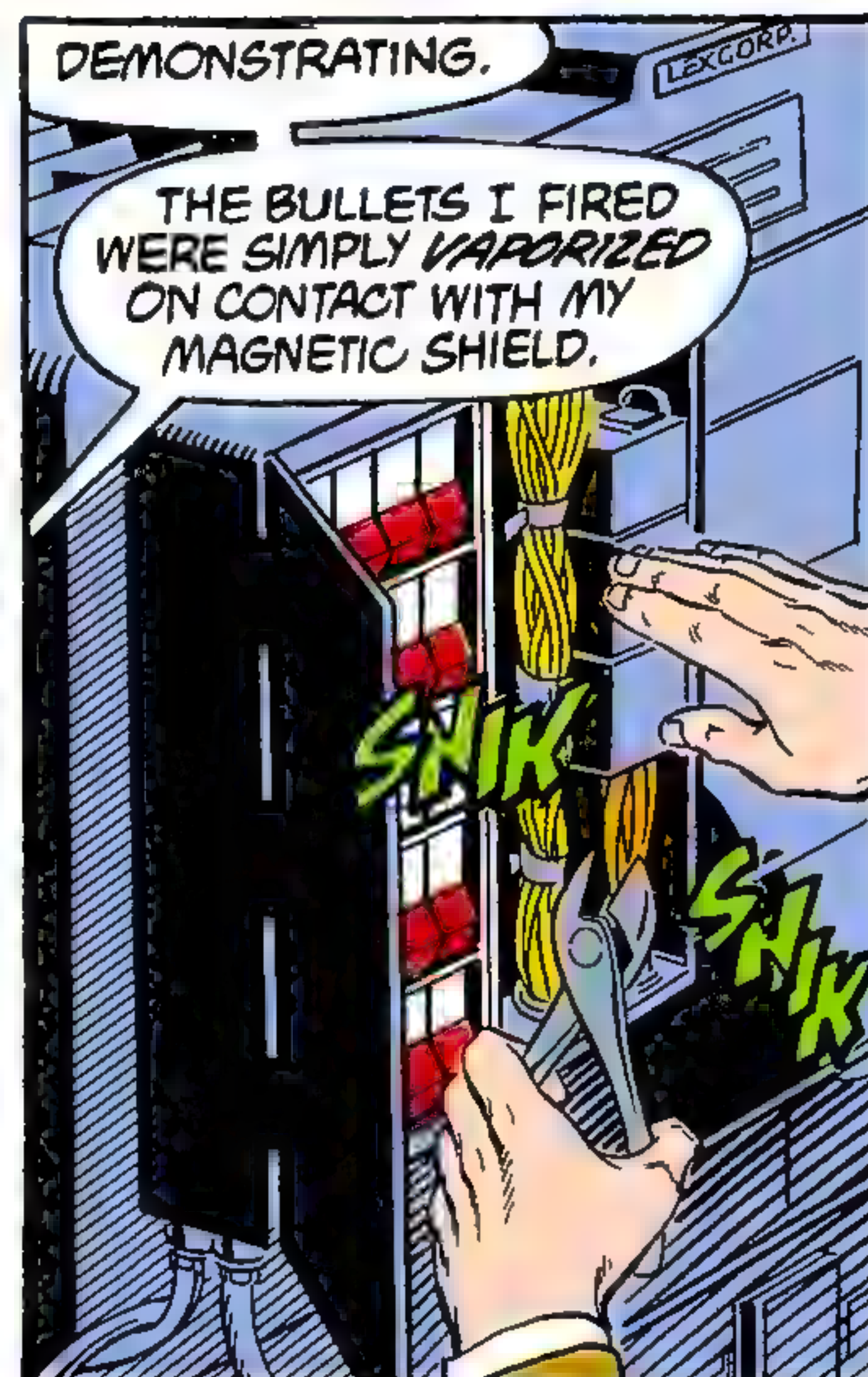
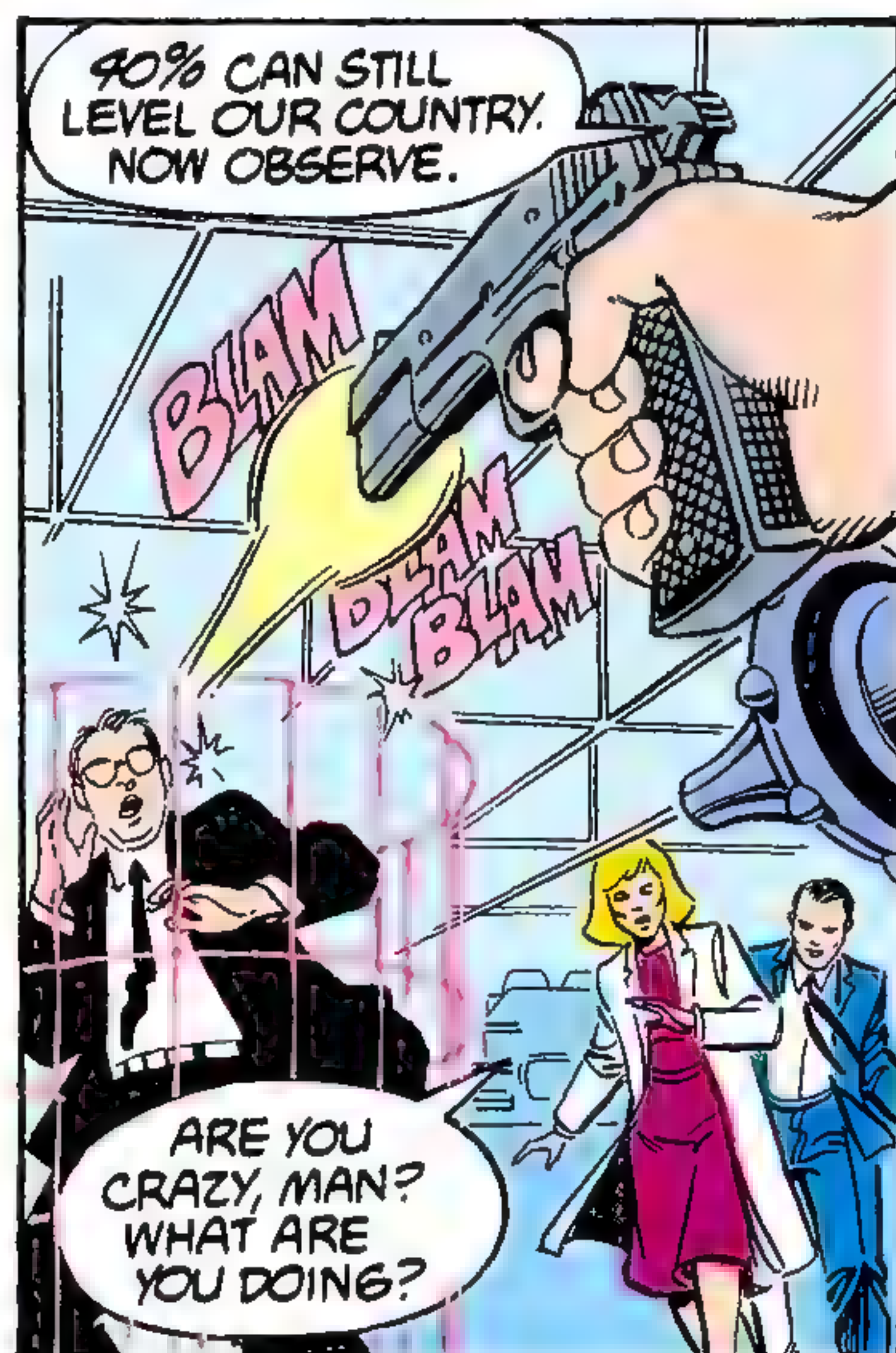
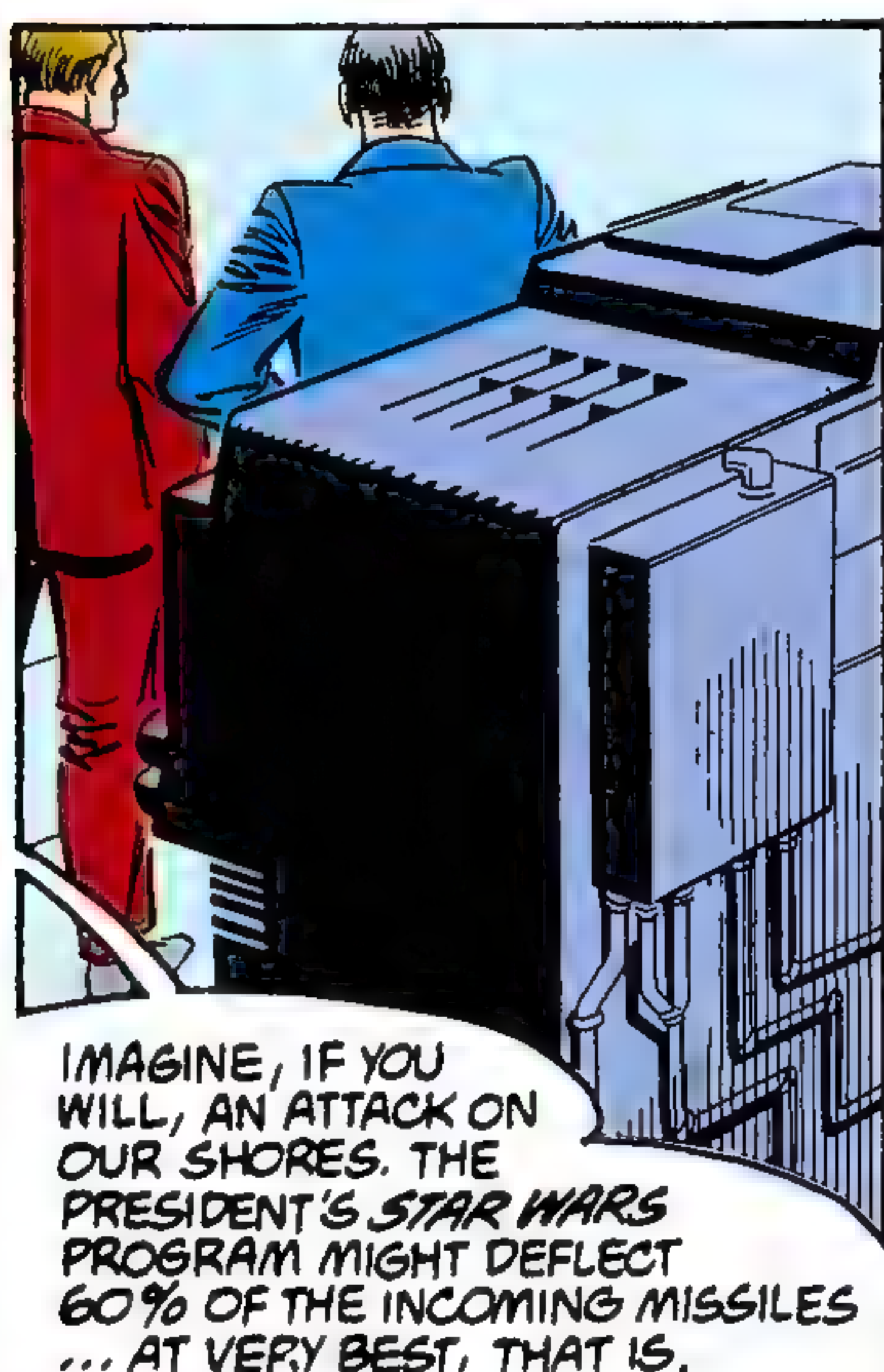
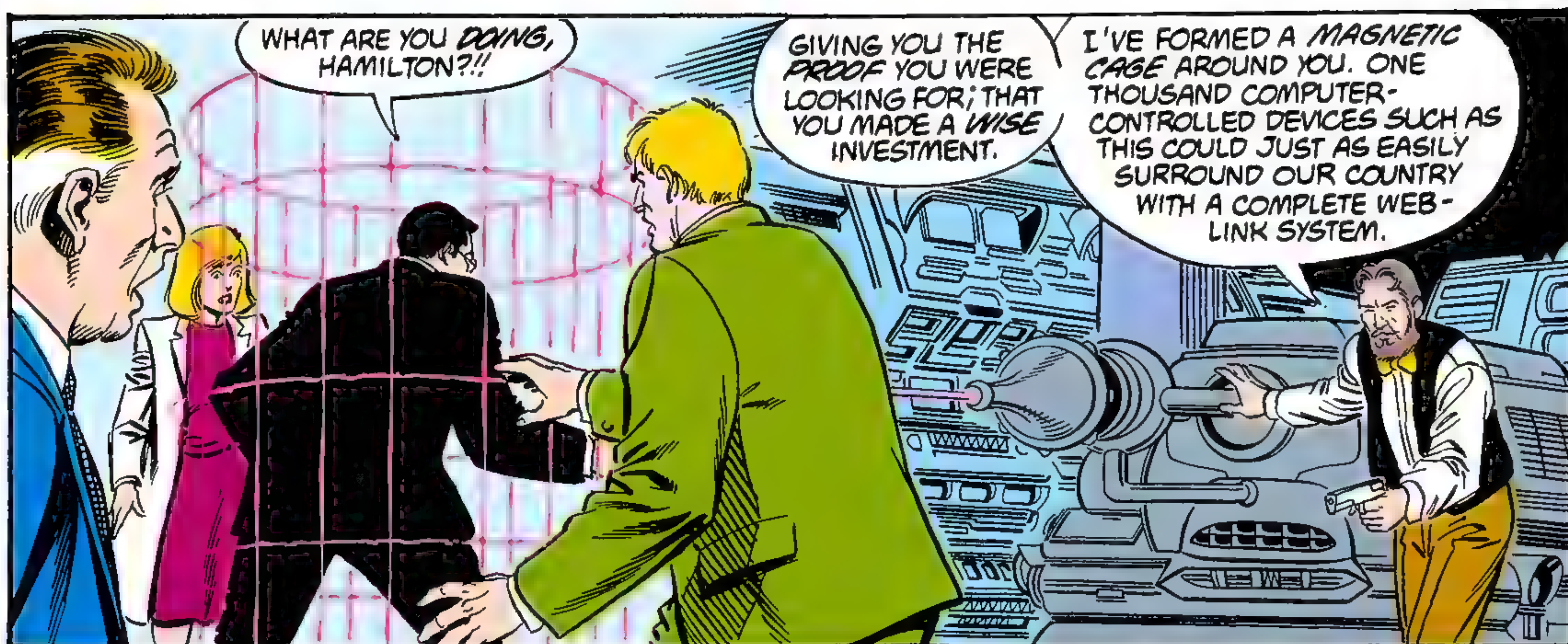


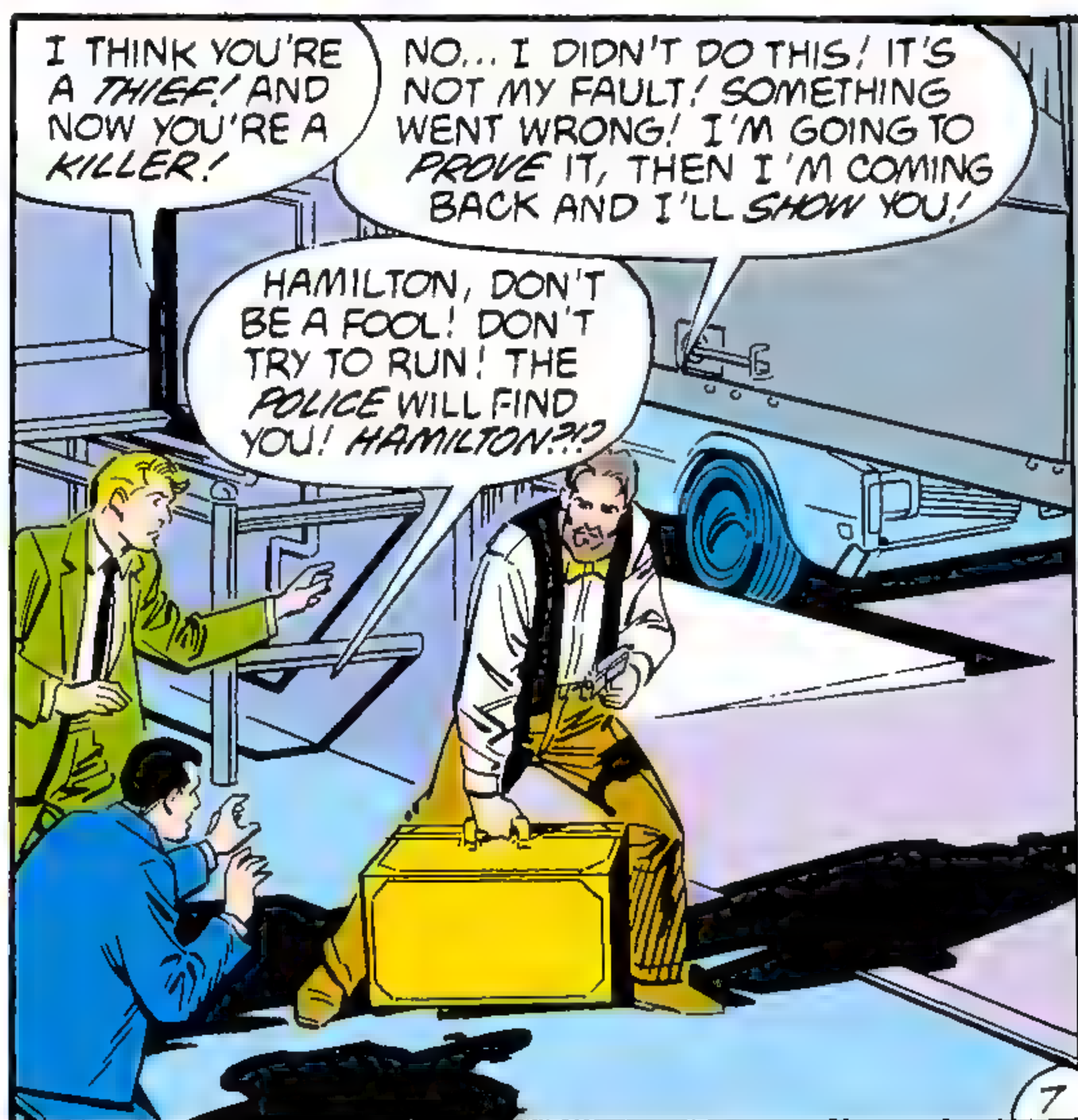
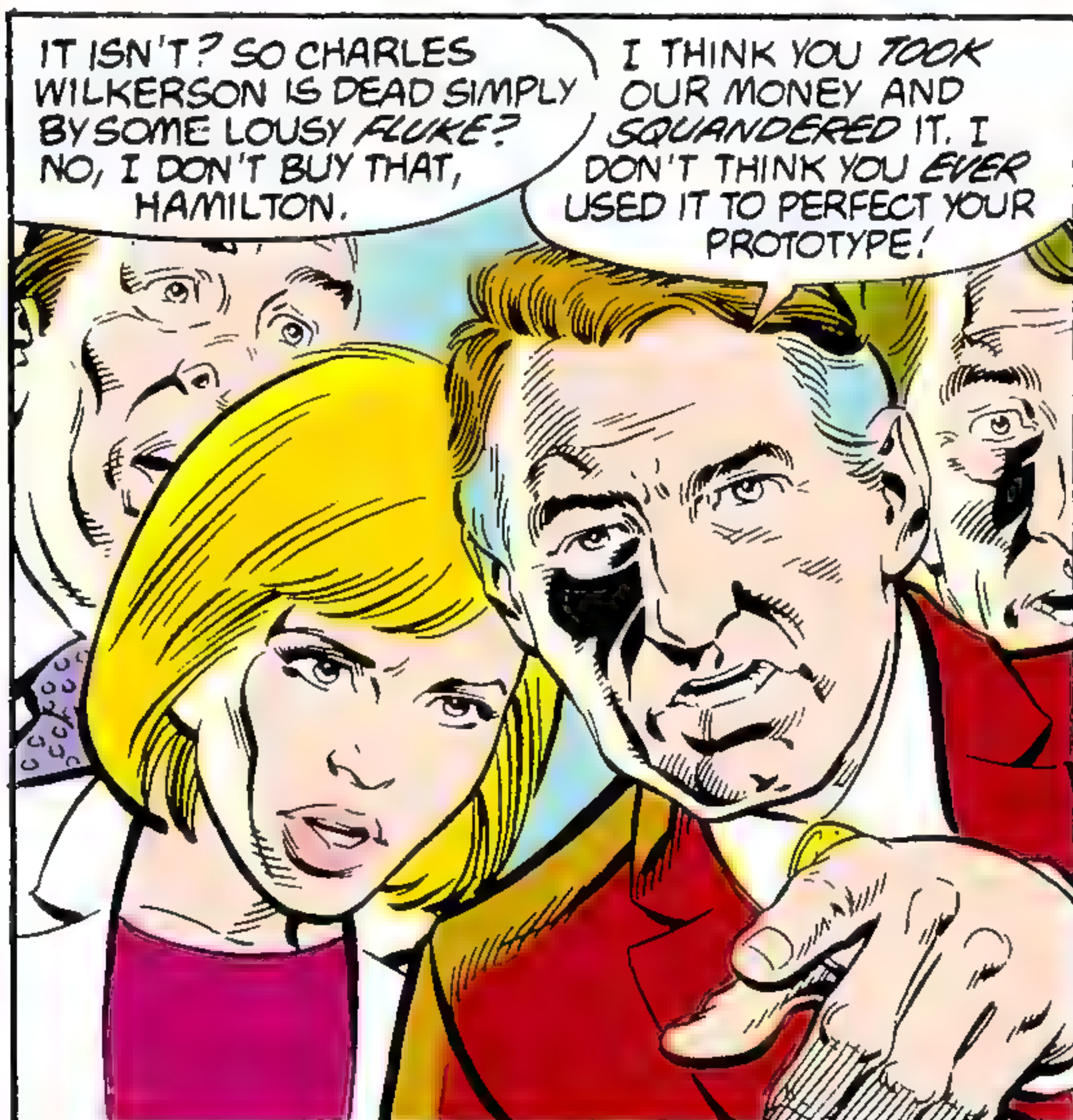
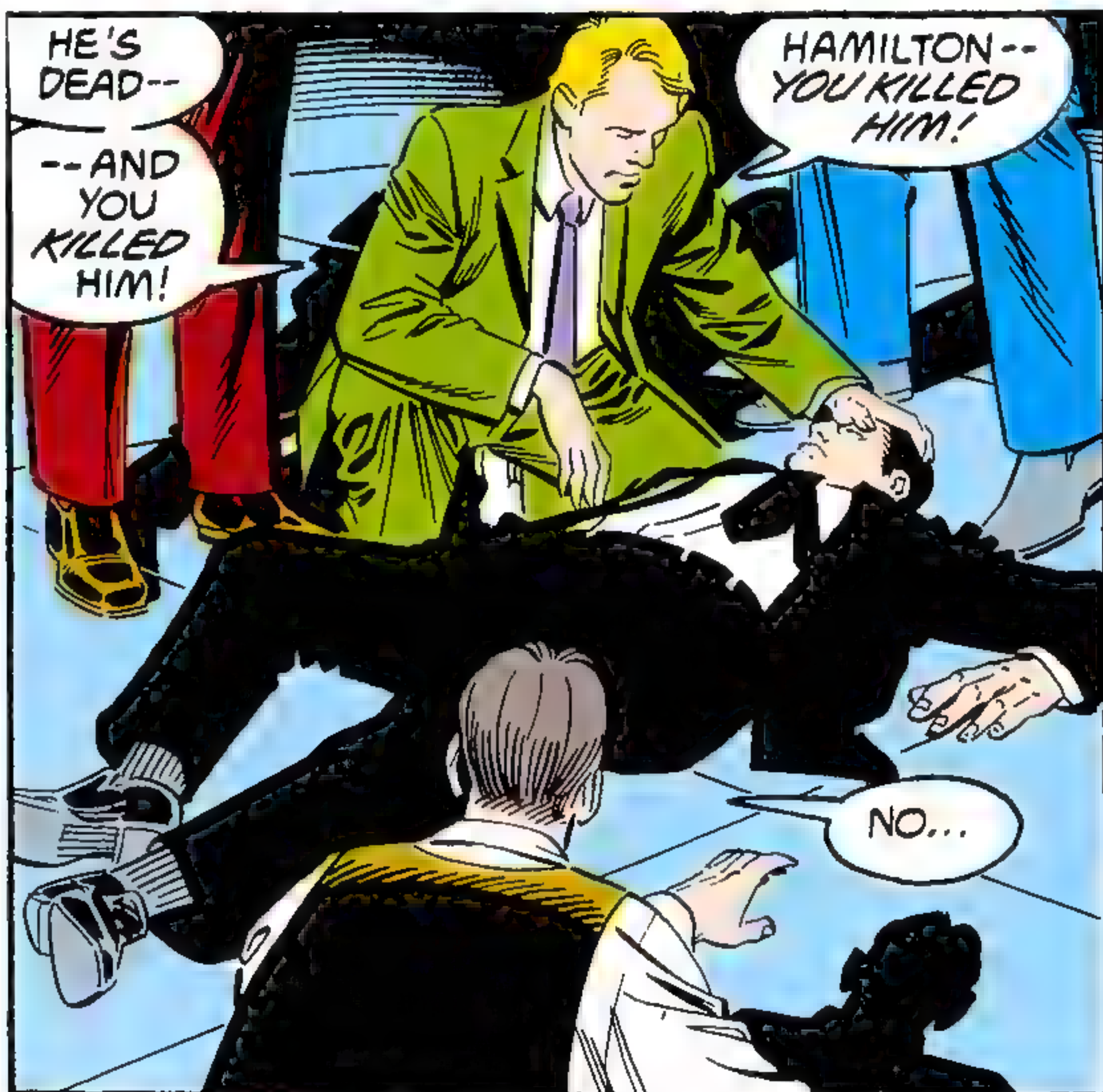
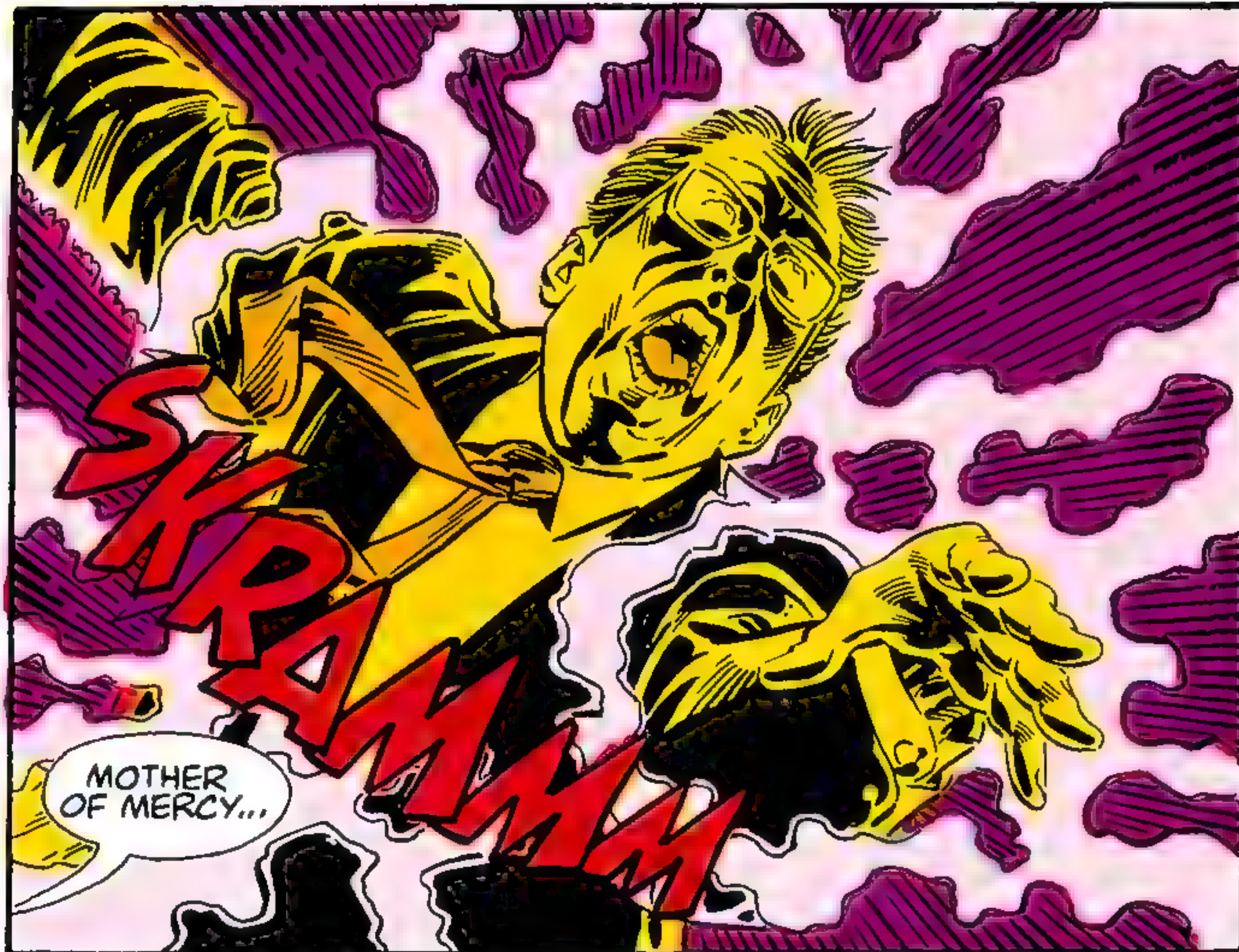
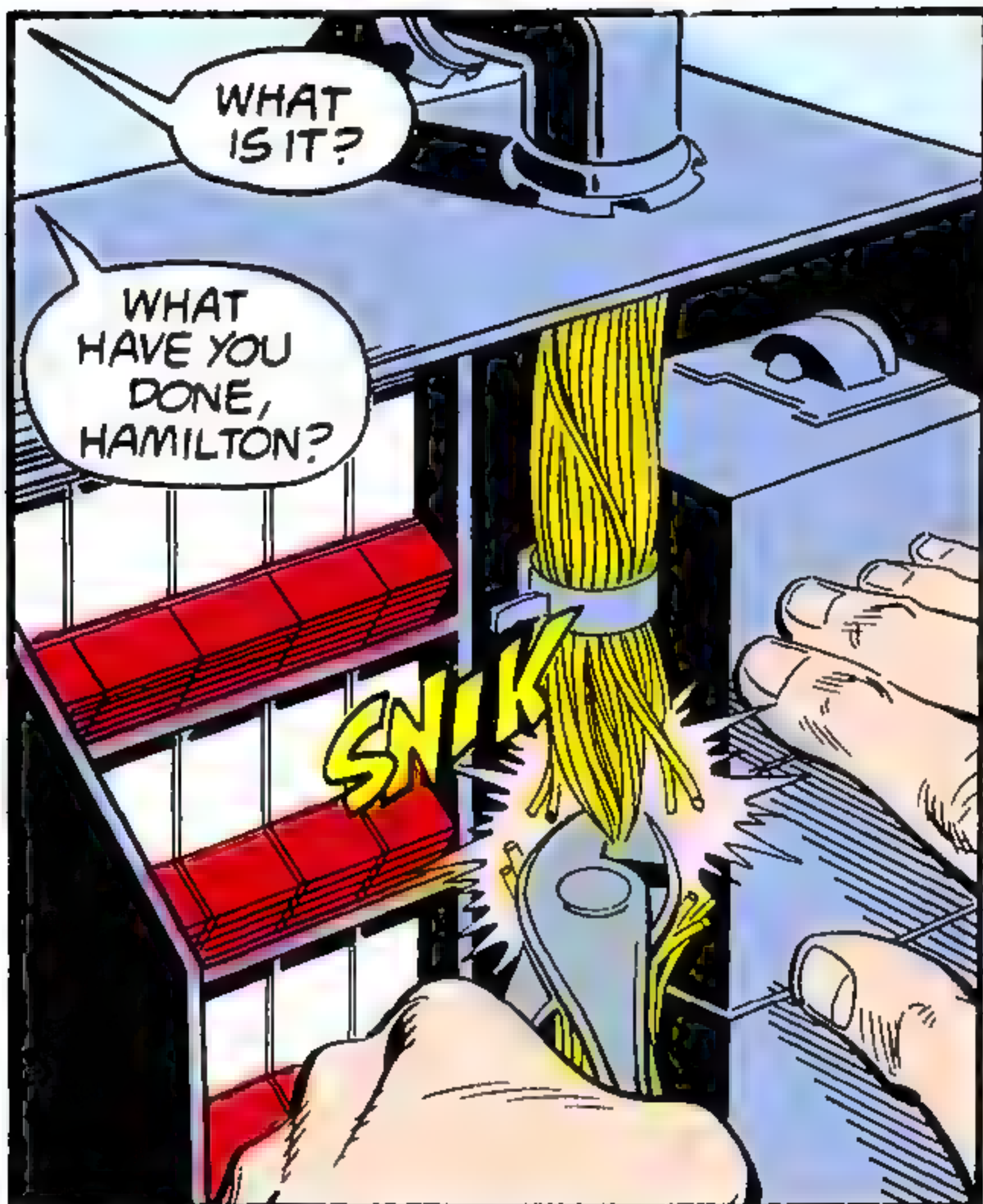
I'M SORRY, BUT OUR PREVIOUS DECISION STILL STANDS--YOUR INVENTION IS CONSIDERED TOO DANGEROUS TO USE. DISMANTLE IT, PROFESSOR. FORGET IT EVER EXISTED AND TRY INVENTING SOMETHING LESS TROUBLESOME--

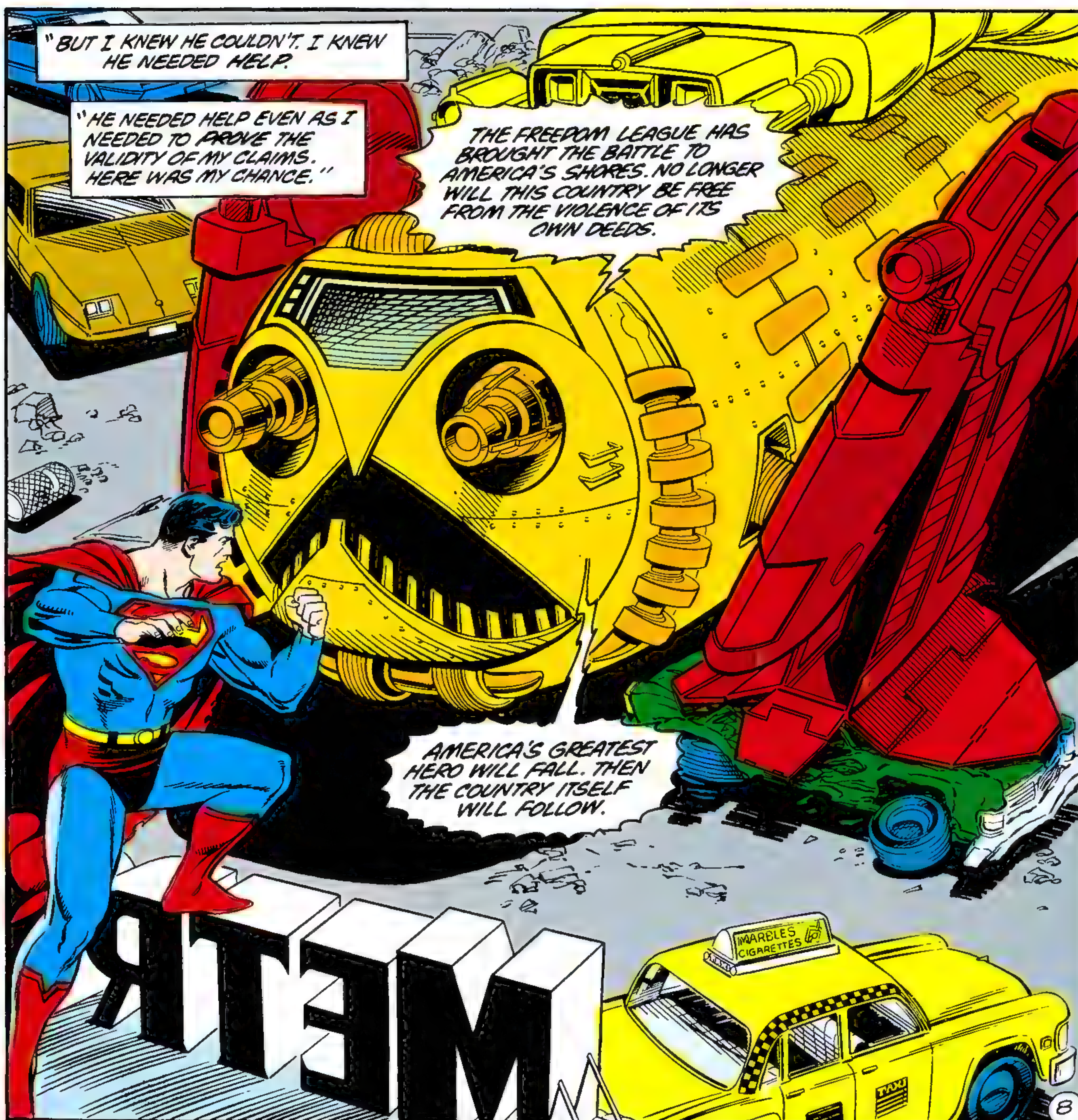
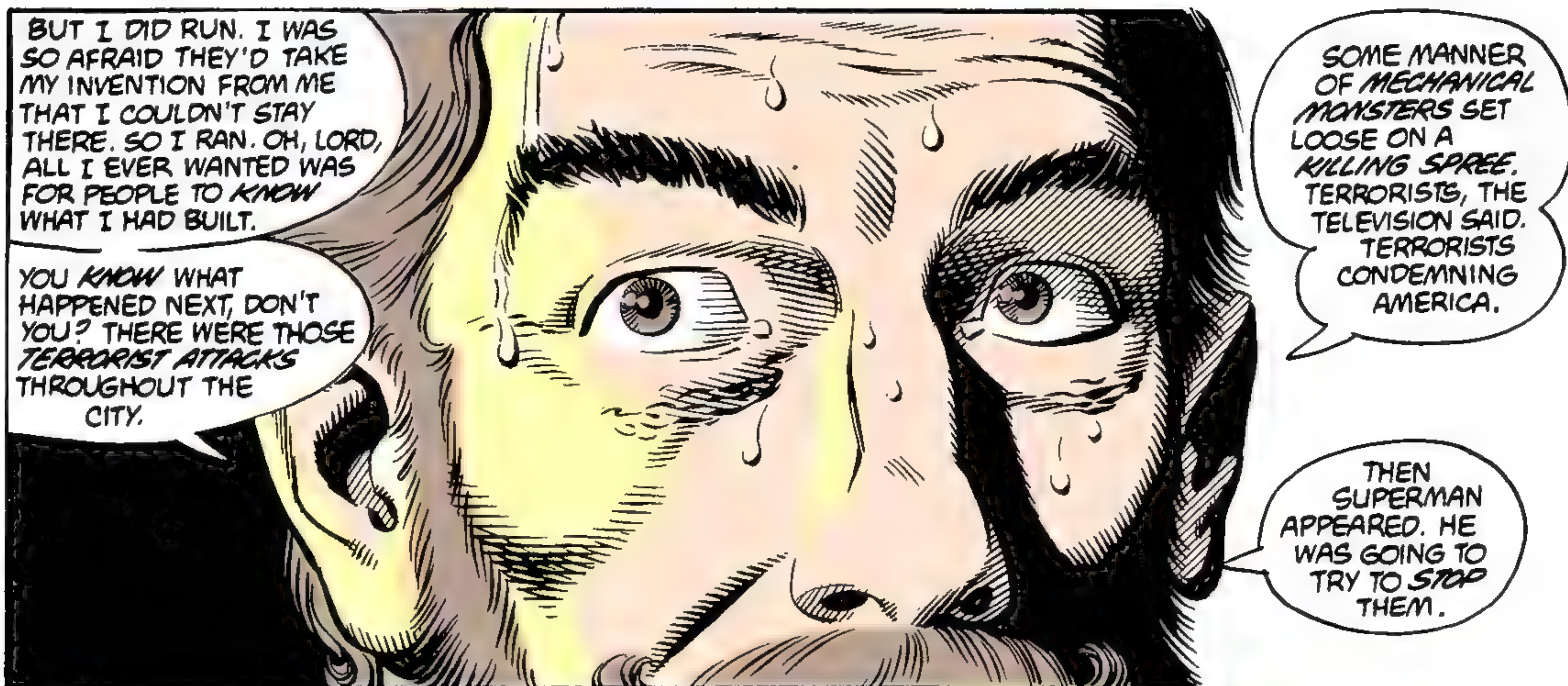
--SOMETHING LIKE A CLEAN NUCLEAR DEVICE.

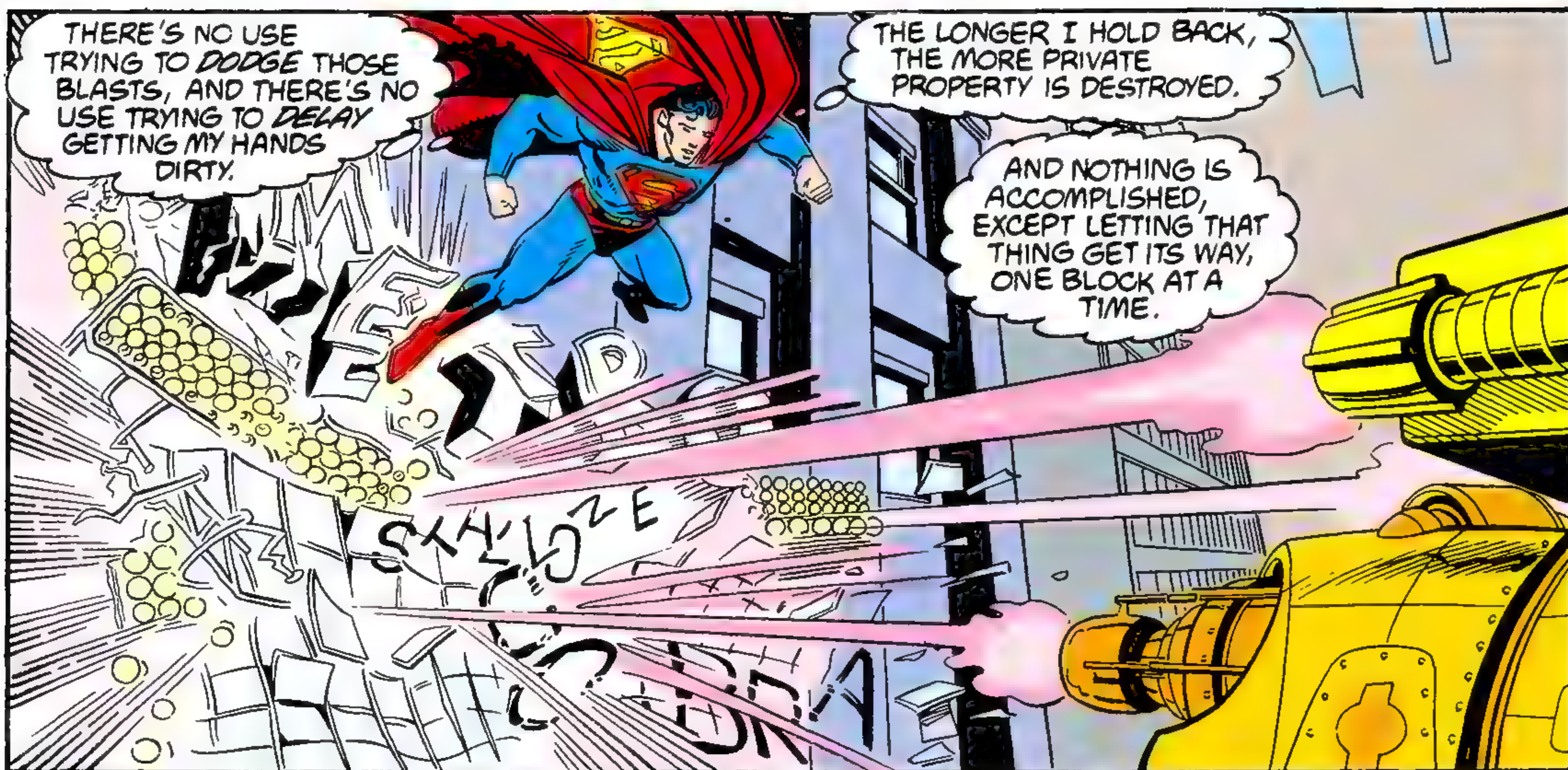
"HAVE YOU EVER BEEN WITHOUT MONEY? WITHOUT HOPE? I WAS AT THAT POINT. I KNEW THE VALIDITY OF MY INVENTION, BUT I SEEMED TO BE THE ONLY ONE. THEN I RECEIVED A VISIT..."







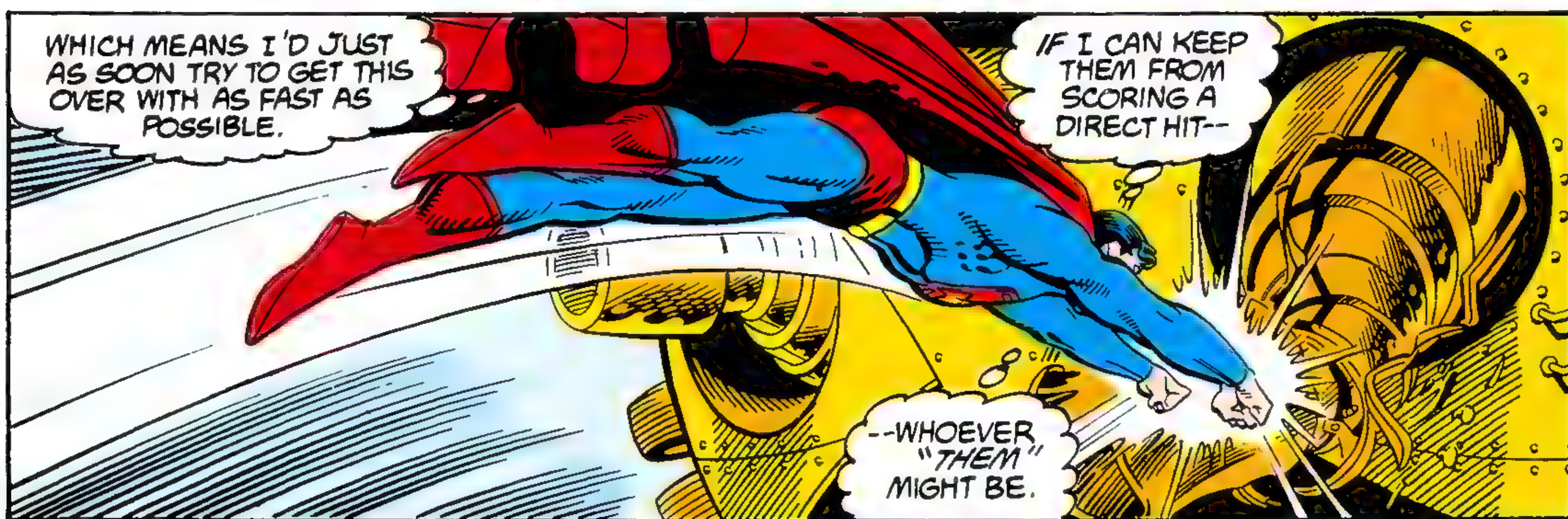




THERE'S NO USE TRYING TO *DODGE* THOSE BLASTS, AND THERE'S NO USE TRYING TO *DELAY* GETTING MY HANDS DIRTY.

THE LONGER I HOLD BACK, THE MORE PRIVATE PROPERTY IS DESTROYED.

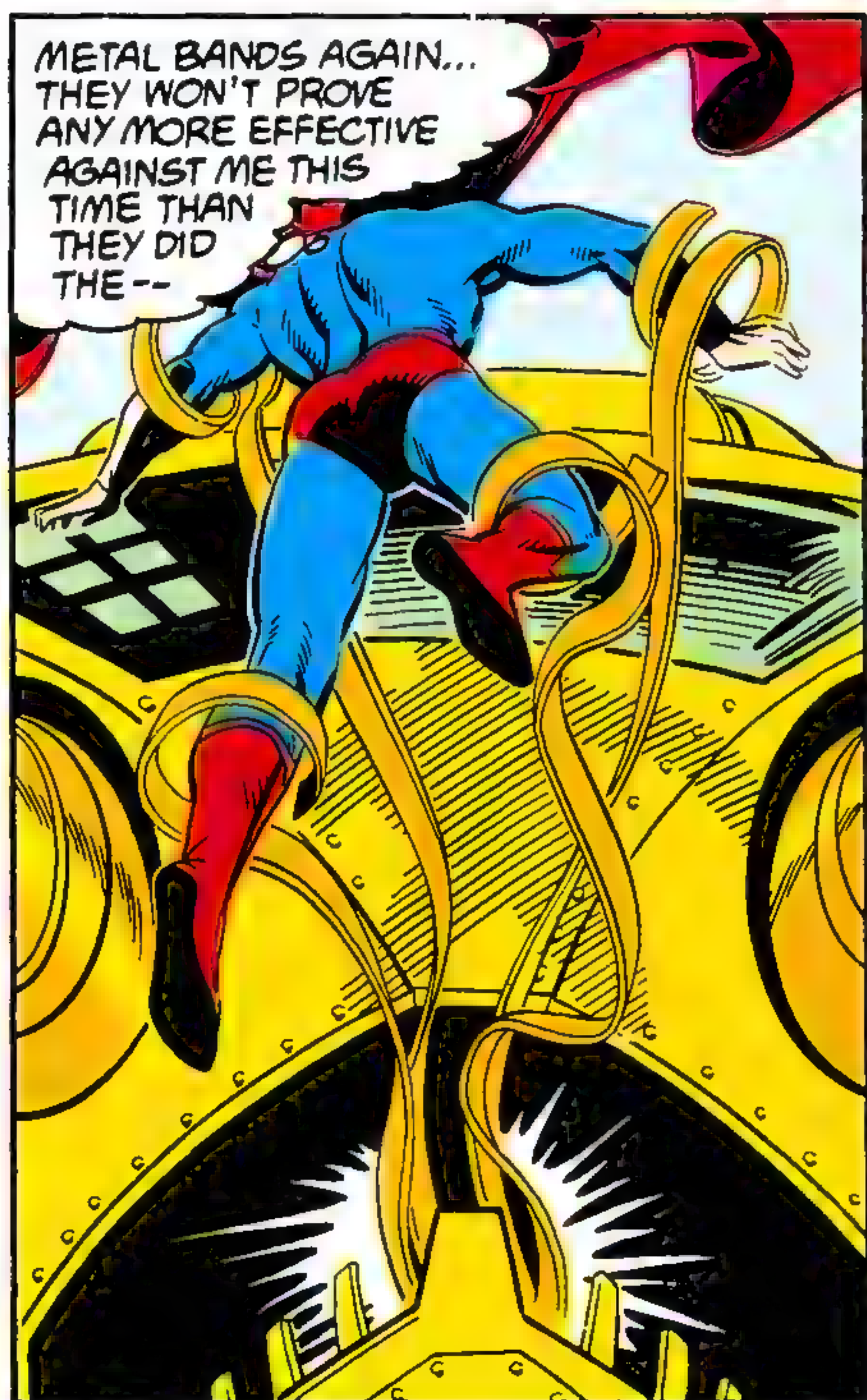
AND NOTHING IS ACCOMPLISHED, EXCEPT LETTING THAT THING GET ITS WAY, ONE BLOCK AT A TIME.



WHICH MEANS I'D JUST AS SOON TRY TO GET THIS OVER WITH AS FAST AS POSSIBLE.

IF I CAN KEEP THEM FROM SCORING A DIRECT HIT--

--WHOEVER "THEM" MIGHT BE.



METAL BANDS AGAIN... THEY WON'T PROVE ANY MORE EFFECTIVE AGAINST ME THIS TIME THAN THEY DID THE--

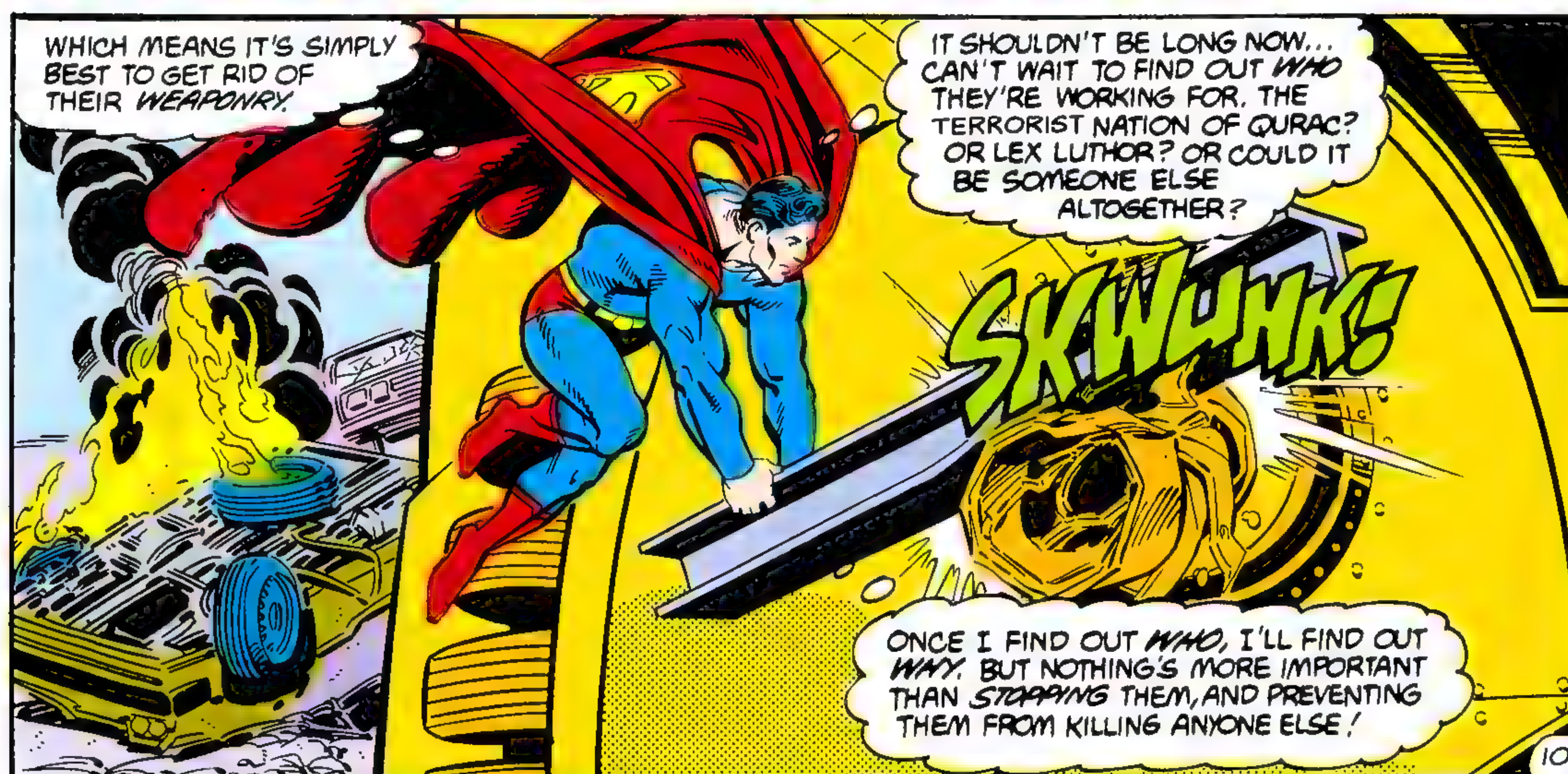
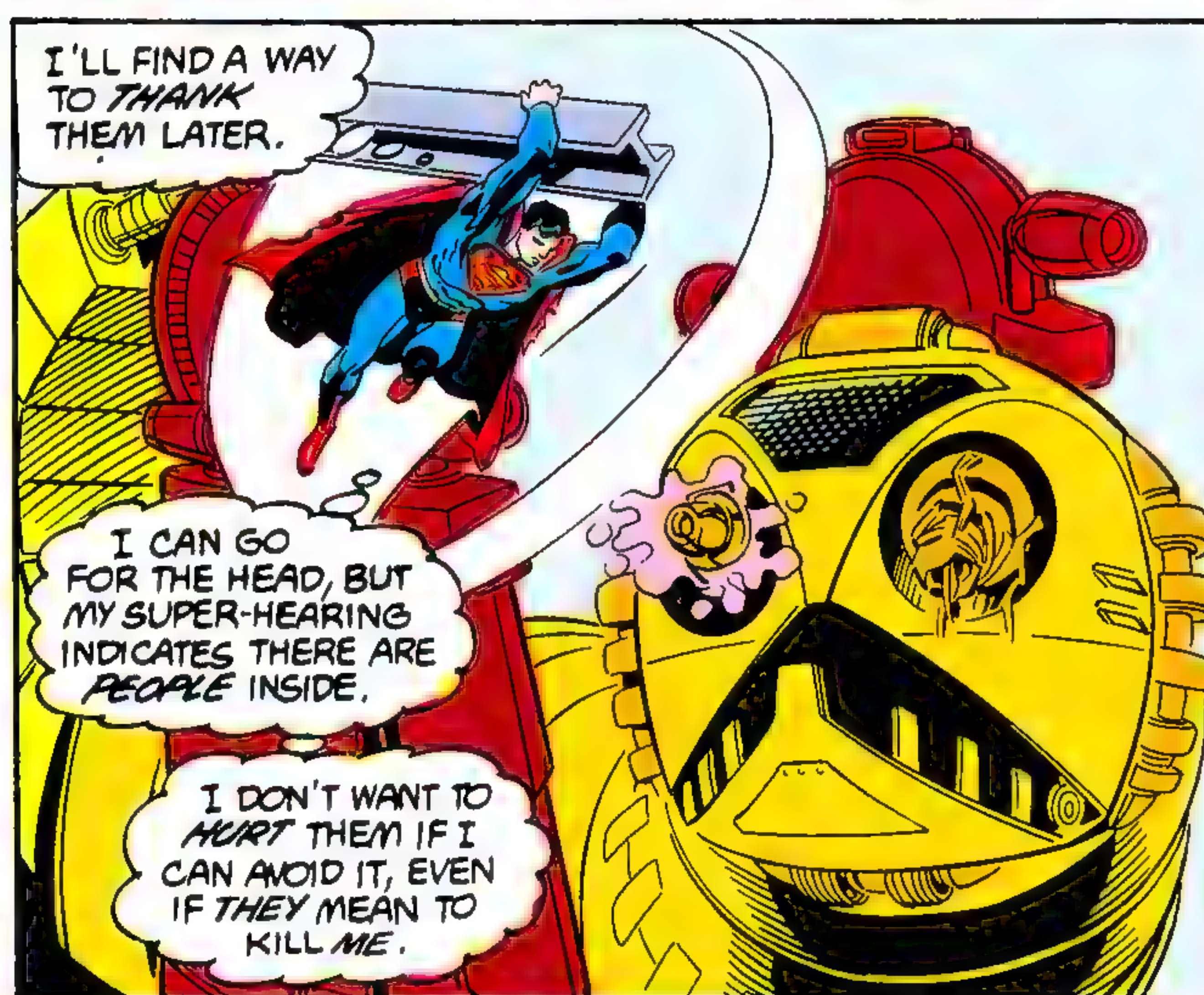
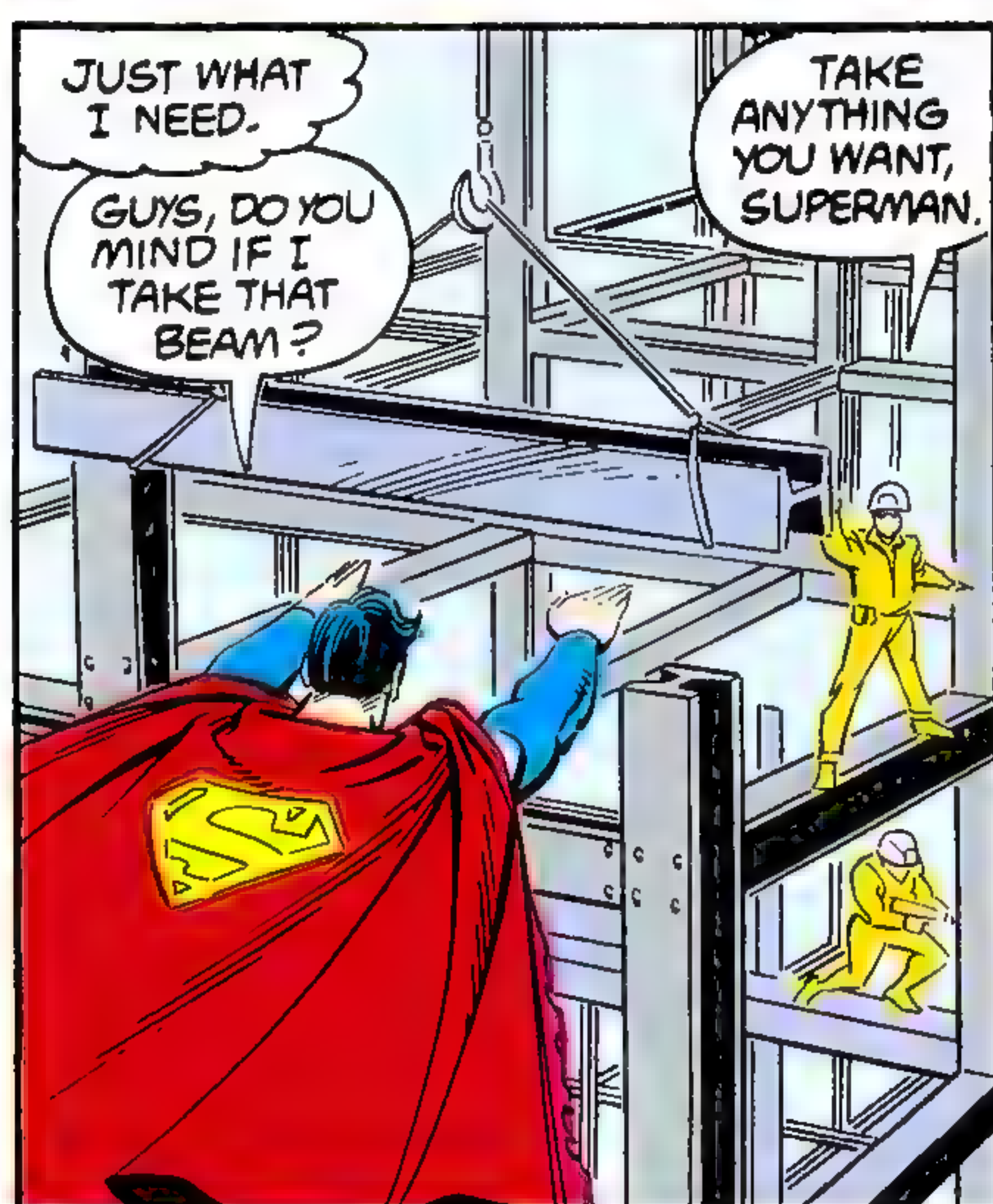
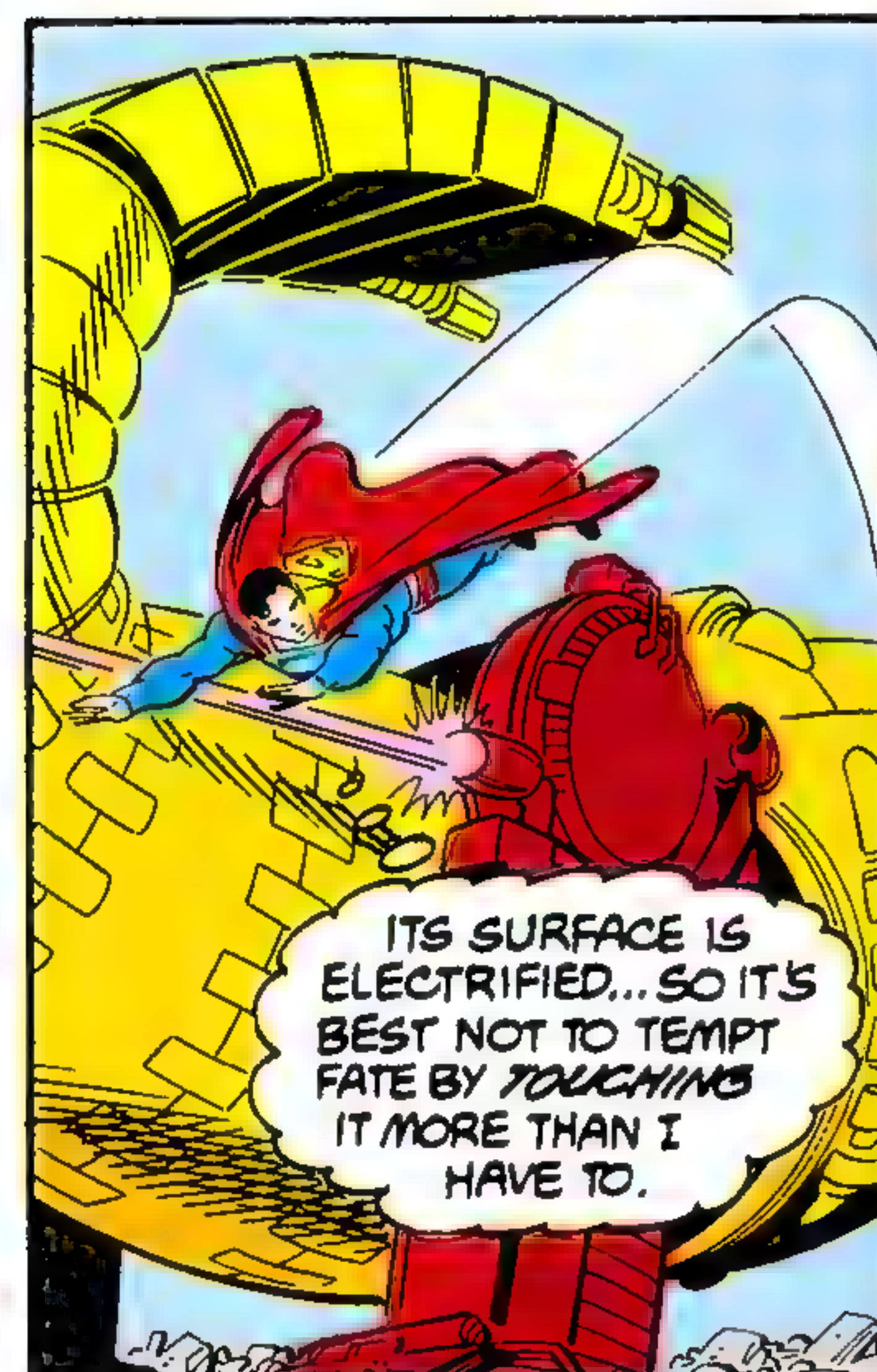
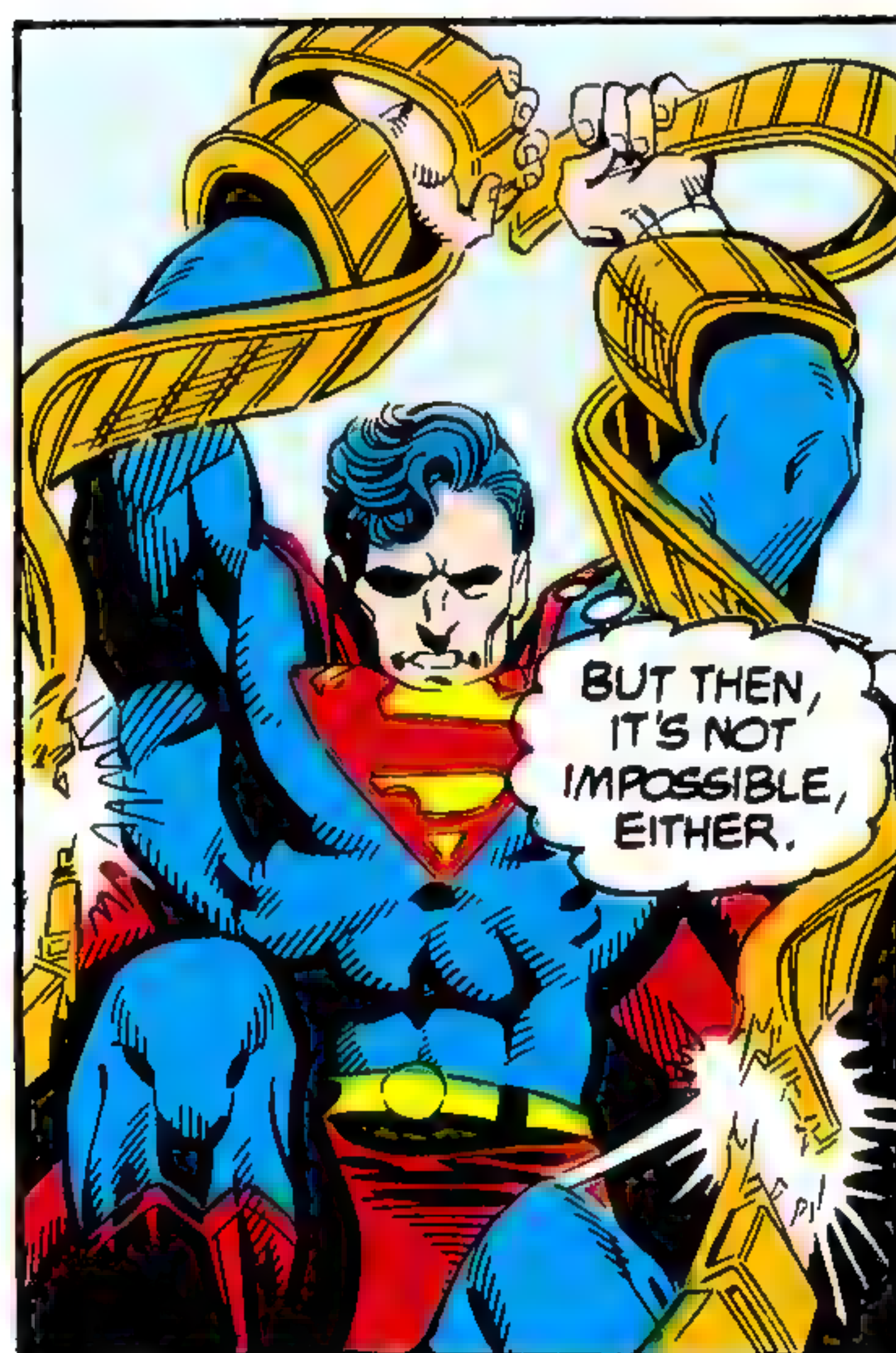
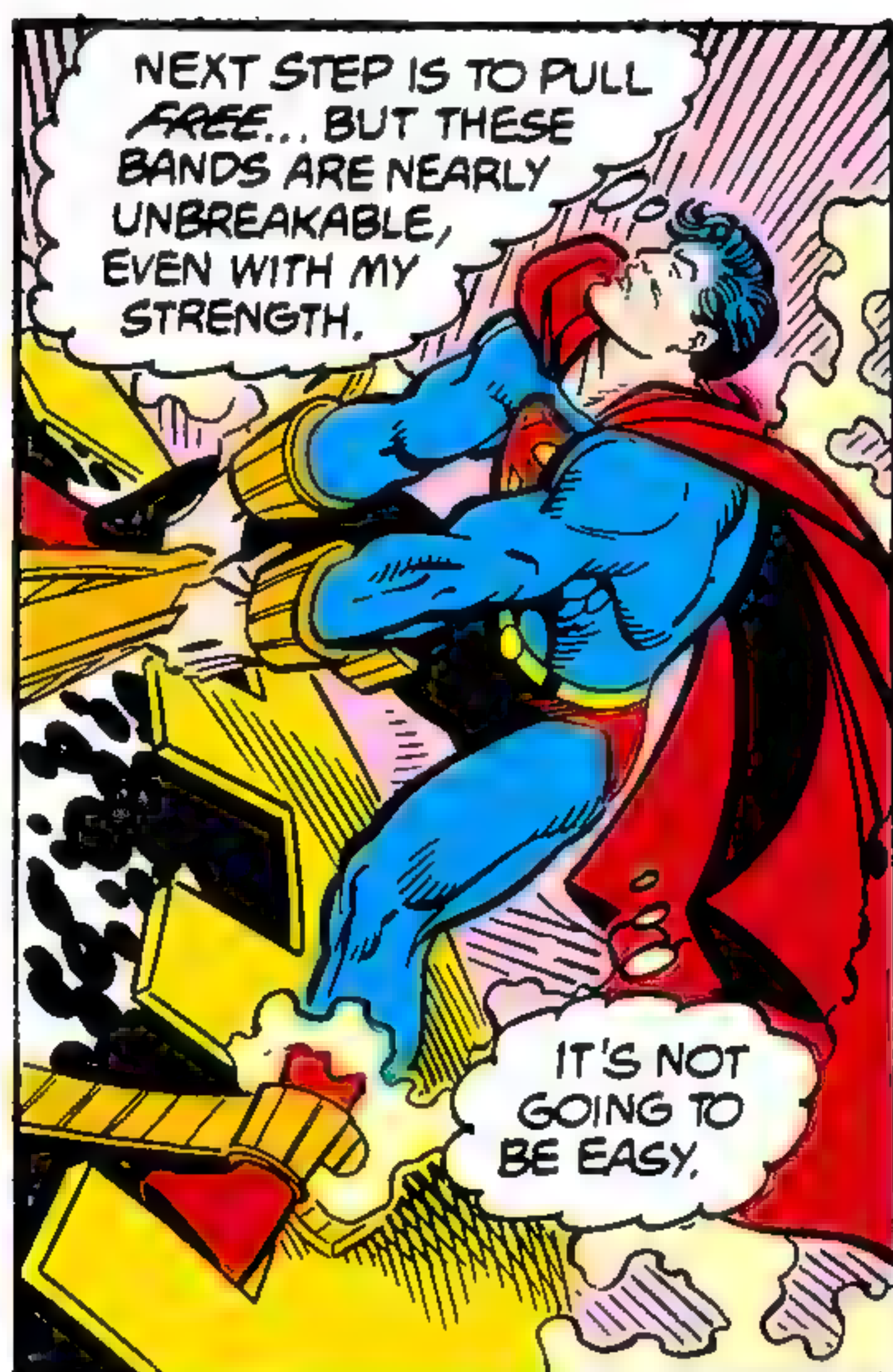


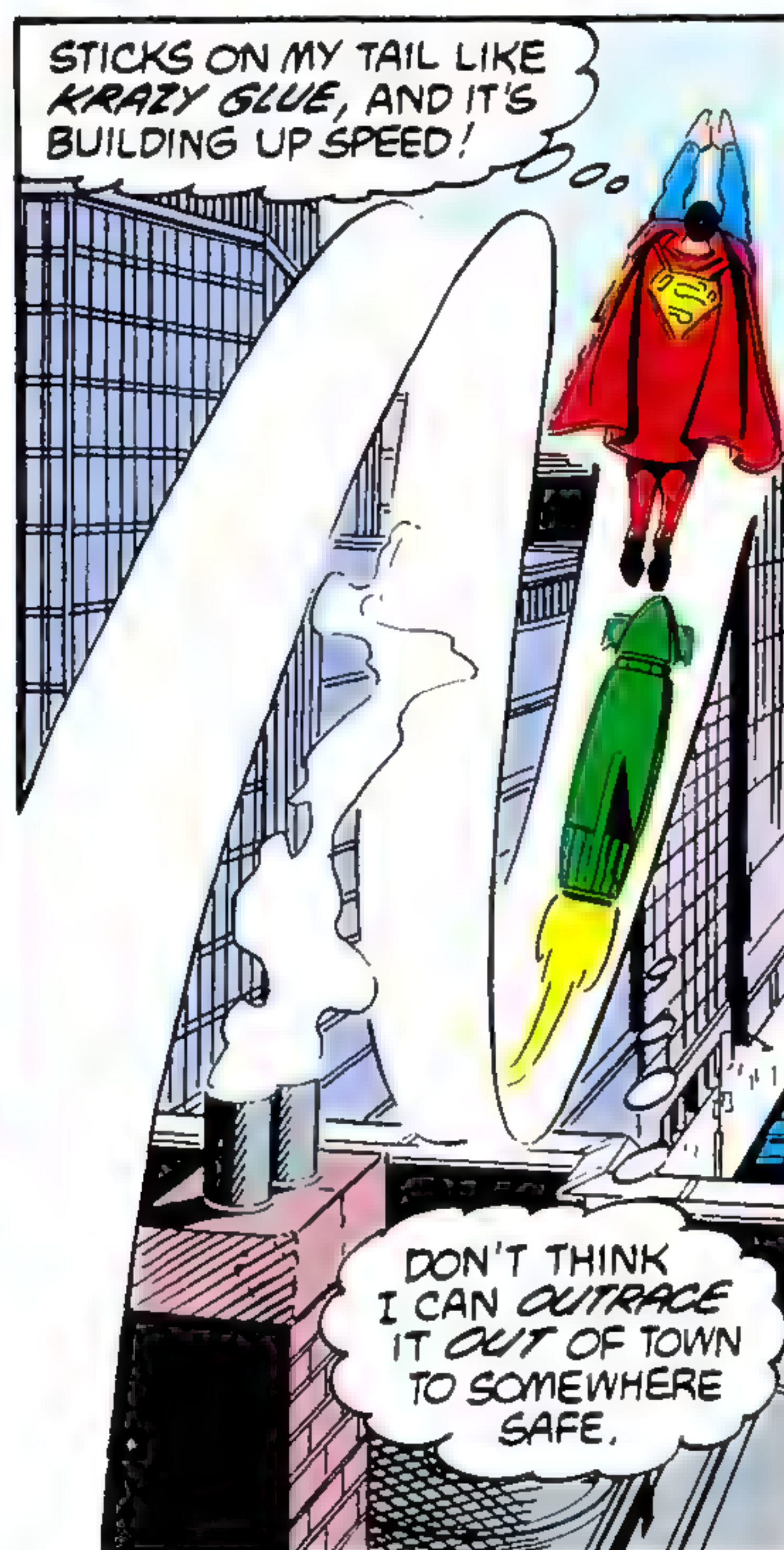
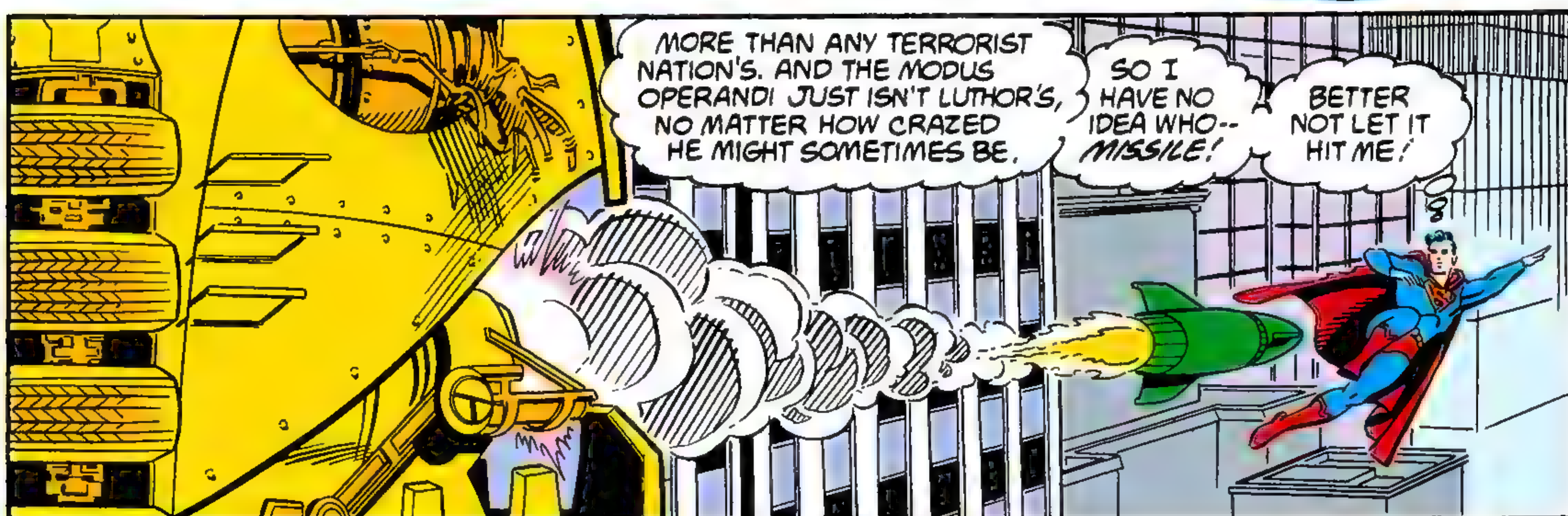
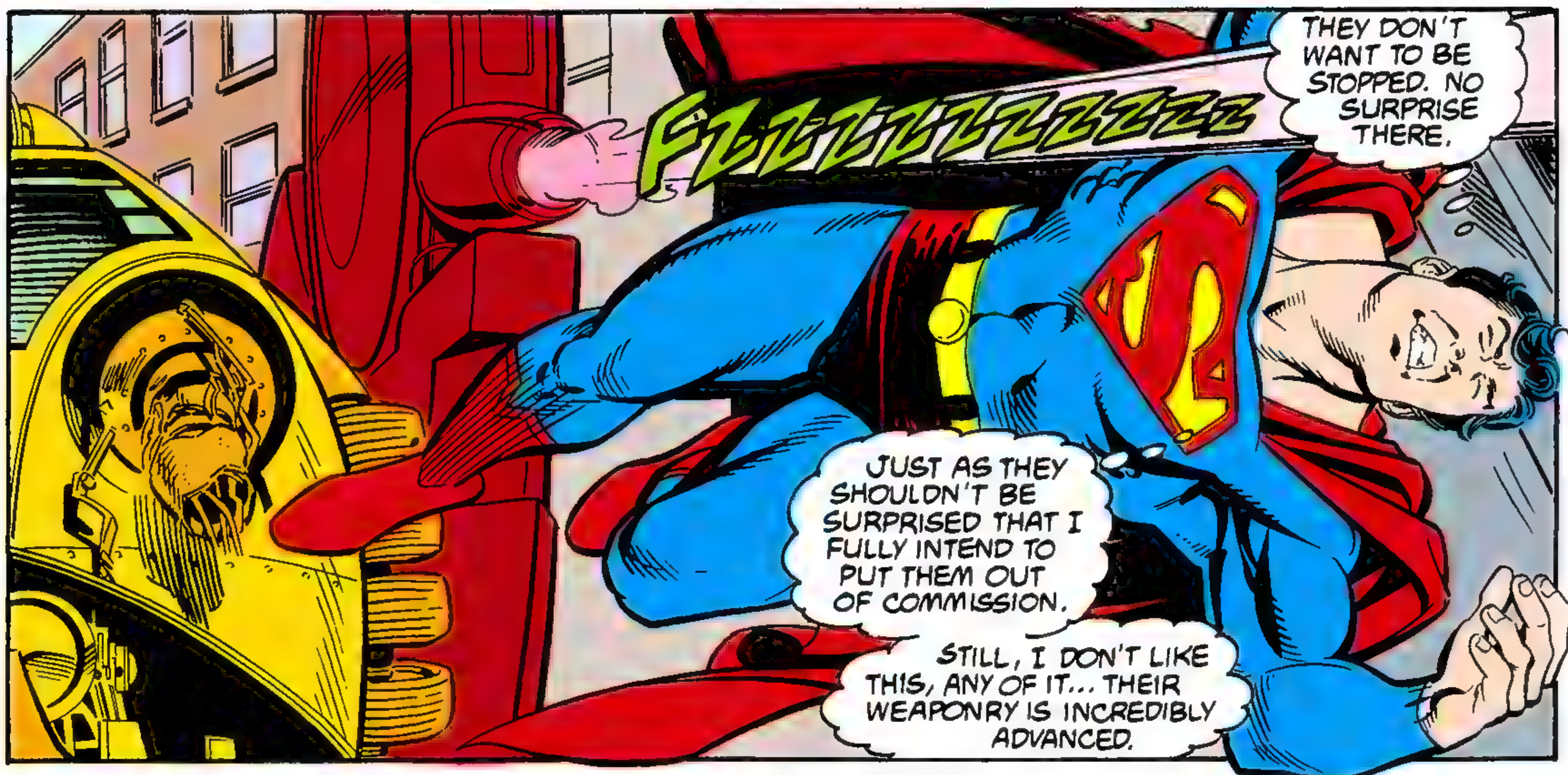
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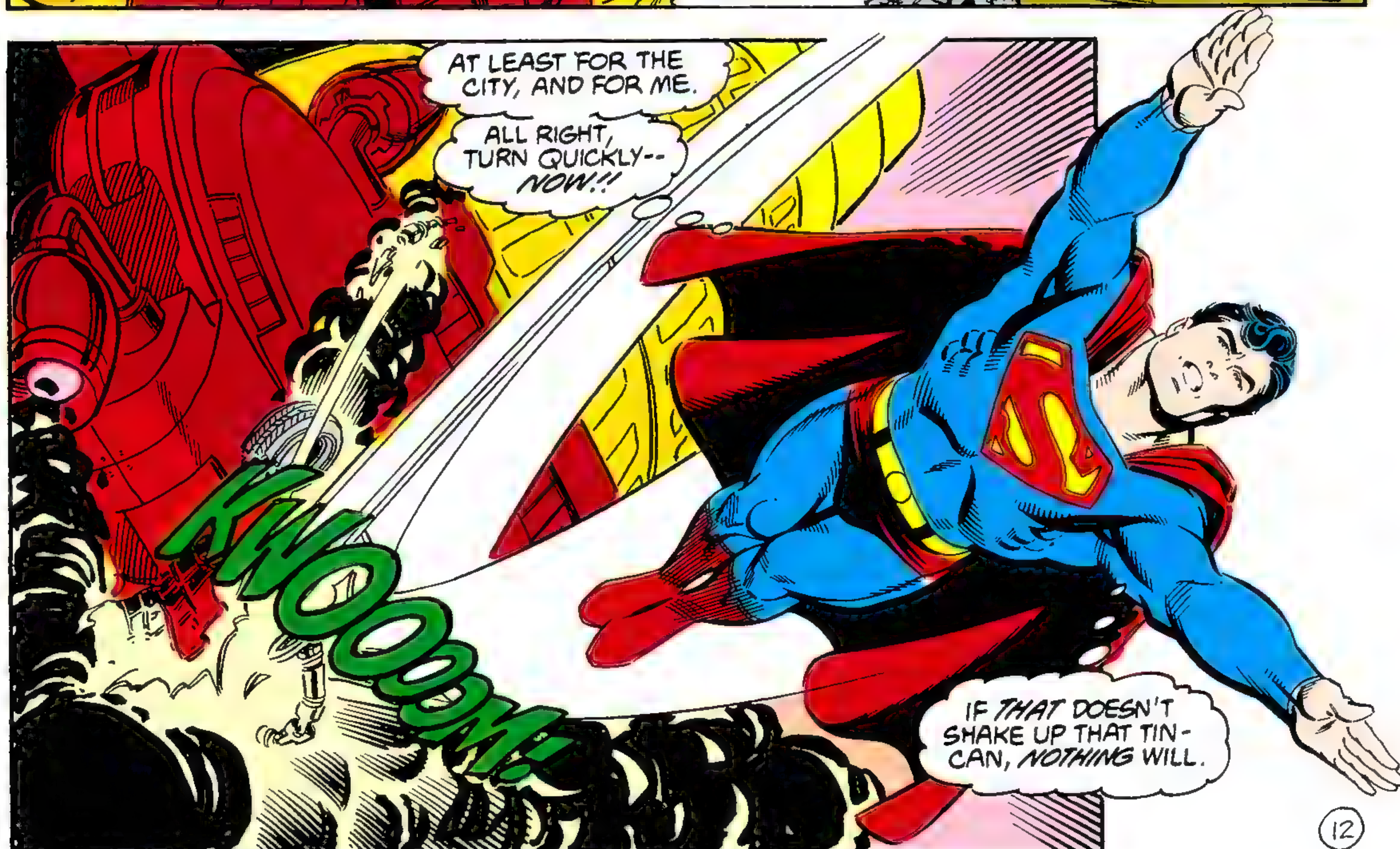
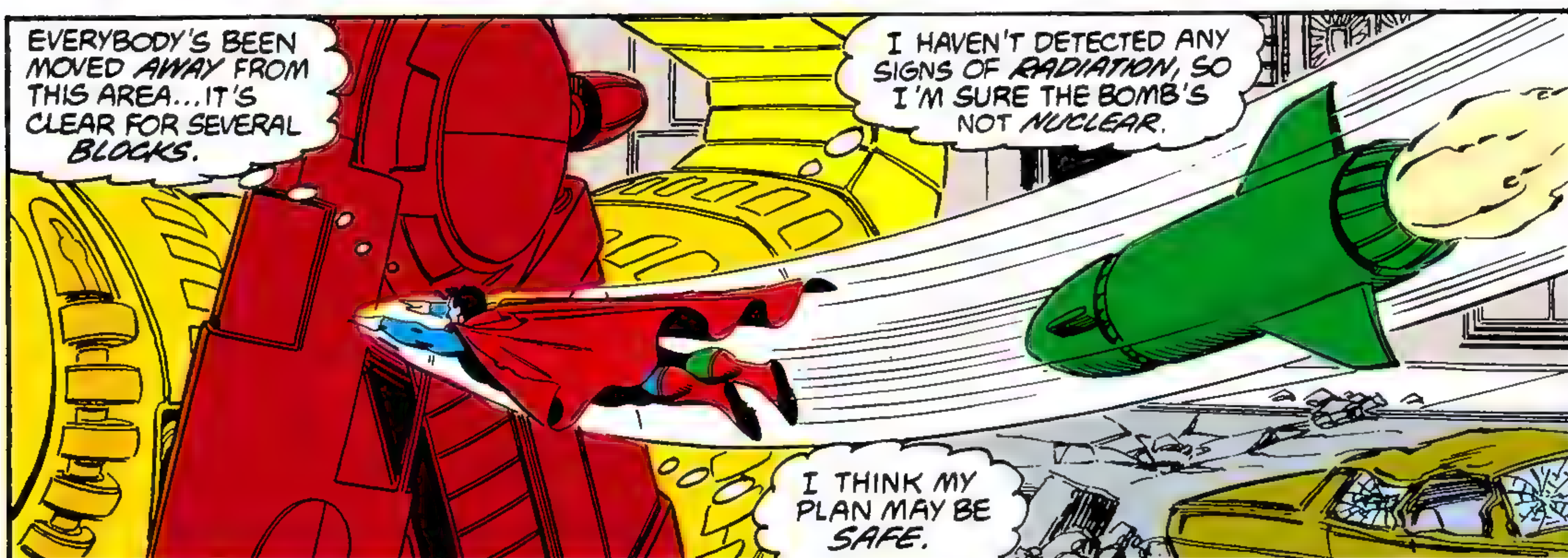
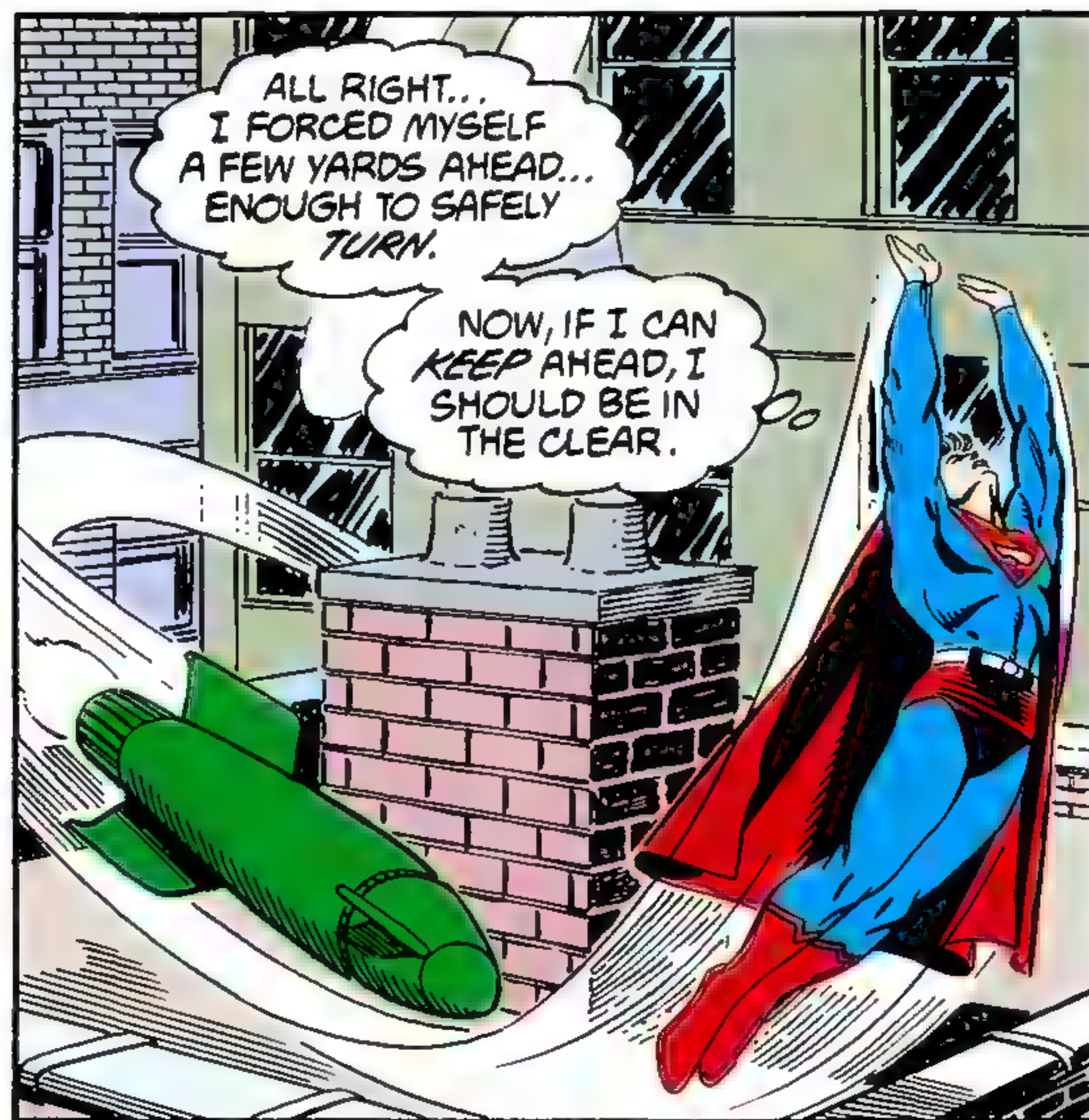
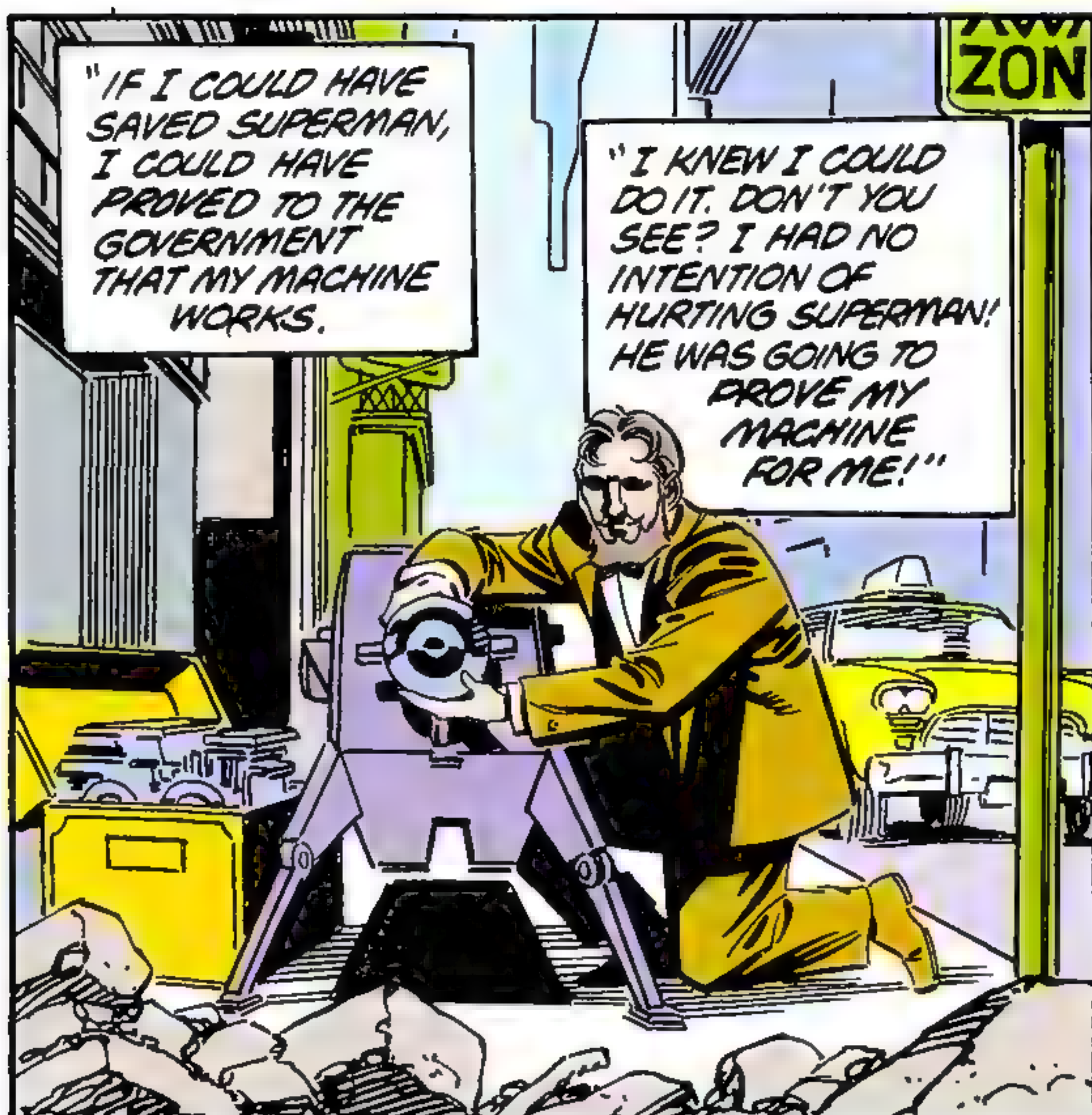
AGHHHHHHH

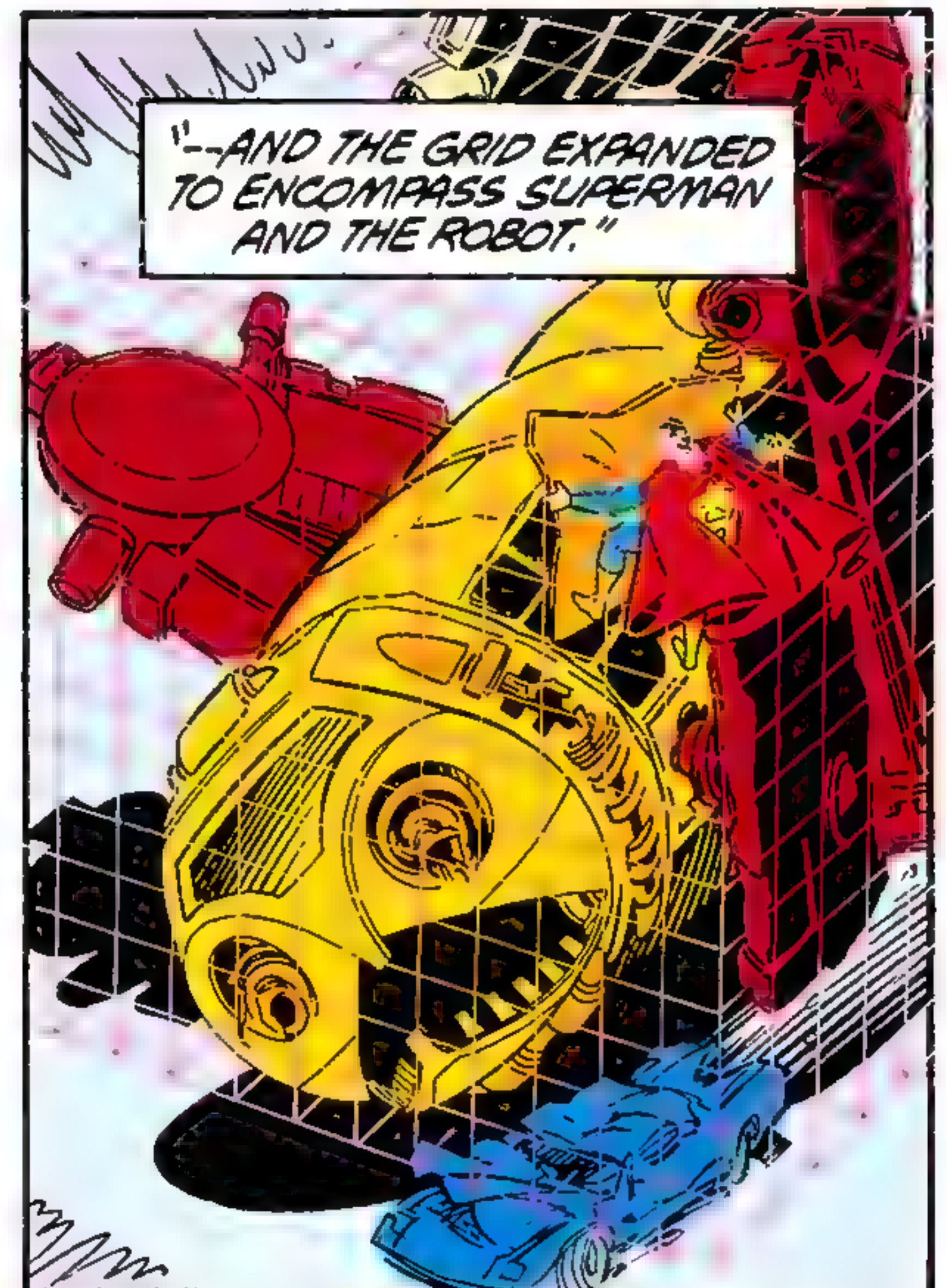
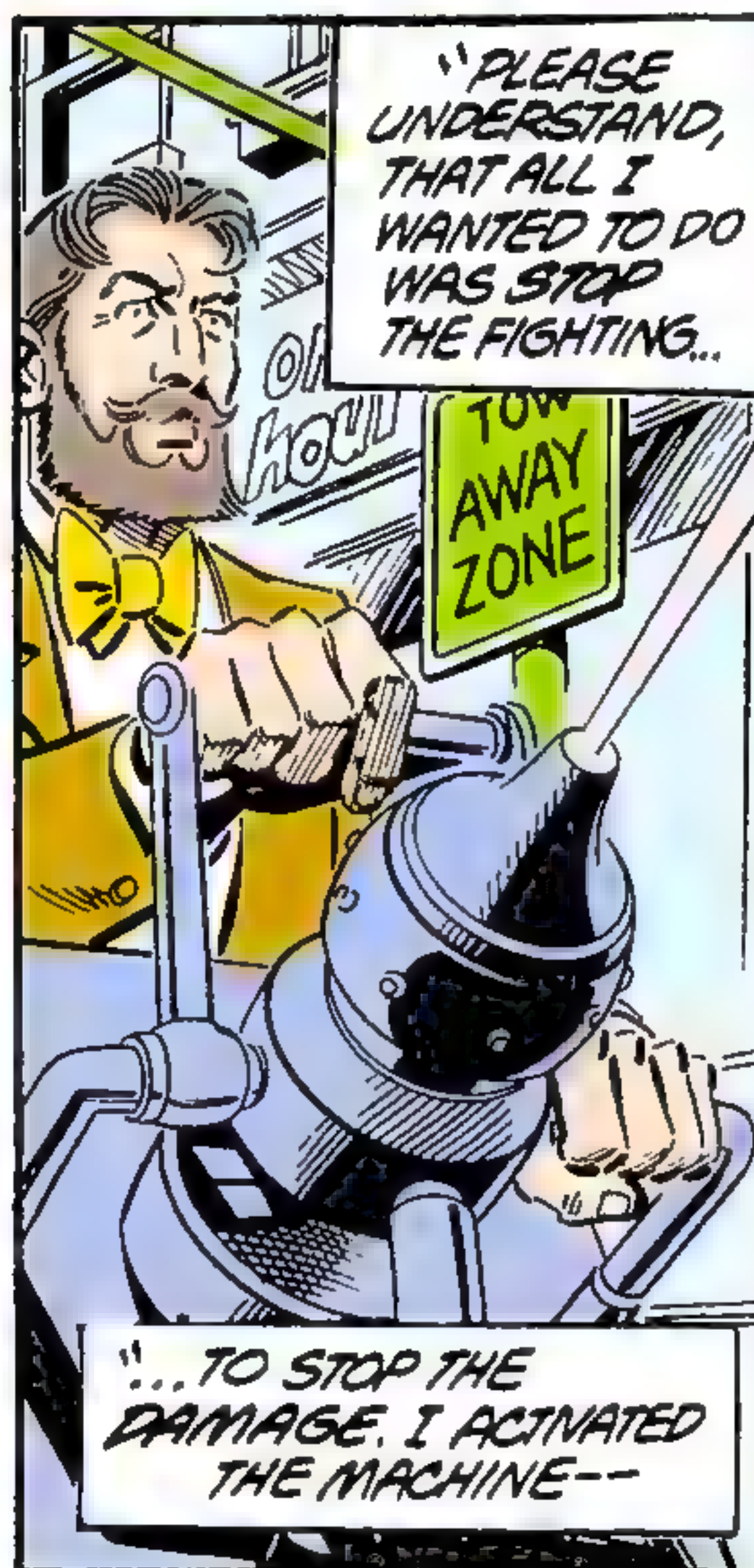
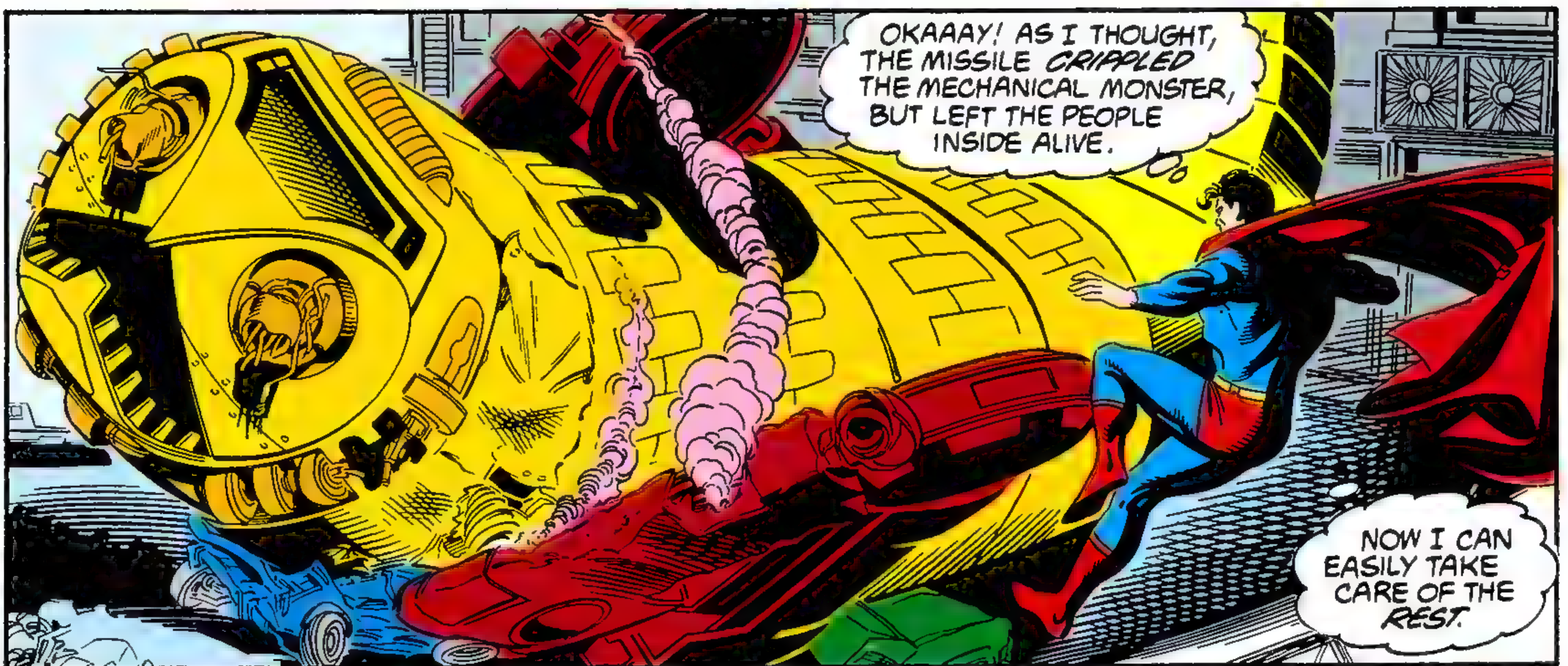
ELECTRICITY... SO MUCH, IT *BURNS!* ALL RIGHT, LET IT WASH OVER ME... PUT IT OUT OF MY MIND.

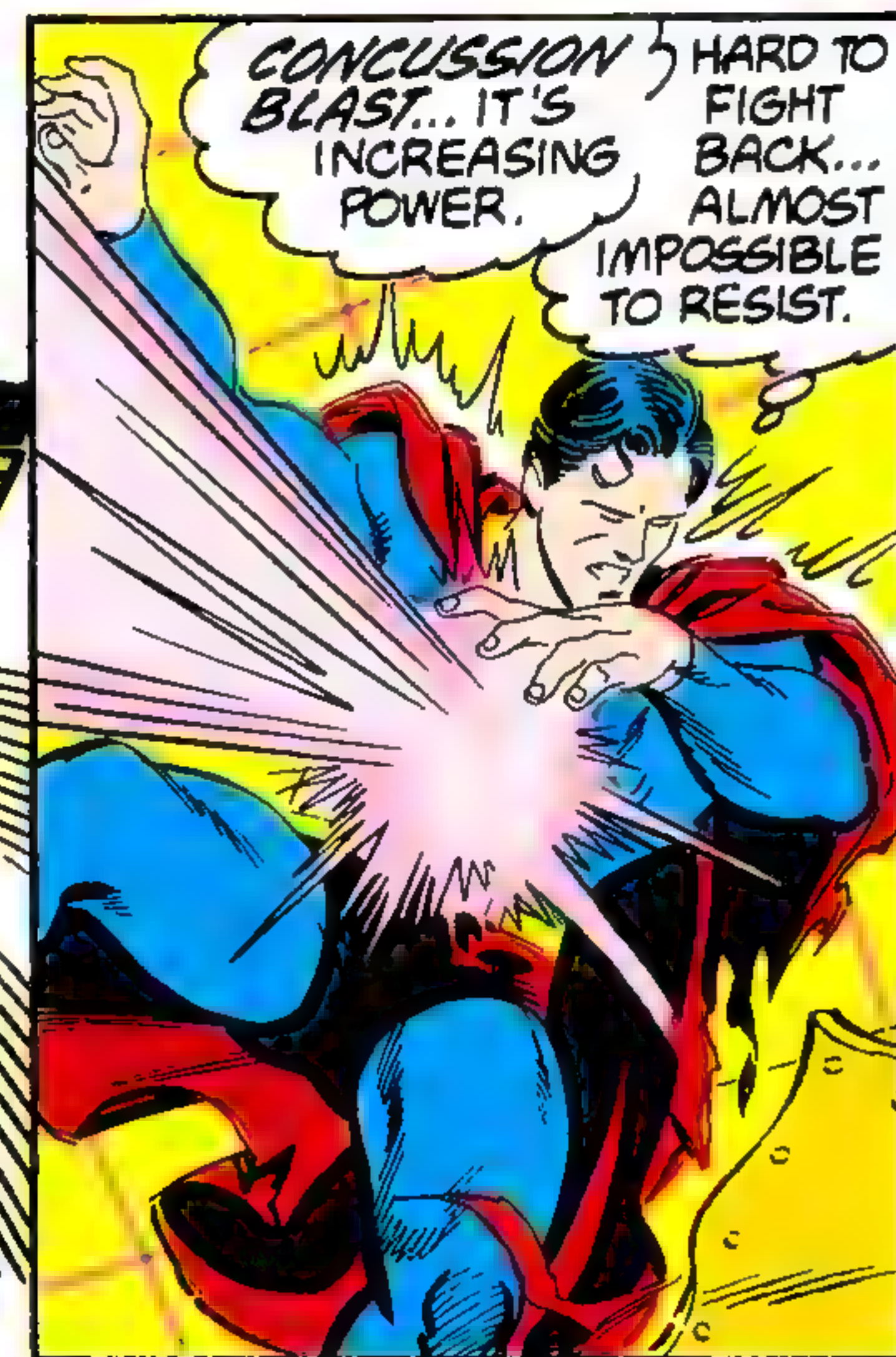
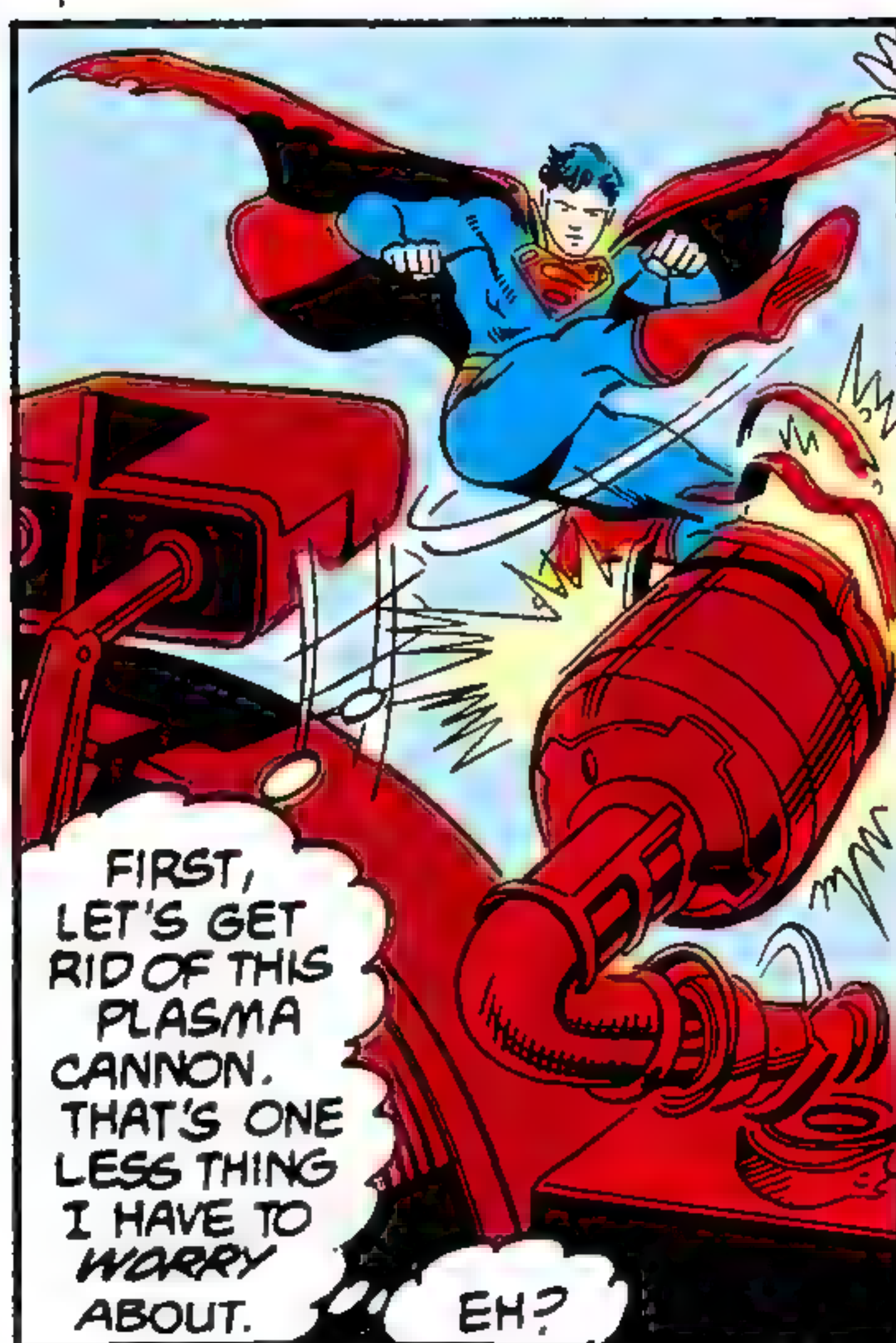
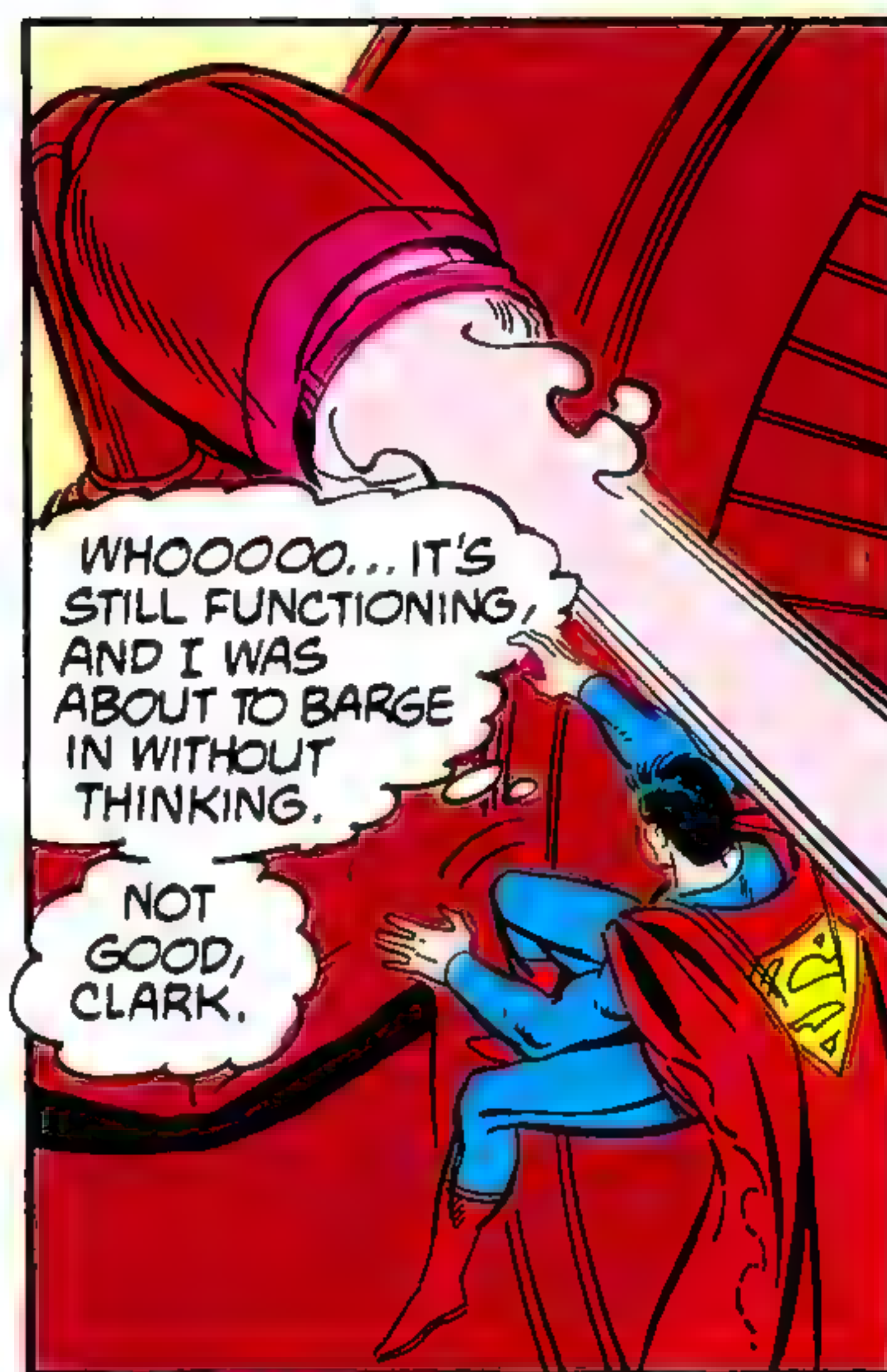
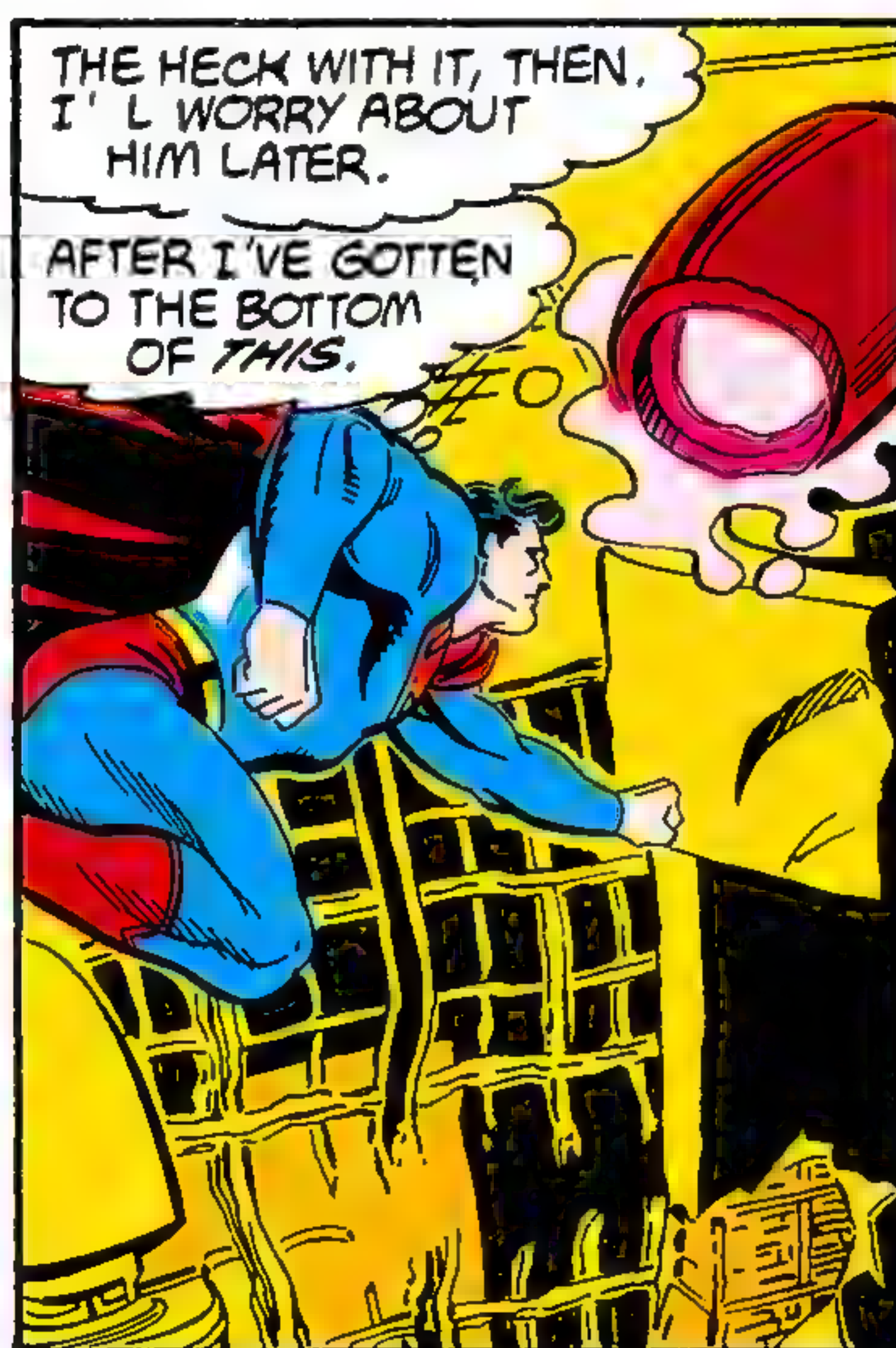
OKAY, OKAY... THE *SHOCK* TOOK A SECOND TO WEAR OFF. I'M *BETTER* NOW. WON'T LET THAT HAPPEN A *SECOND* TIME.

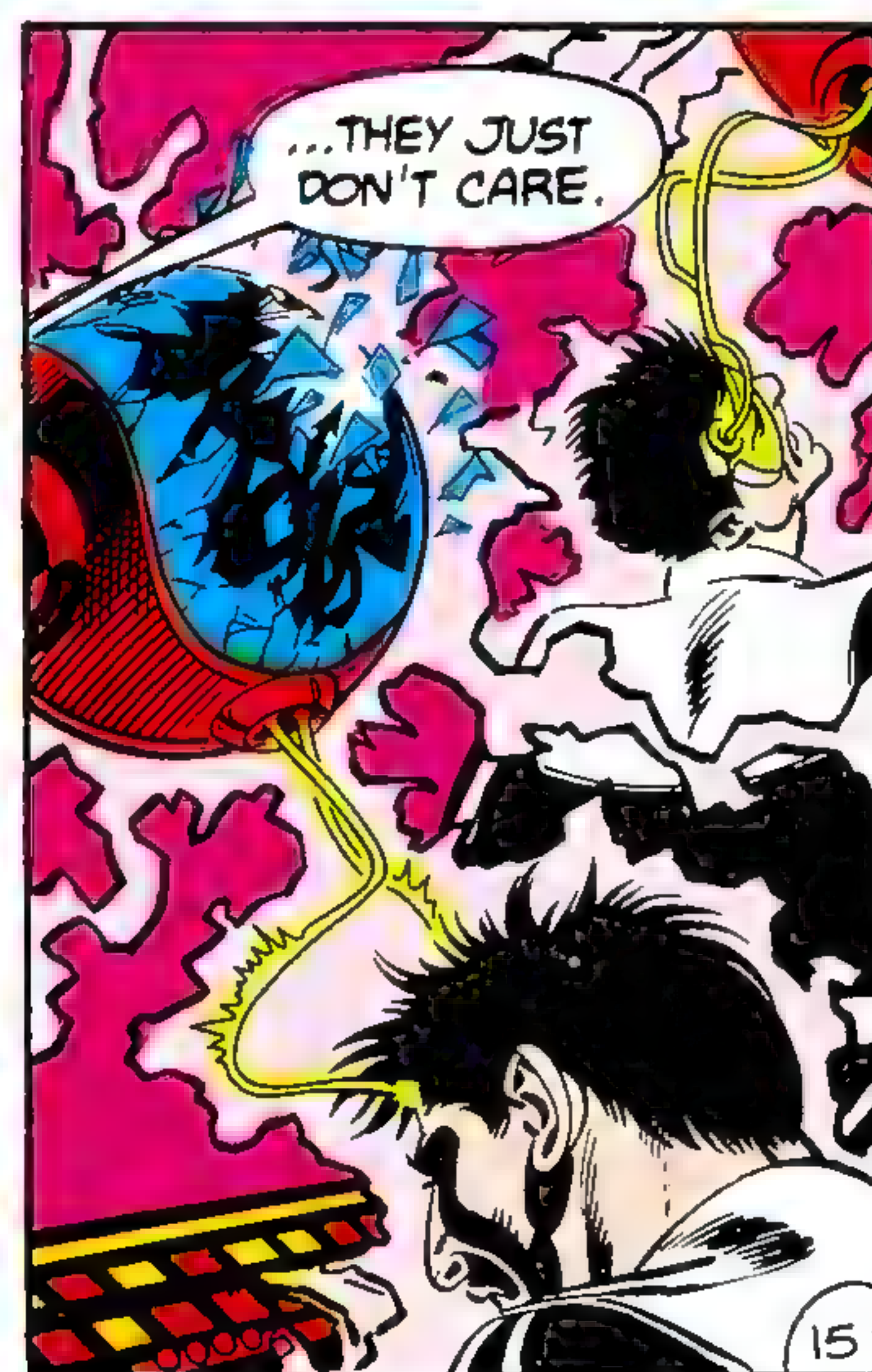
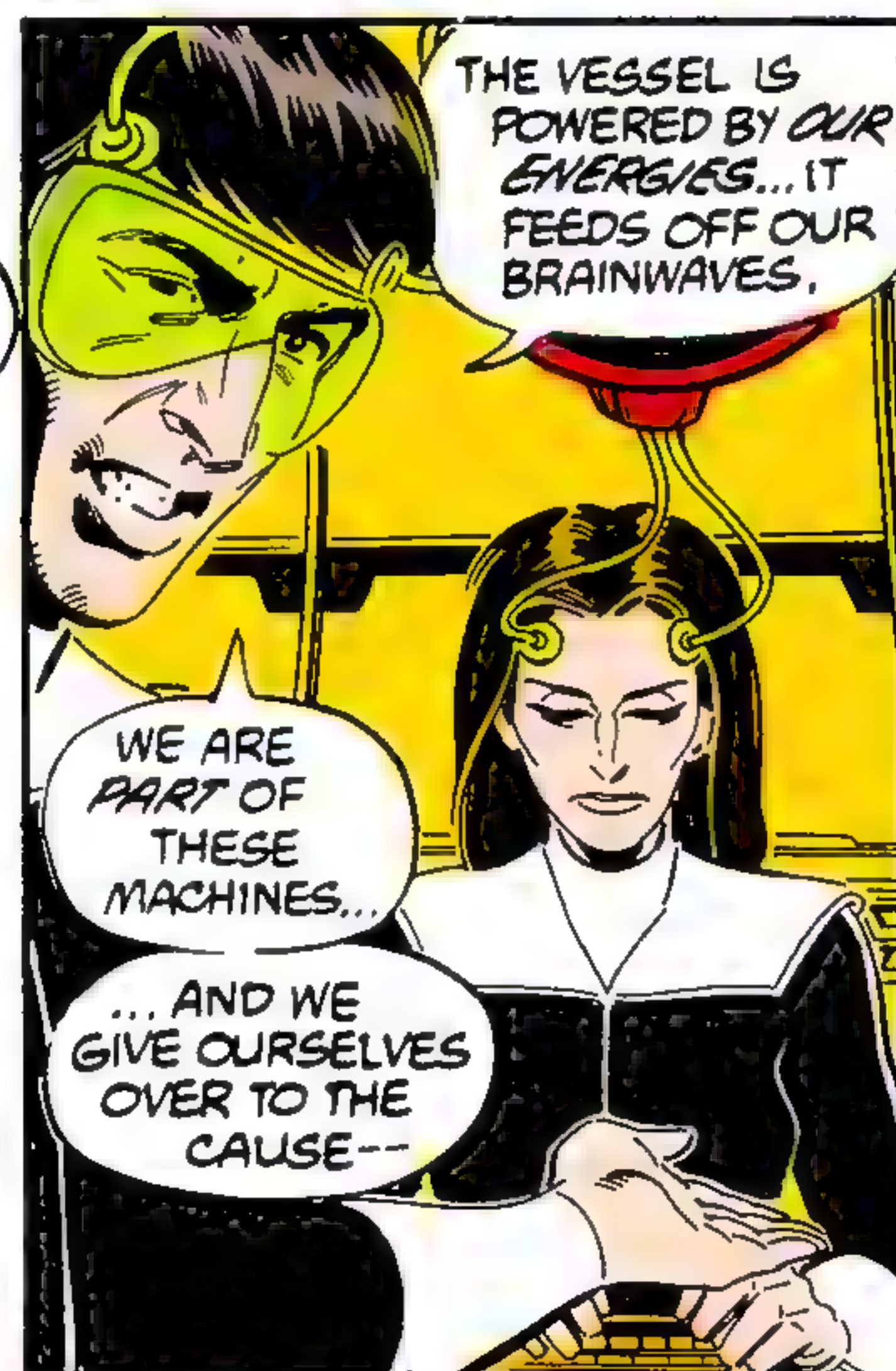
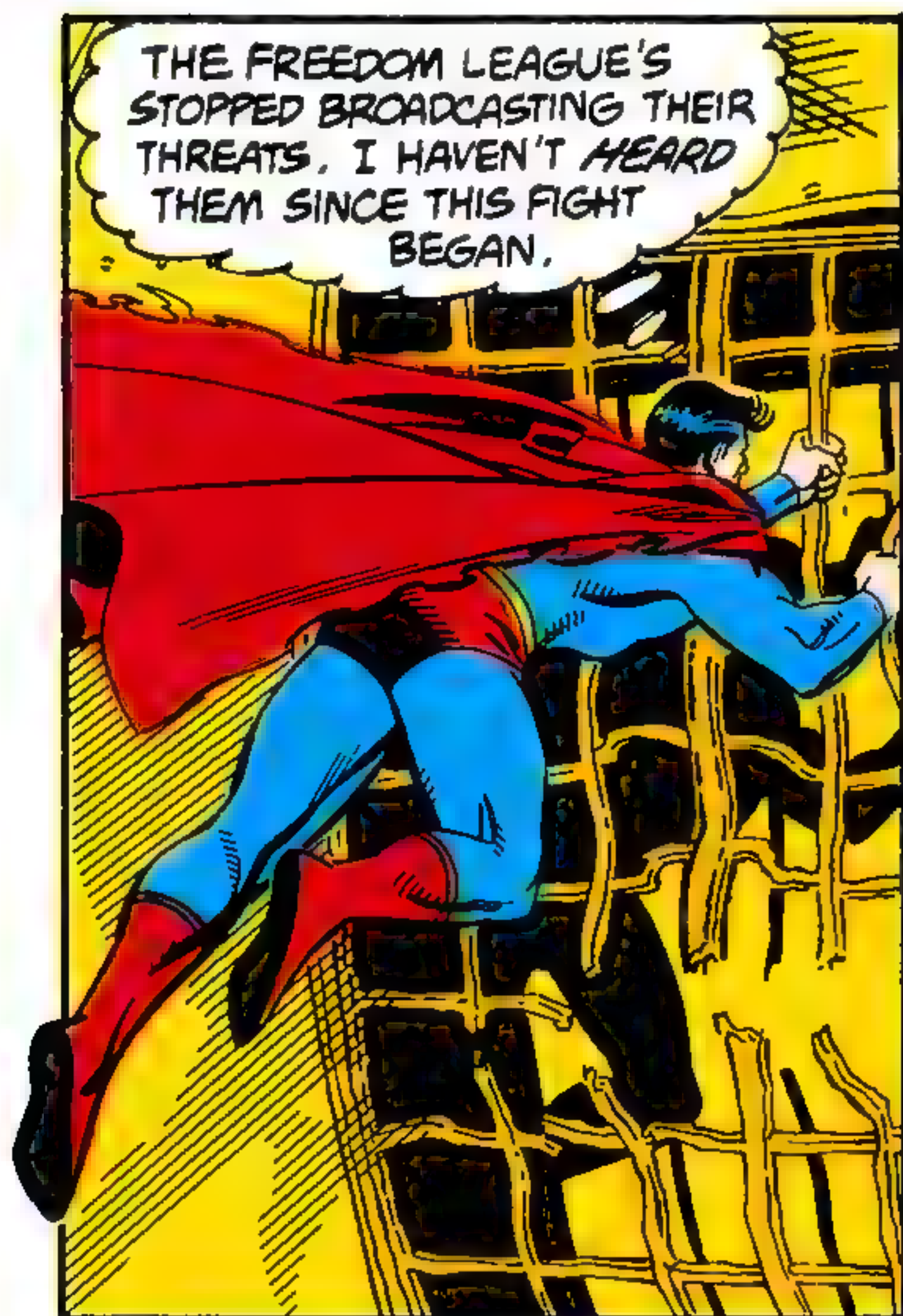


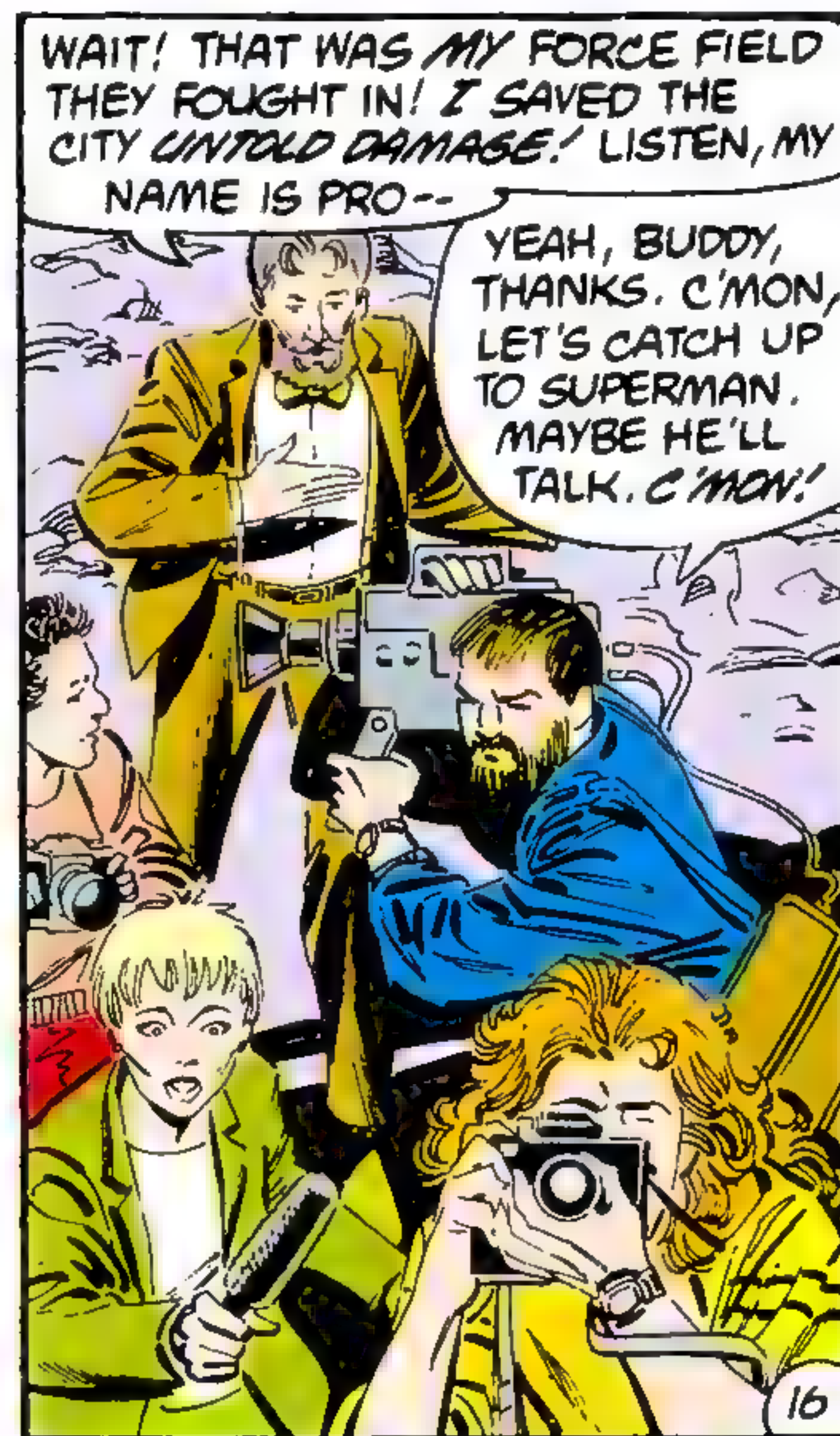
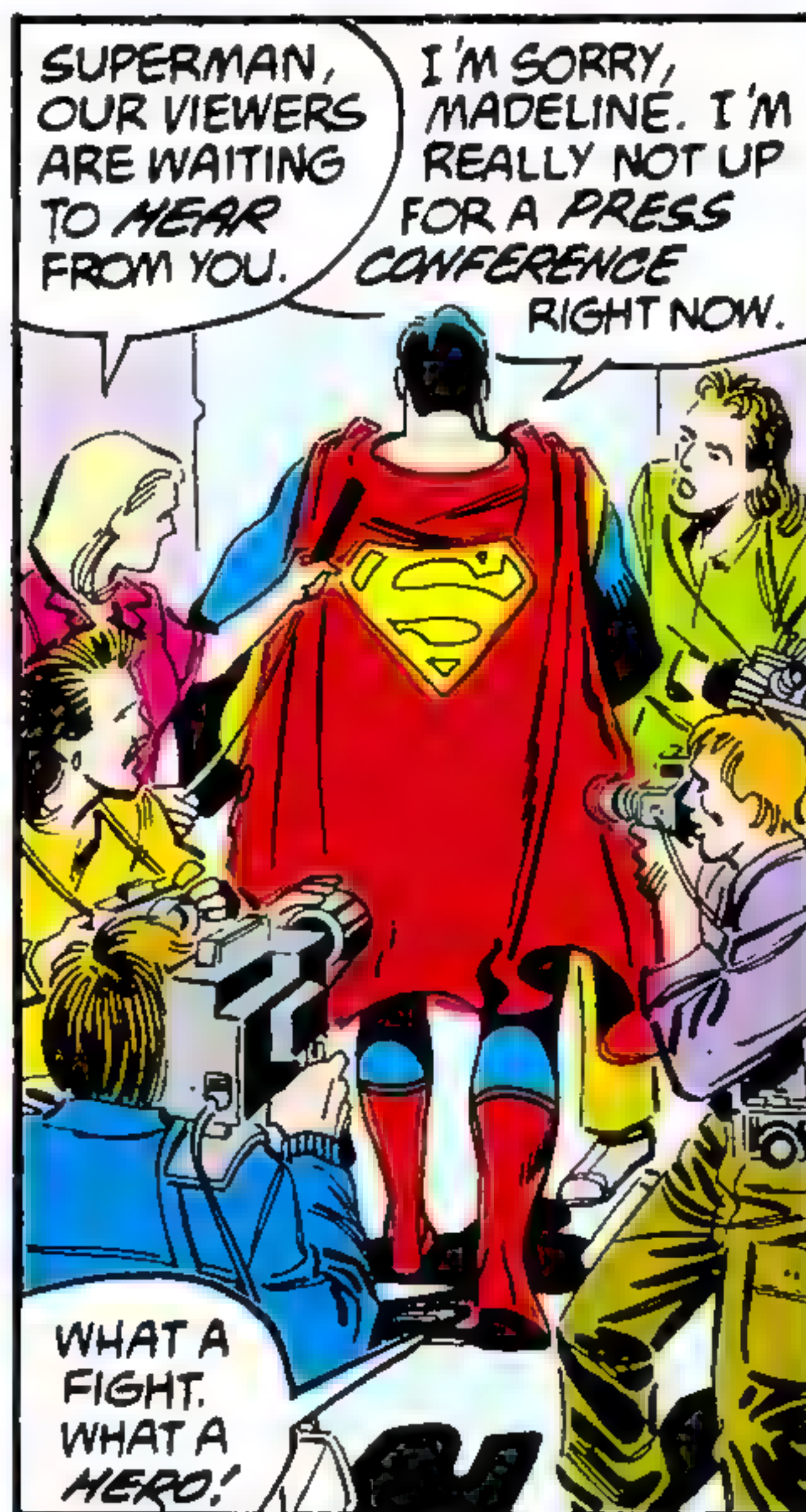
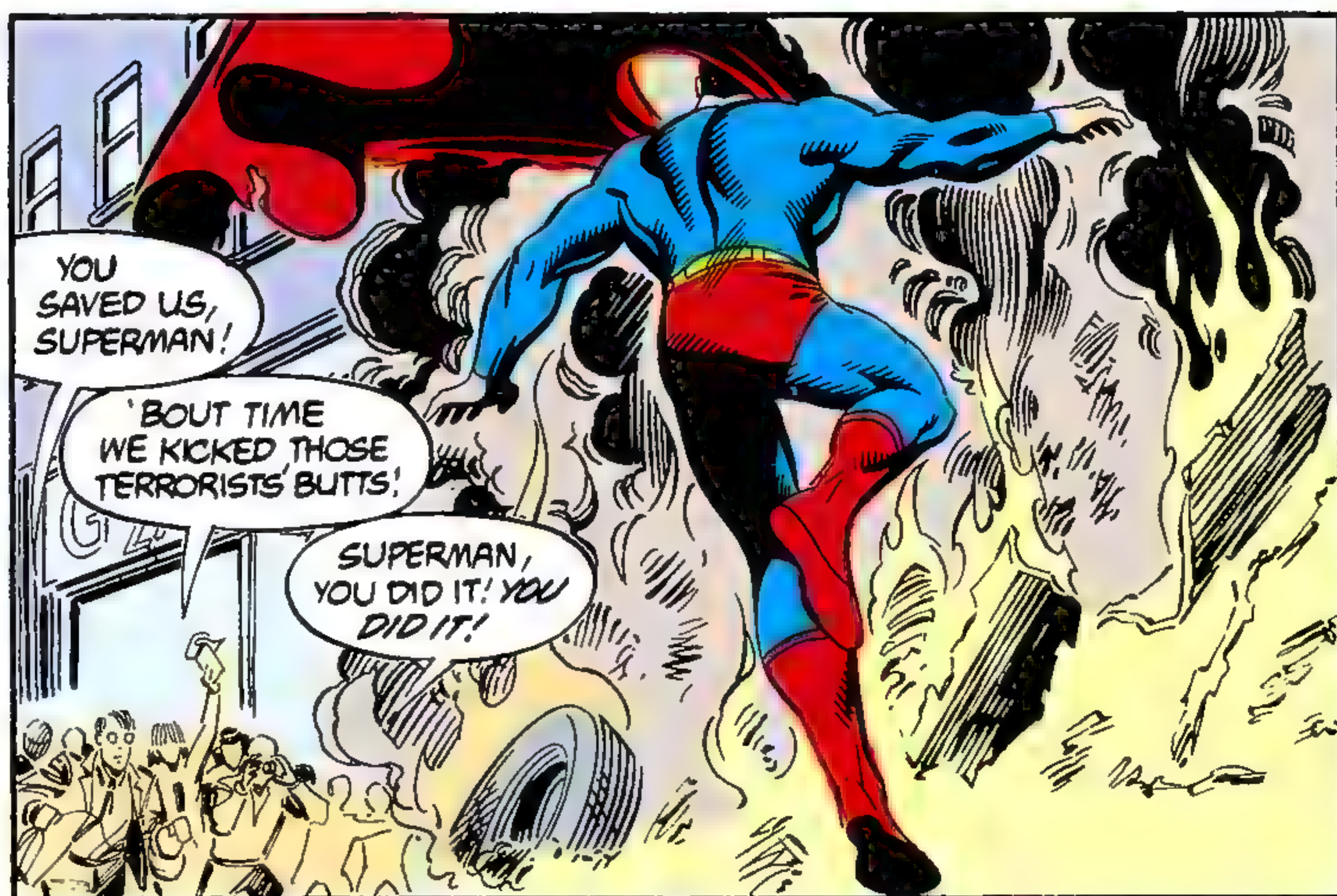
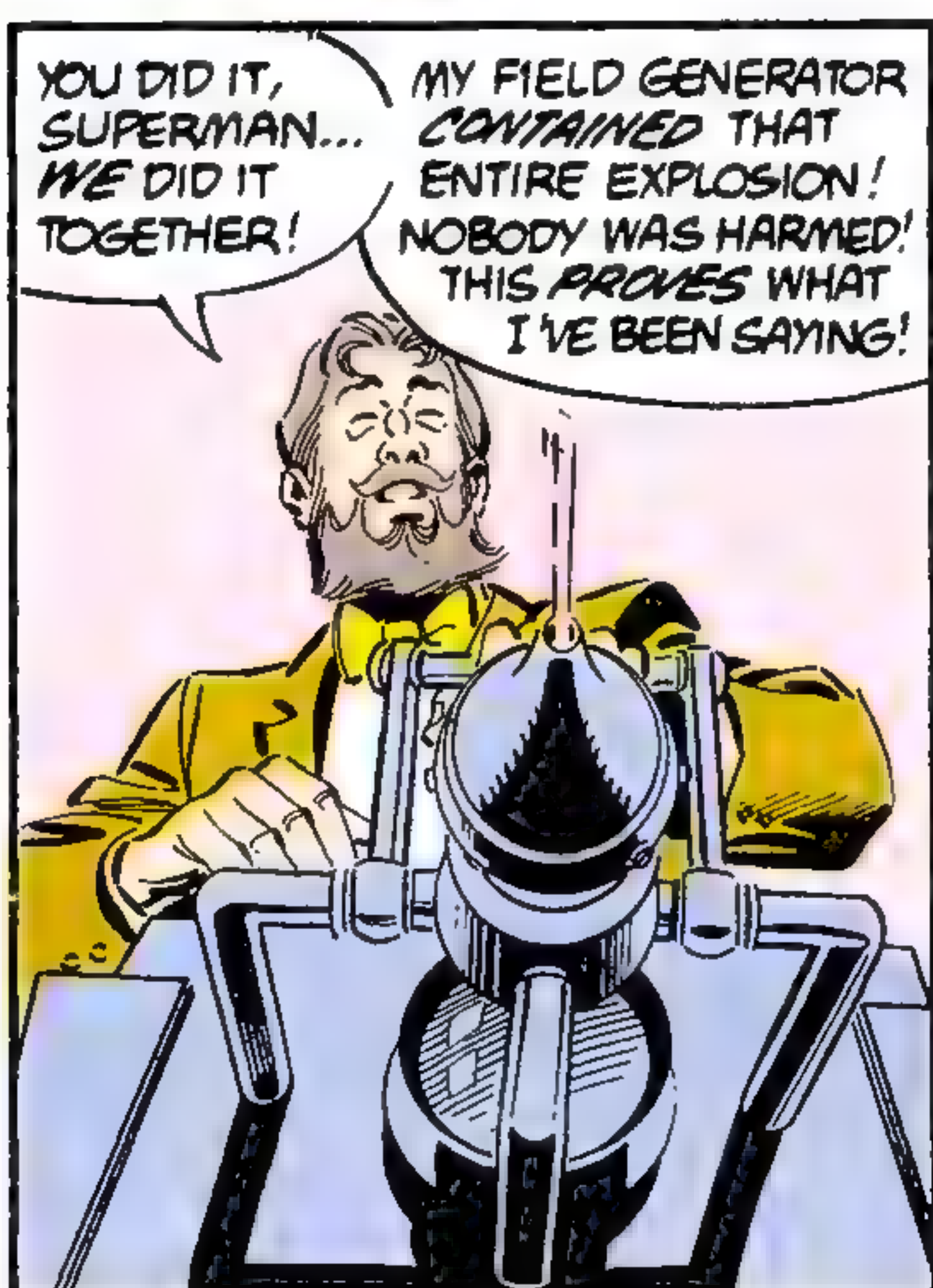
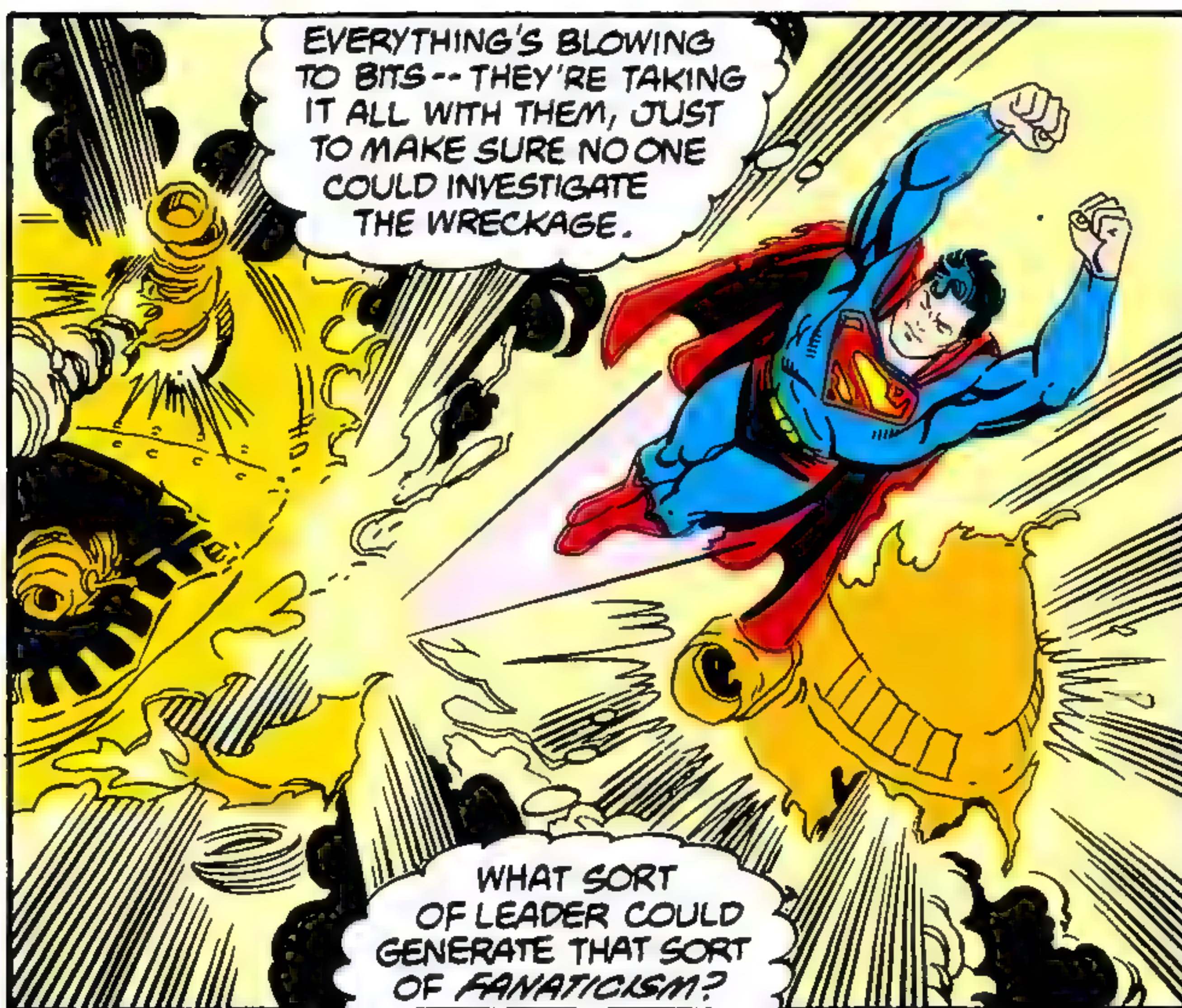


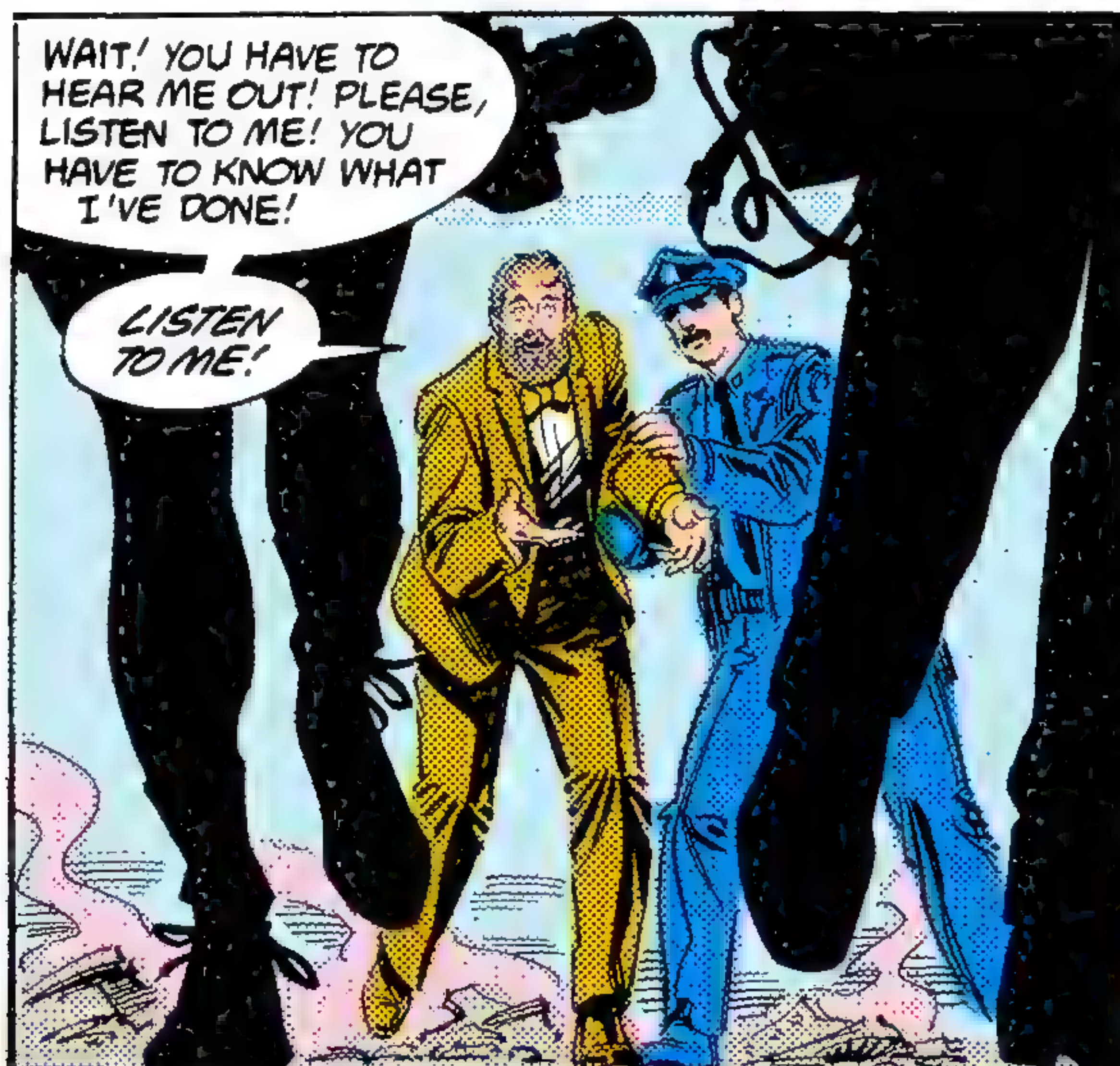












WAIT! YOU HAVE TO HEAR ME OUT! PLEASE, LISTEN TO ME! YOU HAVE TO KNOW WHAT I'VE DONE!

LISTEN TO ME!



THEY WOULDN'T EVEN LISTEN. I COULDN'T GET ANYONE TO BELIEVE ME.

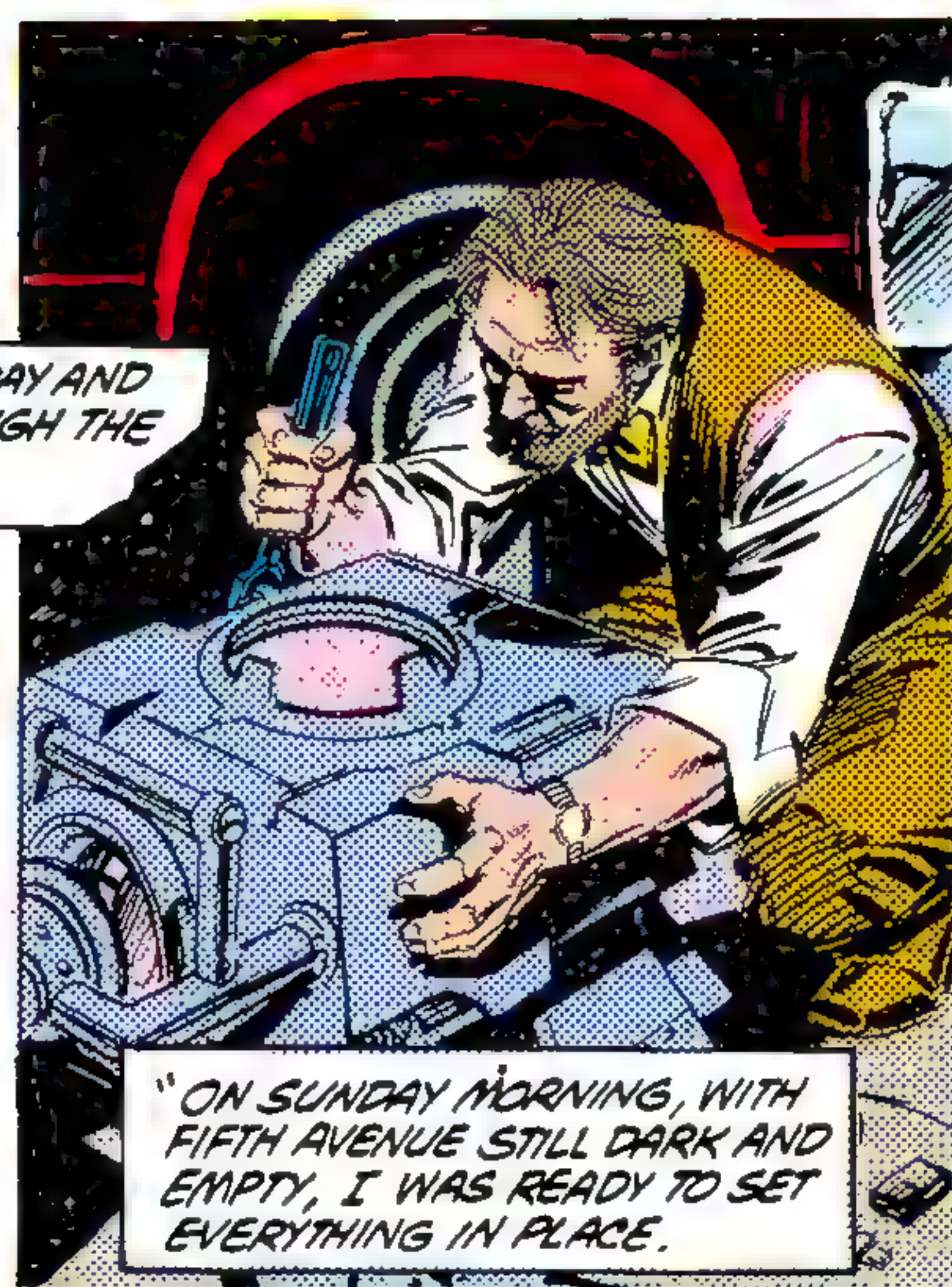
THE GOVERNMENT IGNORED ME. LUTHOR TRIED TO STEAL MY MACHINE. COMPUCON ACCUSED ME OF MURDER. THEY ALL IGNORED ME.

I SWORE TO MYSELF... "NO MORE," I SWORE TO MYSELF. "NEVER AGAIN!"



"YOU'RE LISTENING TO ME, AREN'T YOU? I KNEW WHAT I HAD TO DO THEN... I KNEW HOW TO PROVE MY CASE!"

"I WORKED DAY AND NIGHT THROUGH THE NEXT WEEK."

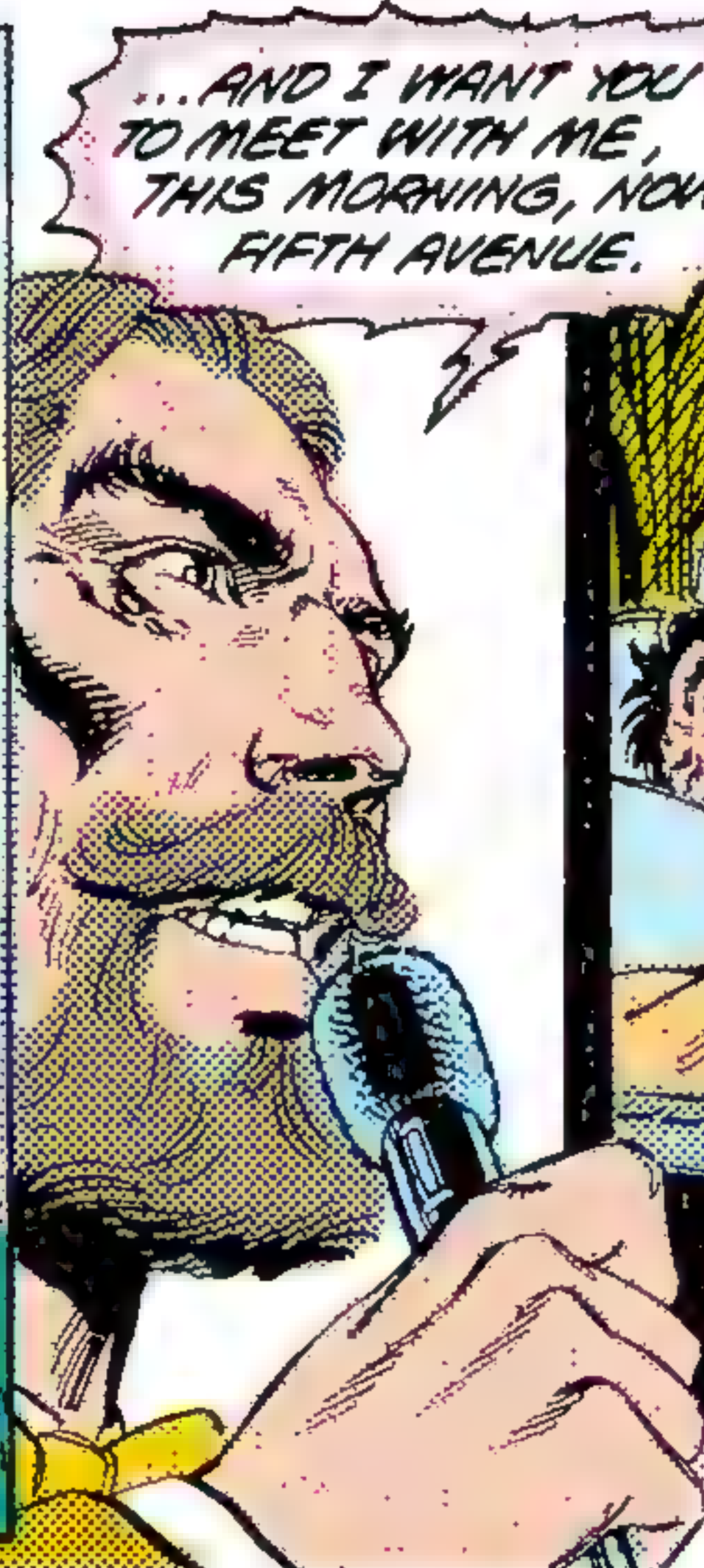


"ON SUNDAY MORNING, WITH FIFTH AVENUE STILL DARK AND EMPTY, I WAS READY TO SET EVERYTHING IN PLACE."



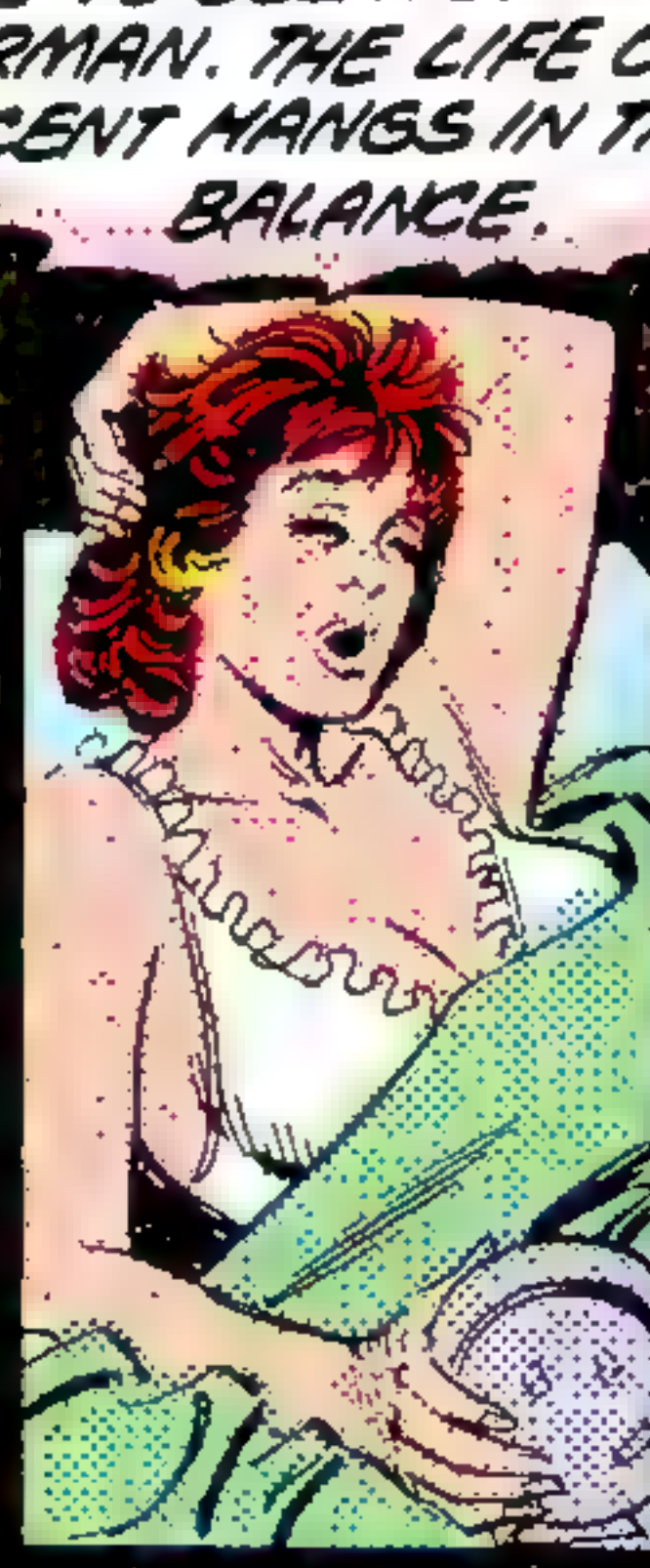
"AT LAST, WHEN DAWN BROKE, I WAS READY."

SUPERMAN, I KNOW YOU CAN HEAR ME...



...AND I WANT YOU TO MEET WITH ME, THIS MORNING, NOW. FIFTH AVENUE.

THE WORLD HAS IGNORED ME LONG ENOUGH, SUPERMAN, AND I NEED YOU TO PROVE HOW RIGHT I'VE BEEN. COME TO ME, SUPERMAN. THE LIFE OF AN INNOCENT HANGS IN THE BALANCE.



HAMILTON'S VOICE?

DON'T KNOW WHAT HE WANTS, BUT I'VE GOT NO CHOICE. NOT IF THERE'S A LIFE AT STAKE.



STAND WHERE YOU ARE, SUPERMAN, AND LISTEN TO ME.

LET THE WOMAN GO, HAMILTON. WE CAN TALK.



DOES EVERYONE THINK I'M A FOOL, SUPERMAN? LISTEN TO ME-- I'VE GOT NOTHING TO LOSE ANYMORE.

THE GOVERNMENT WON'T LISTEN TO ME. LUTHOR IS FILING MOTIONS IN COURT TO STEAL MY MACHINE.

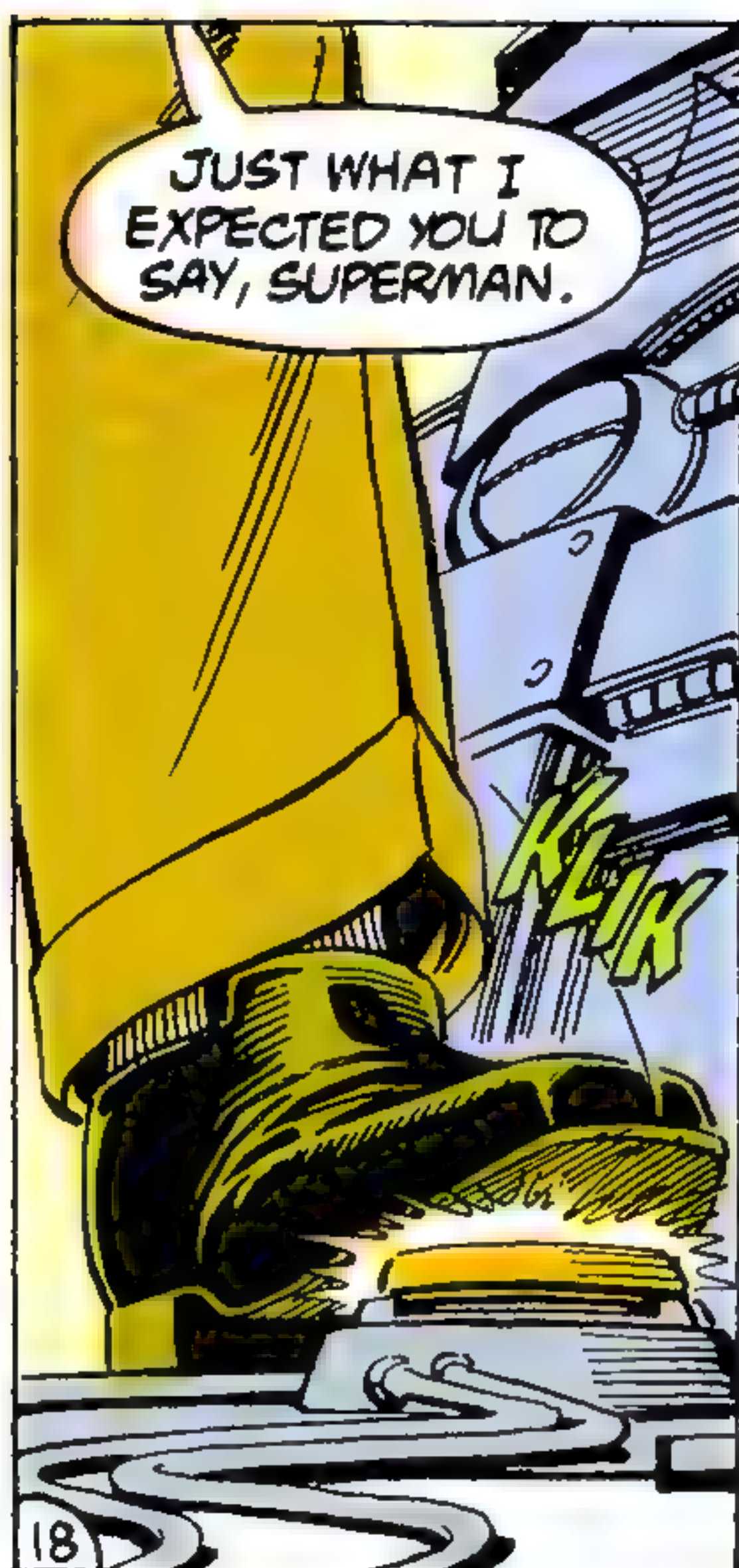
EVERYONE HAS IGNORED ME.



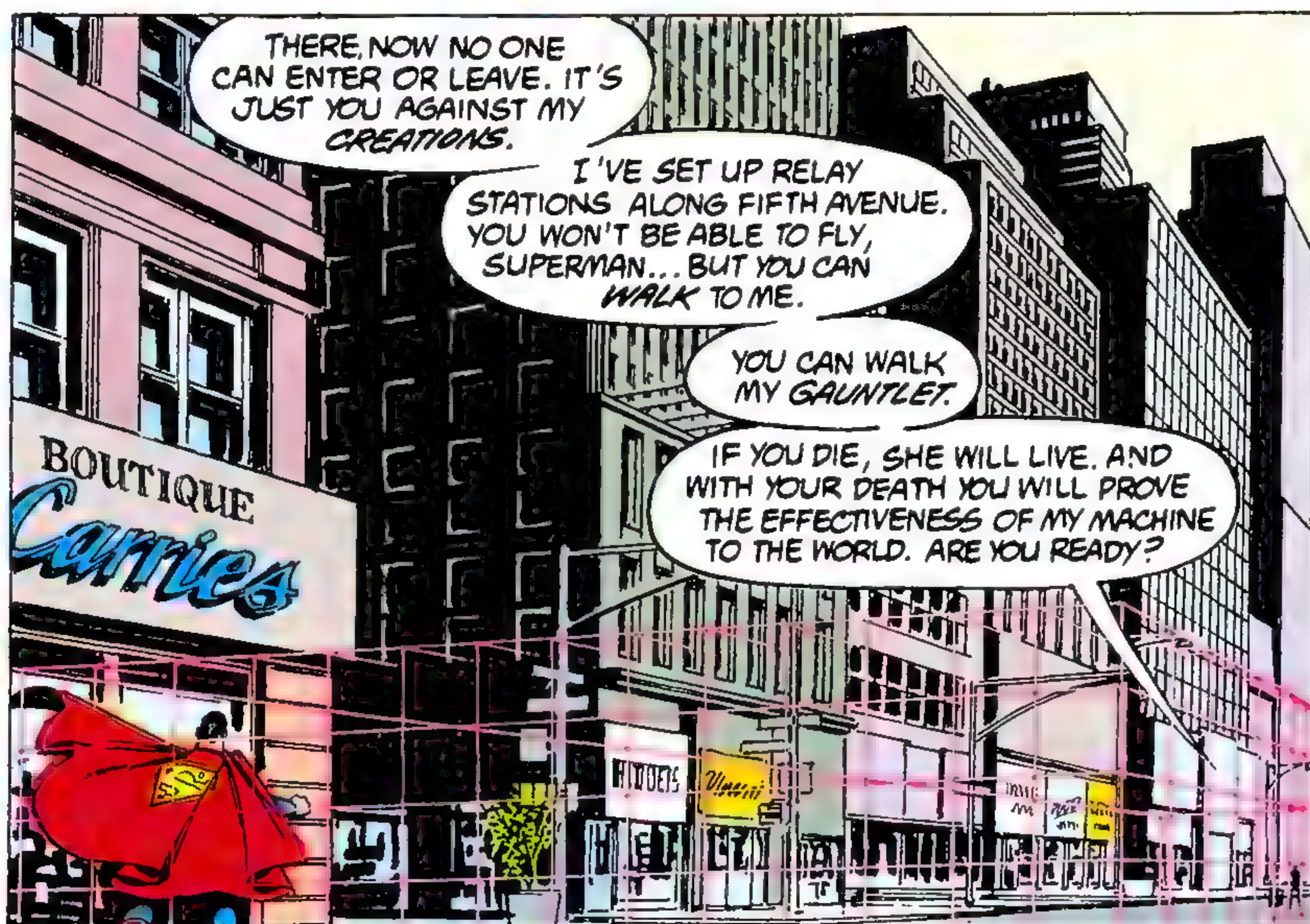
BUT NOT ANYMORE, SUPERMAN.

I PICKED THIS STRUMPET OFF THE STREETS. NOBODY WILL MISS HER IF SHE DIES.

I WILL, HAMILTON. IT DOESN'T MATTER WHO SHE IS OR WHAT SHE'S DONE. I'LL DO WHAT I HAVE TO DO TO SAVE HER.



JUST WHAT I EXPECTED YOU TO SAY, SUPERMAN.

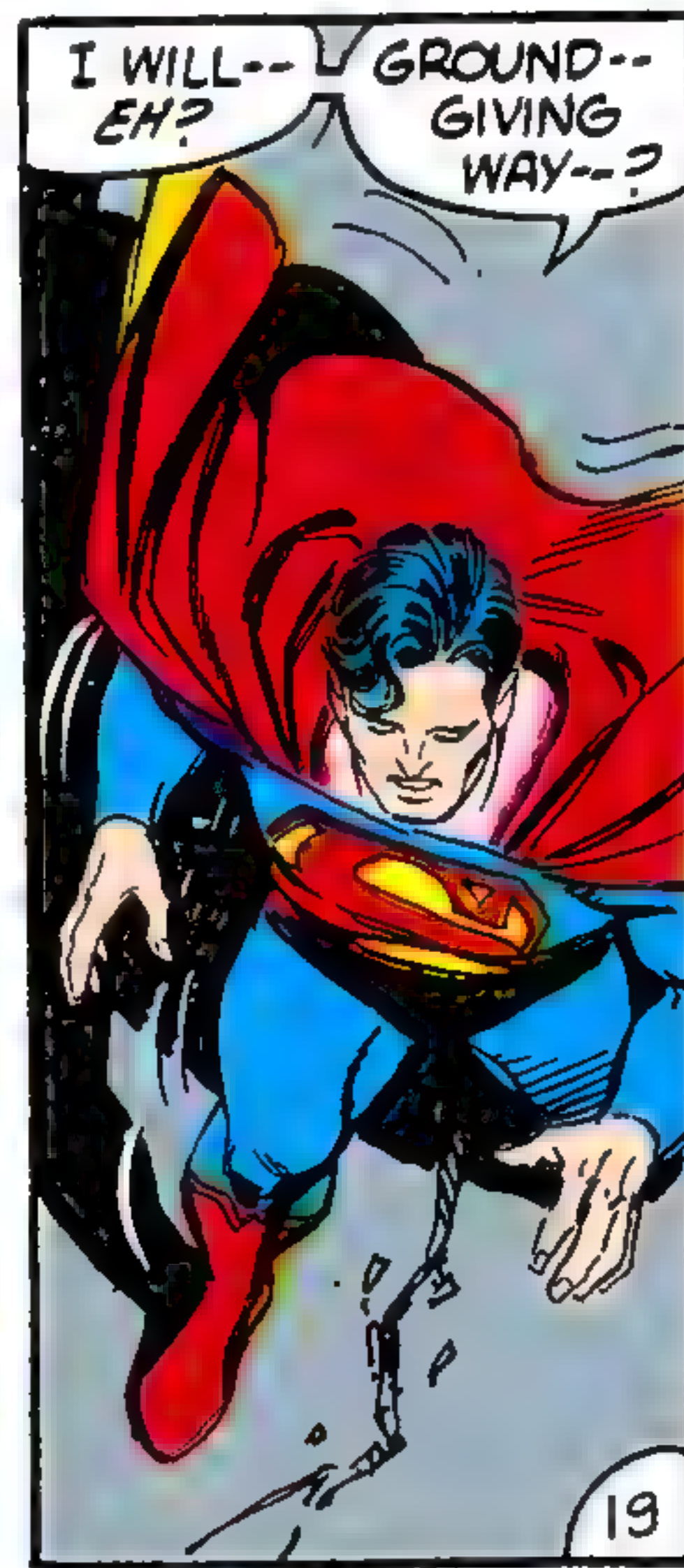
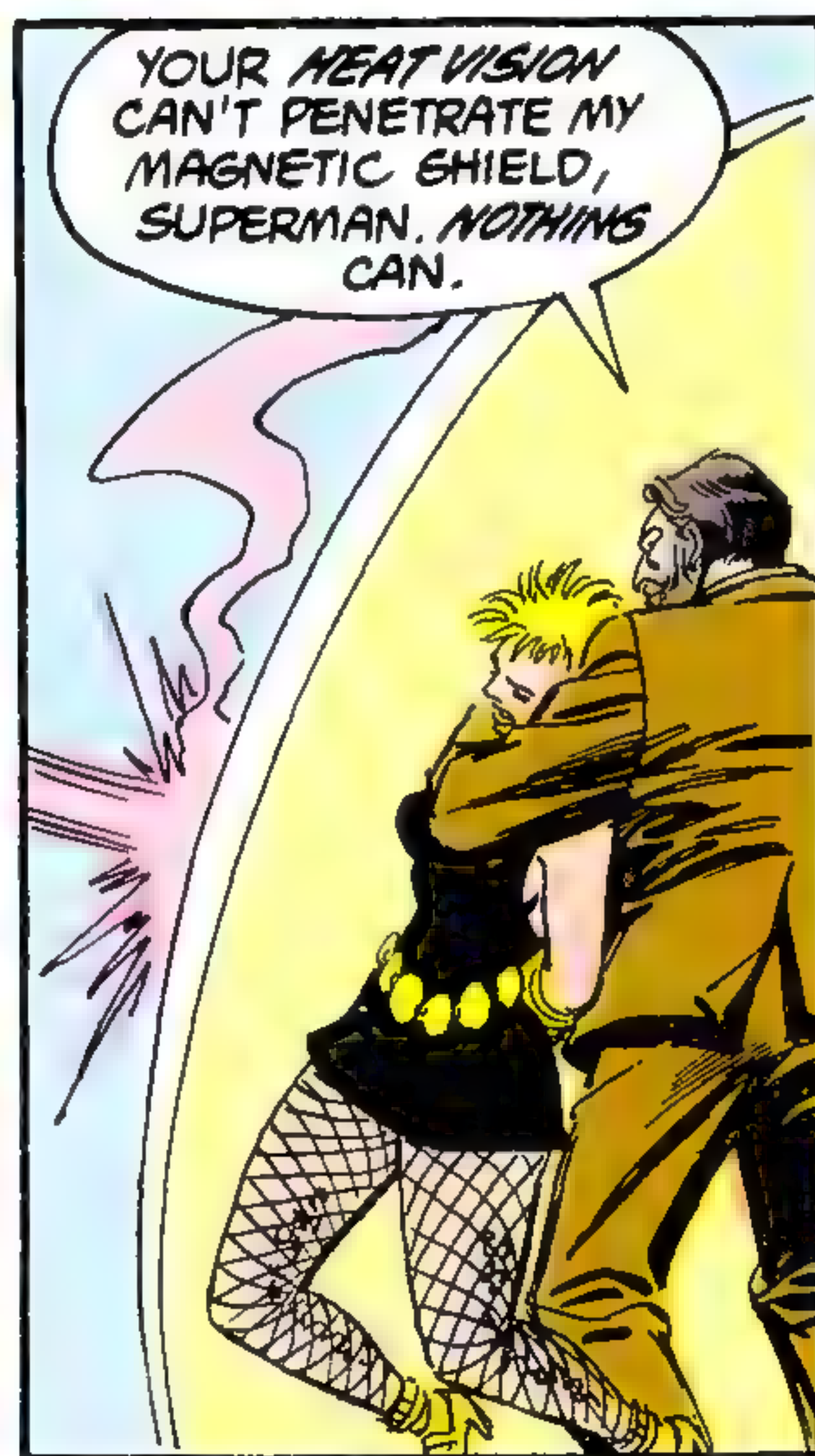
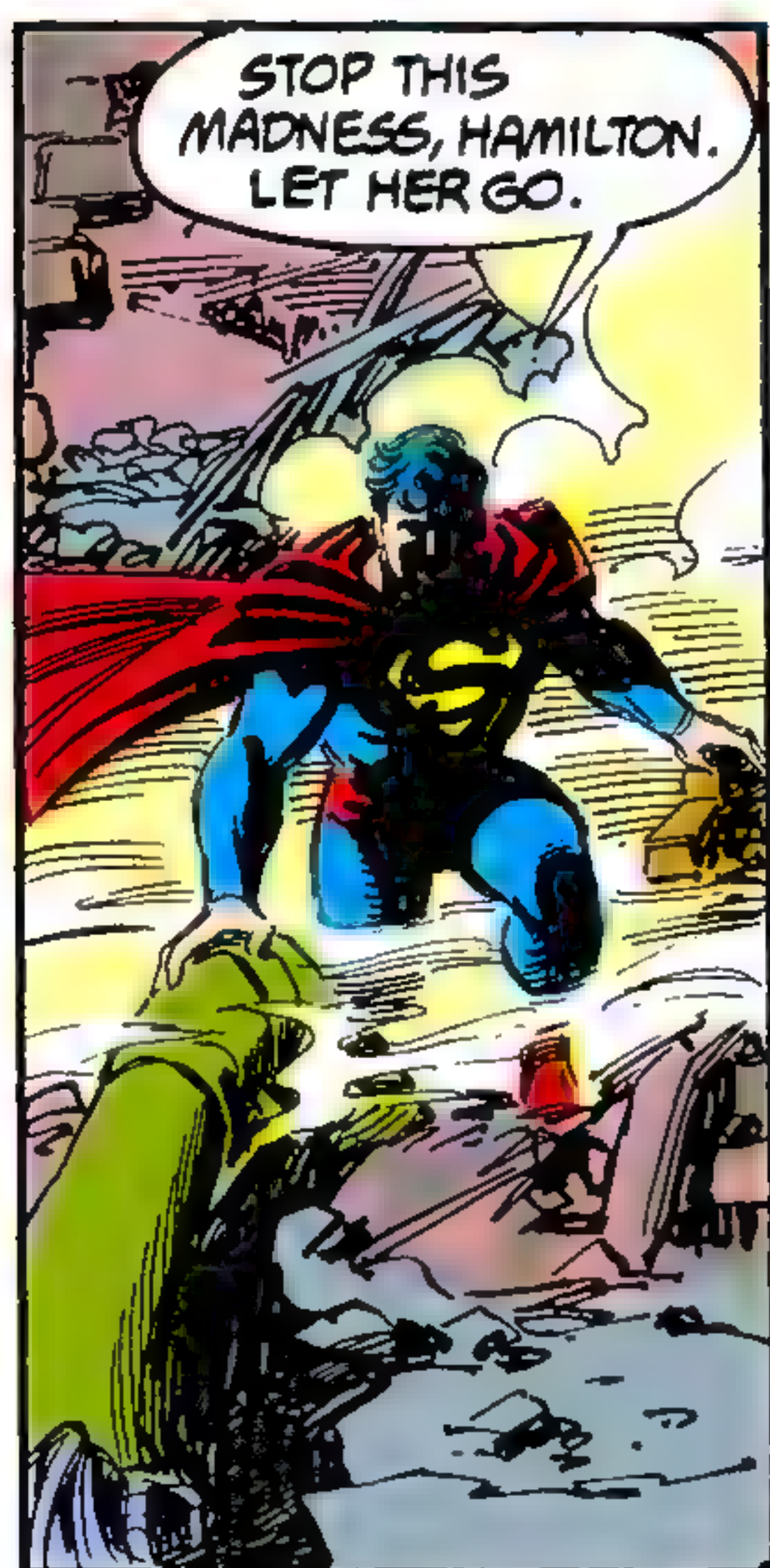
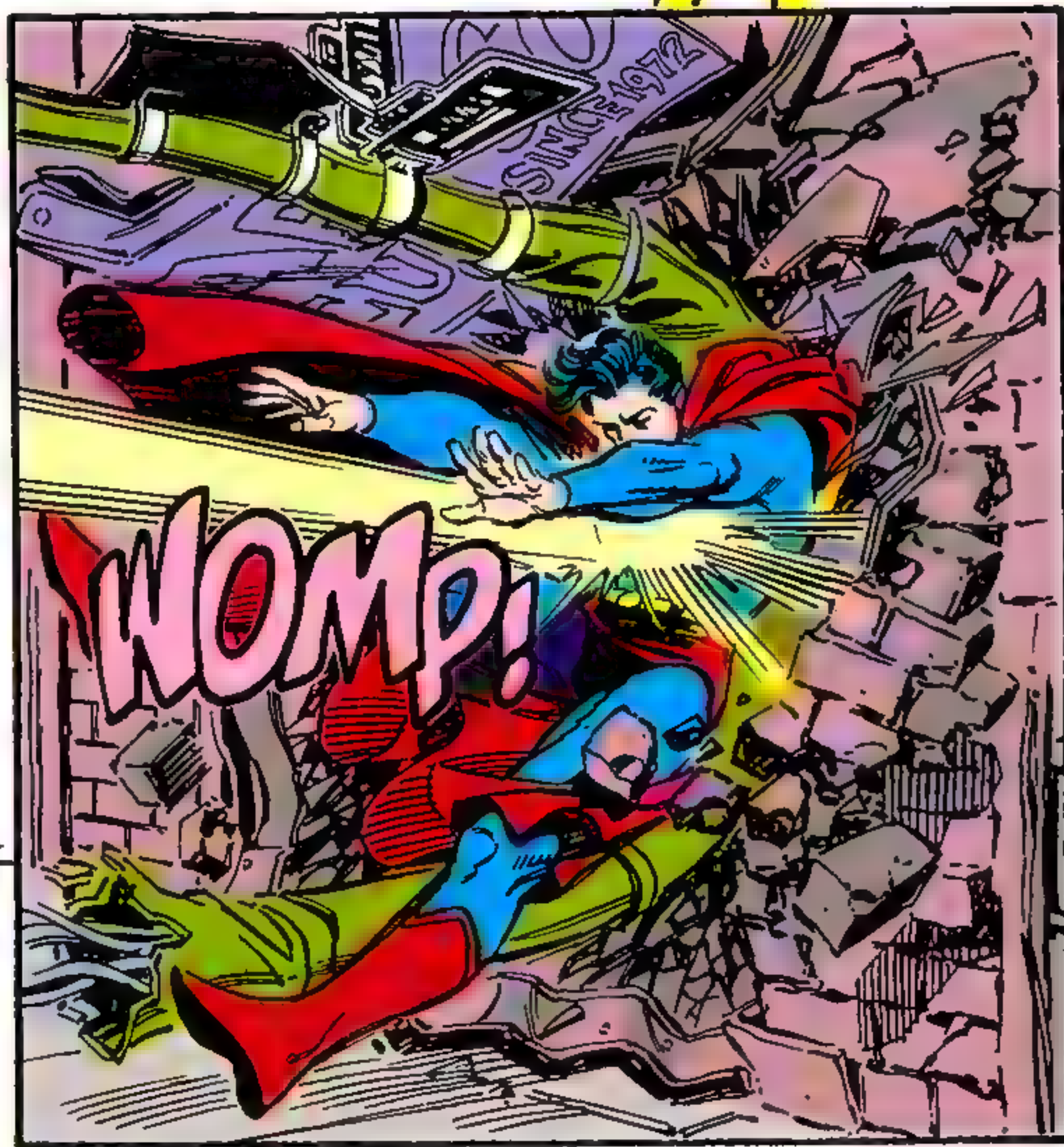
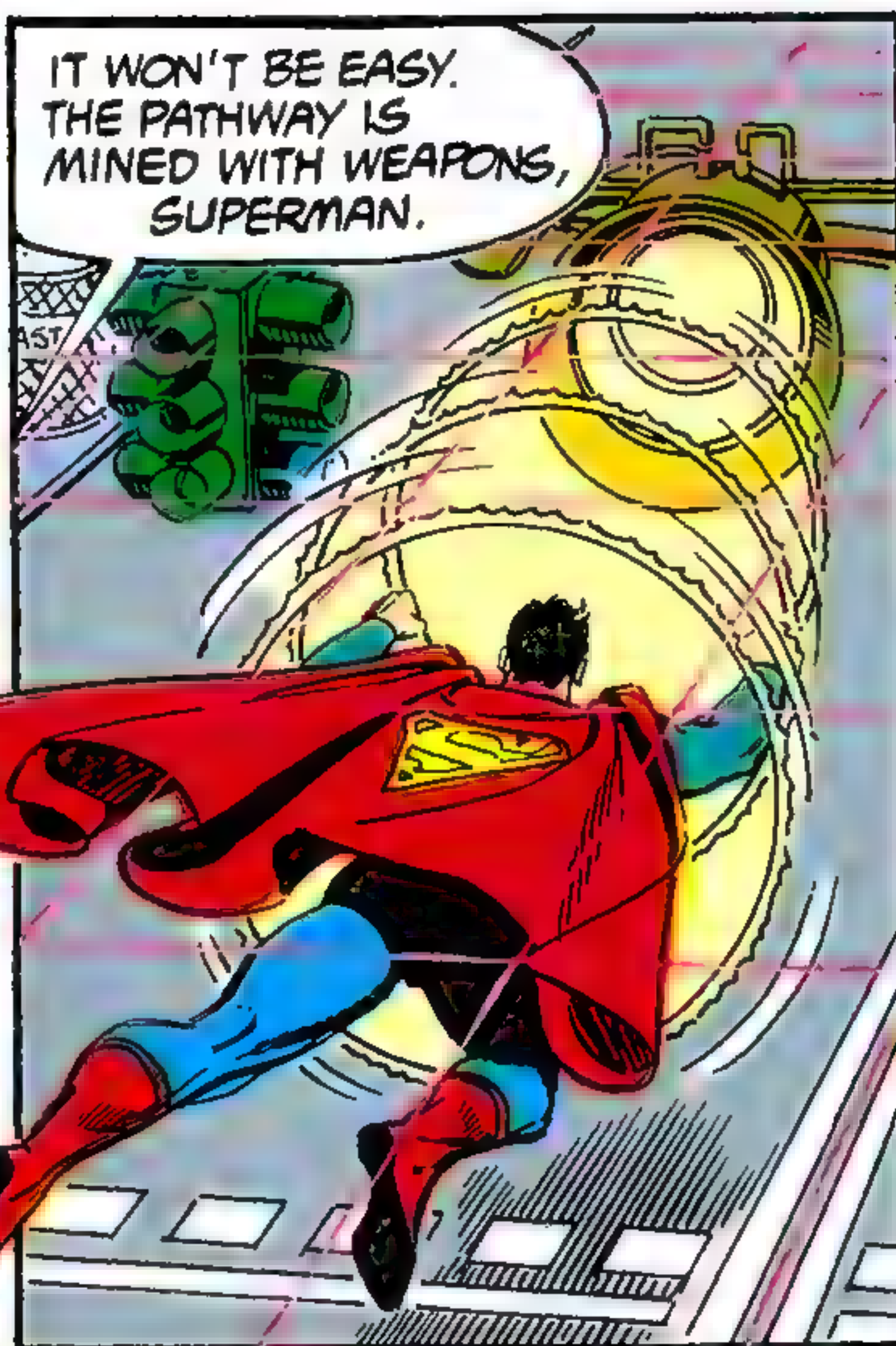
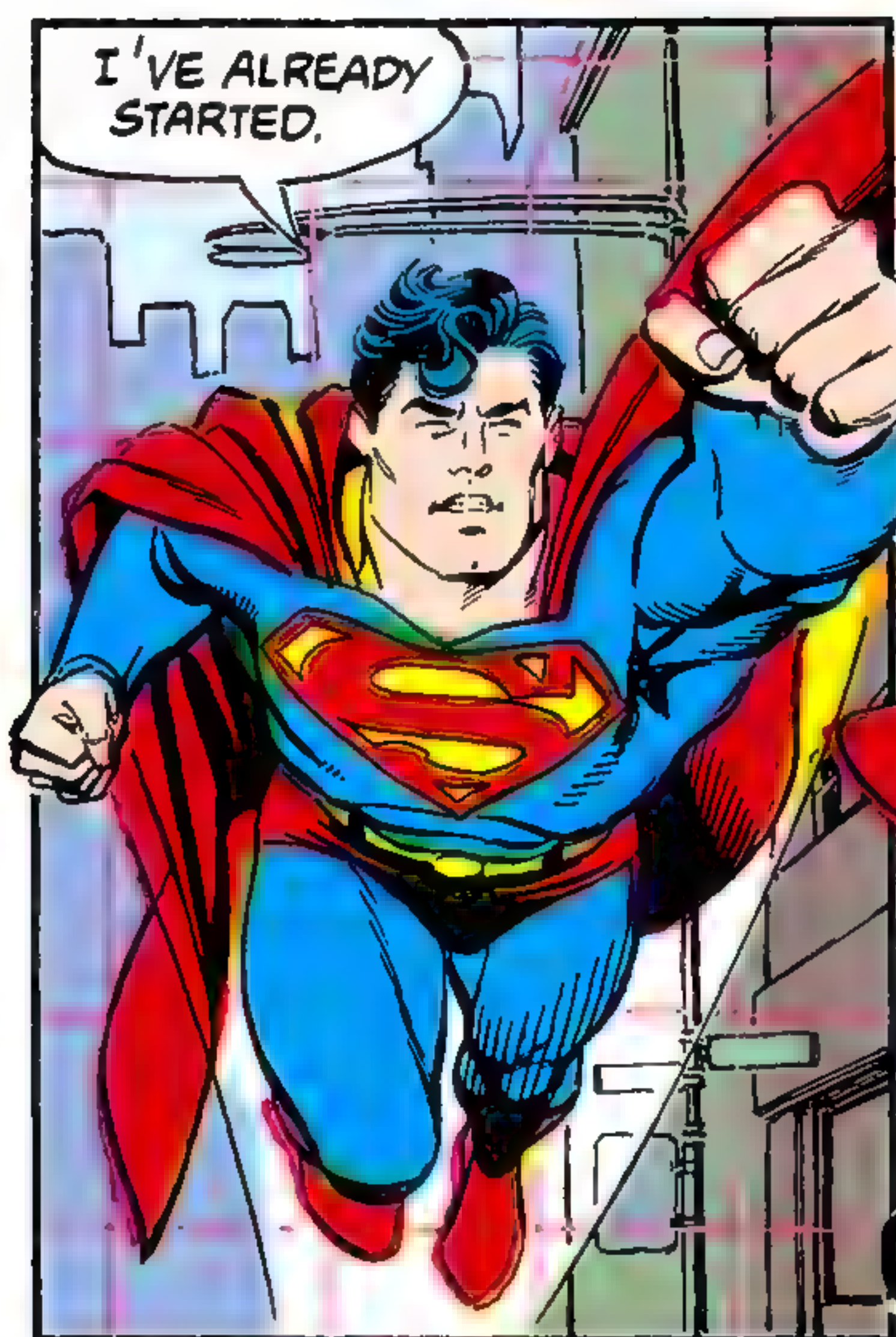


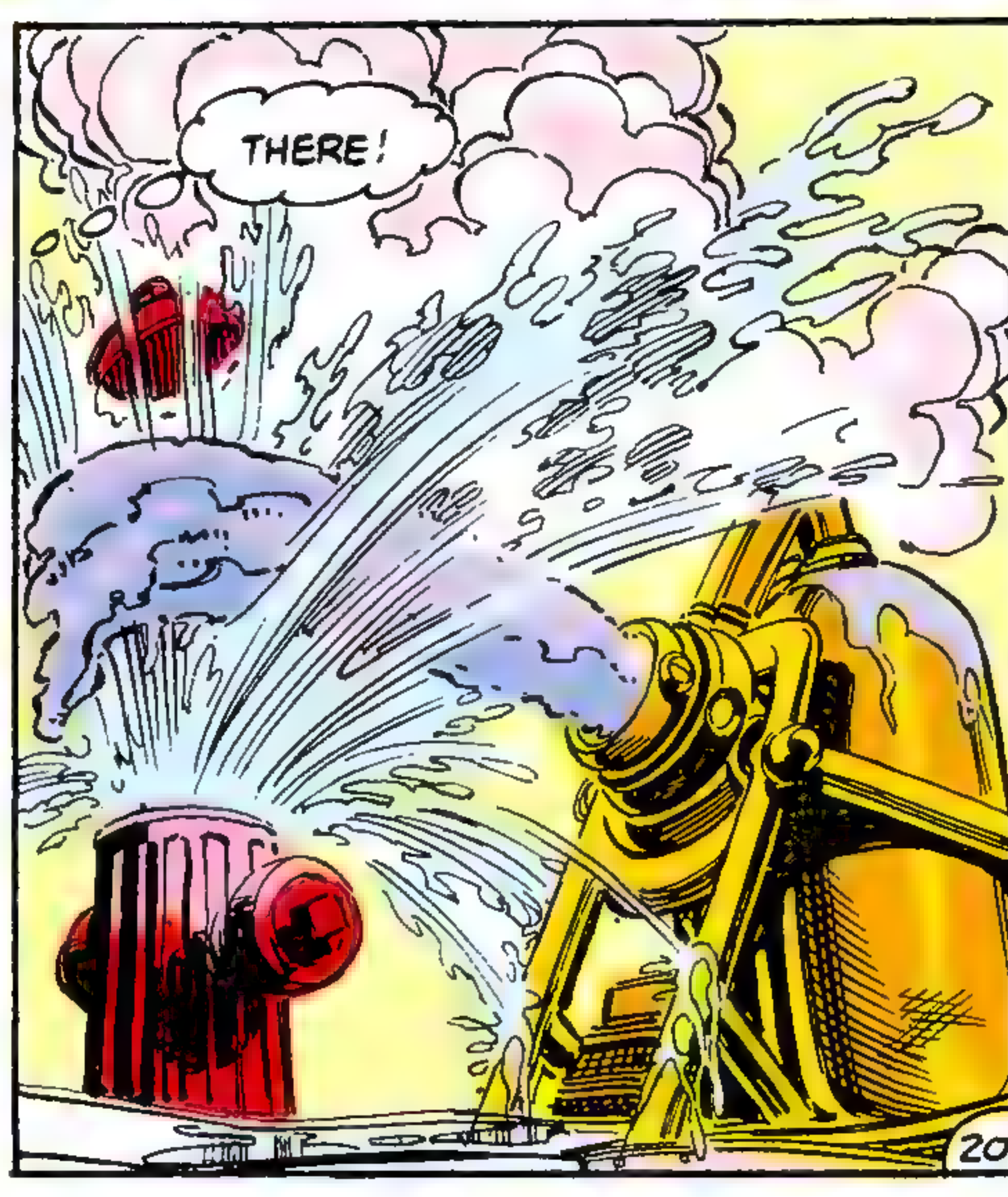
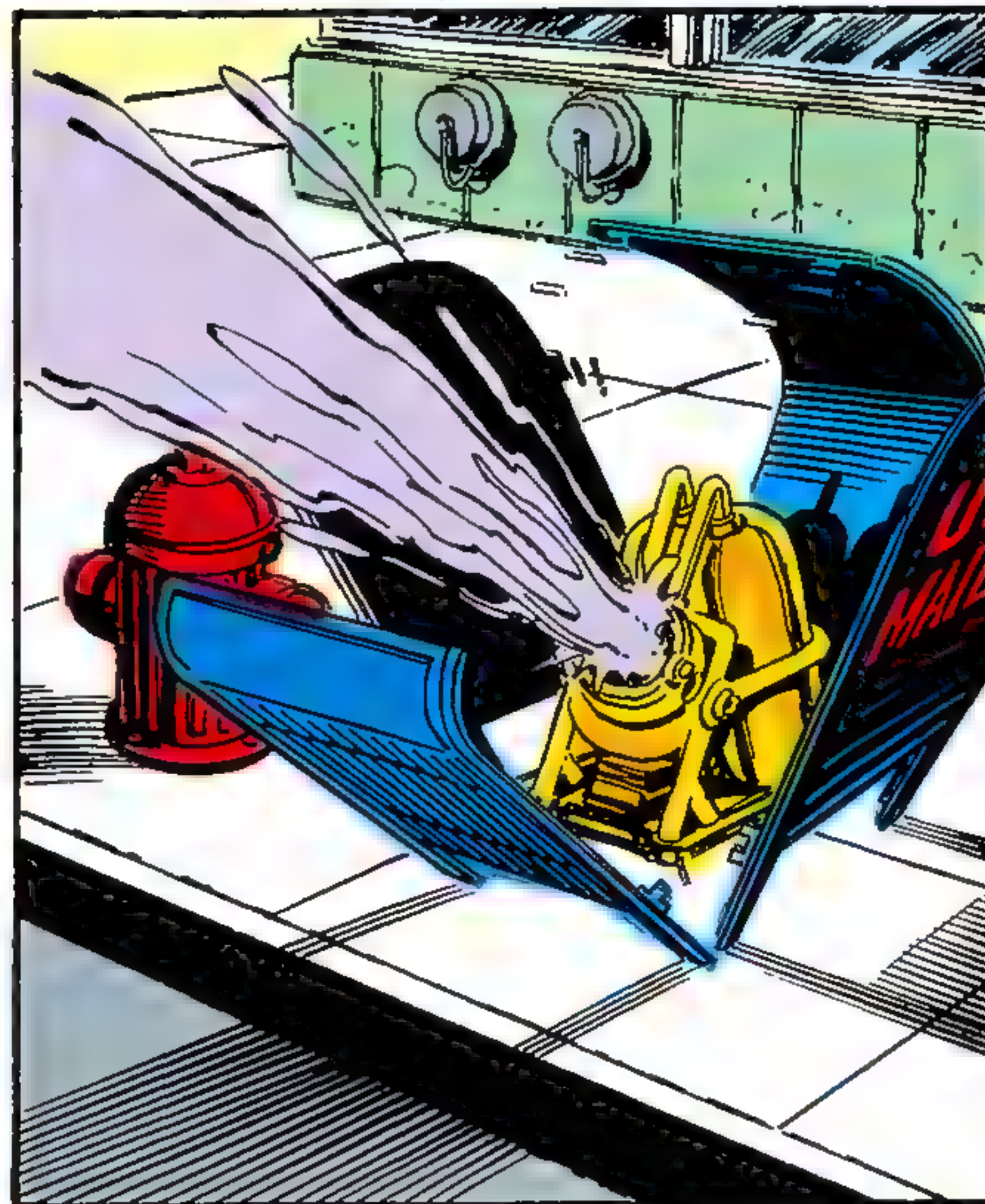
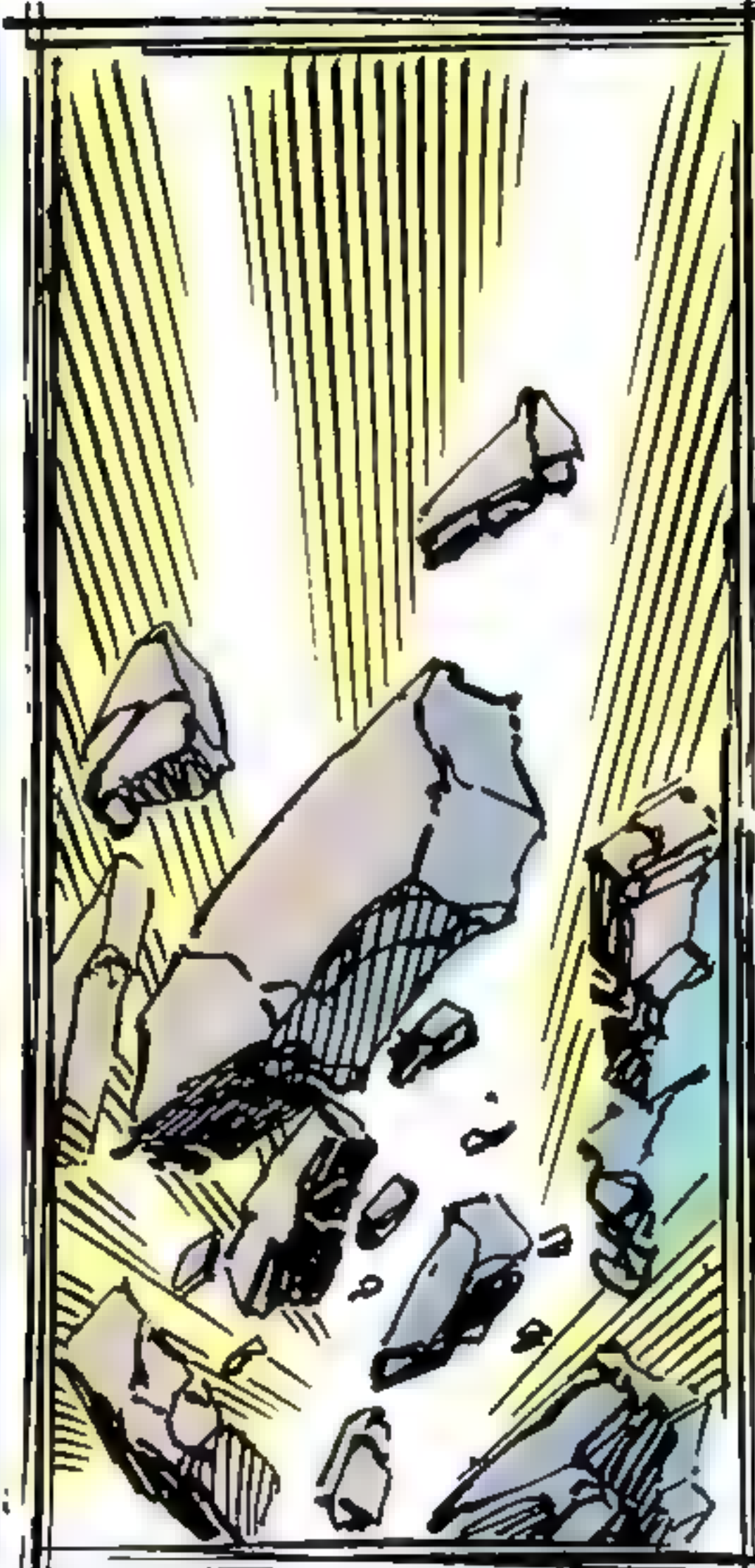
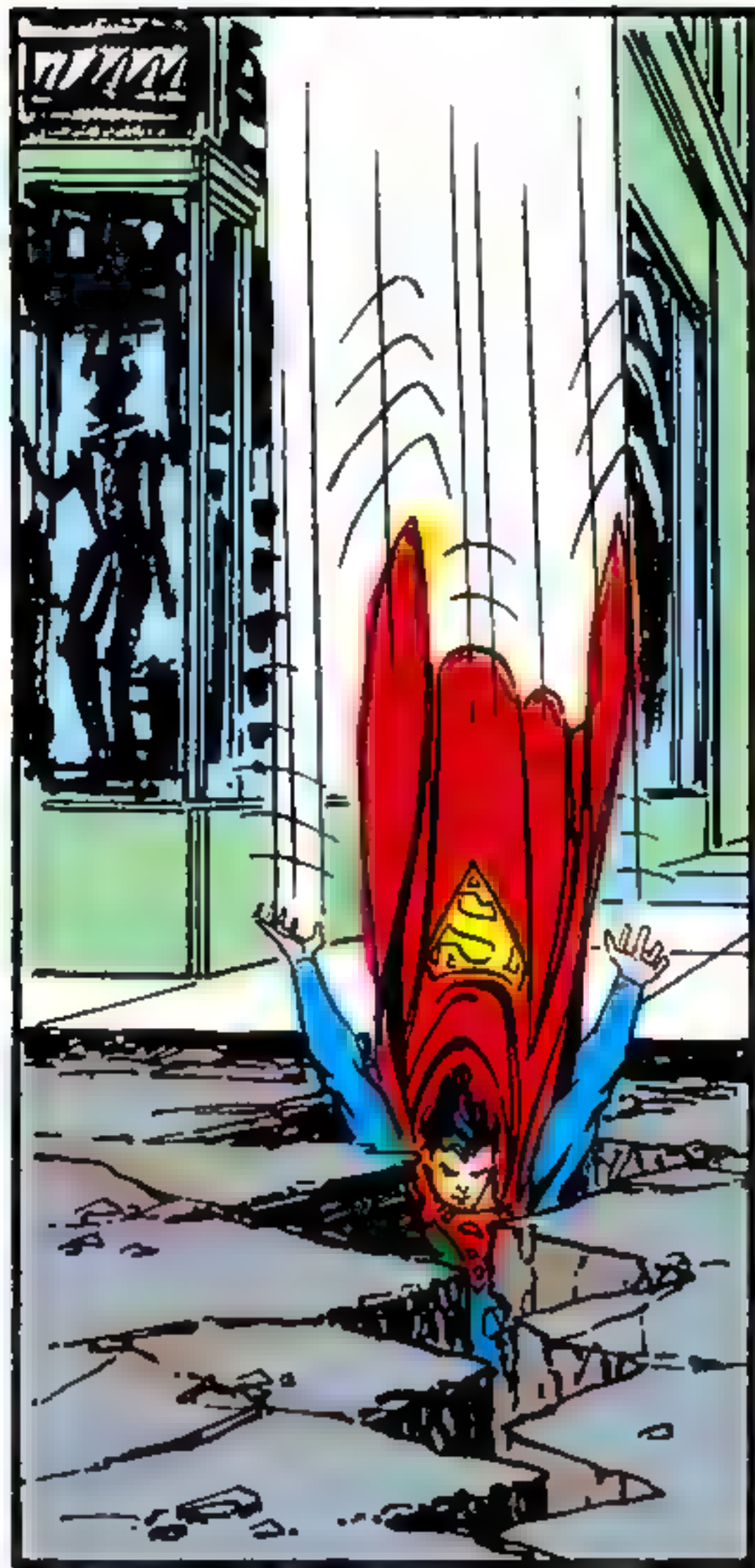
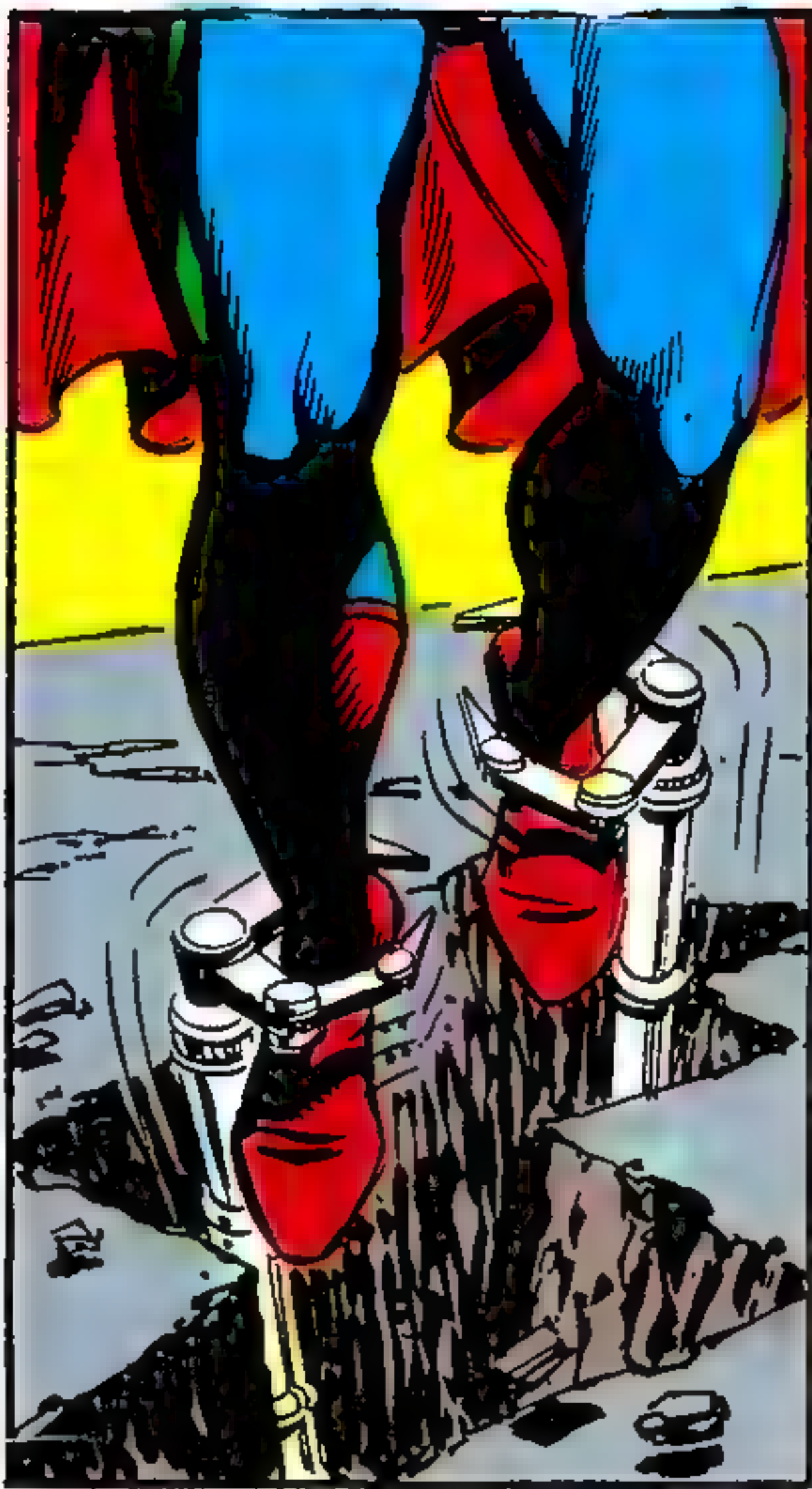
THERE, NOW NO ONE CAN ENTER OR LEAVE. IT'S JUST YOU AGAINST MY CREATIONS.

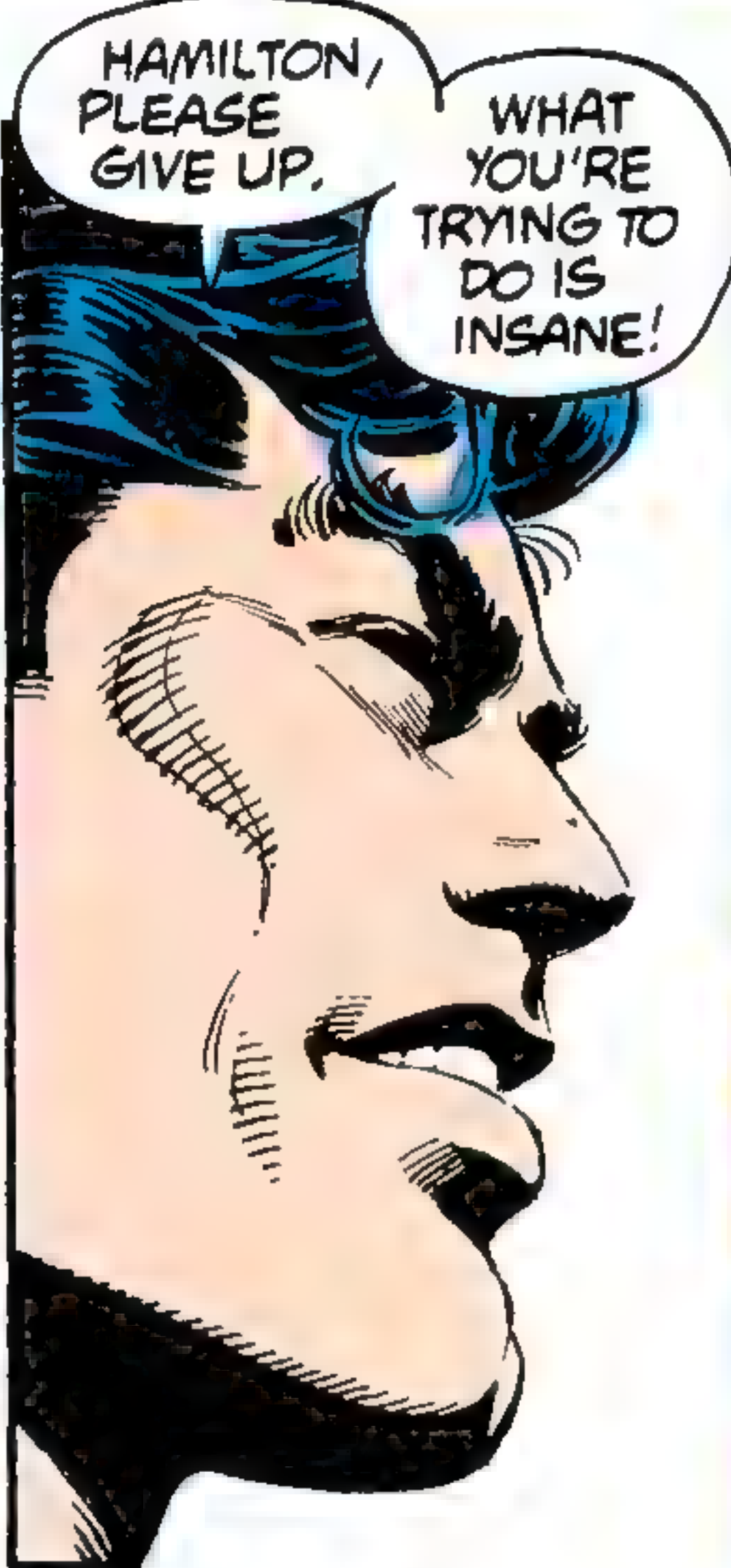
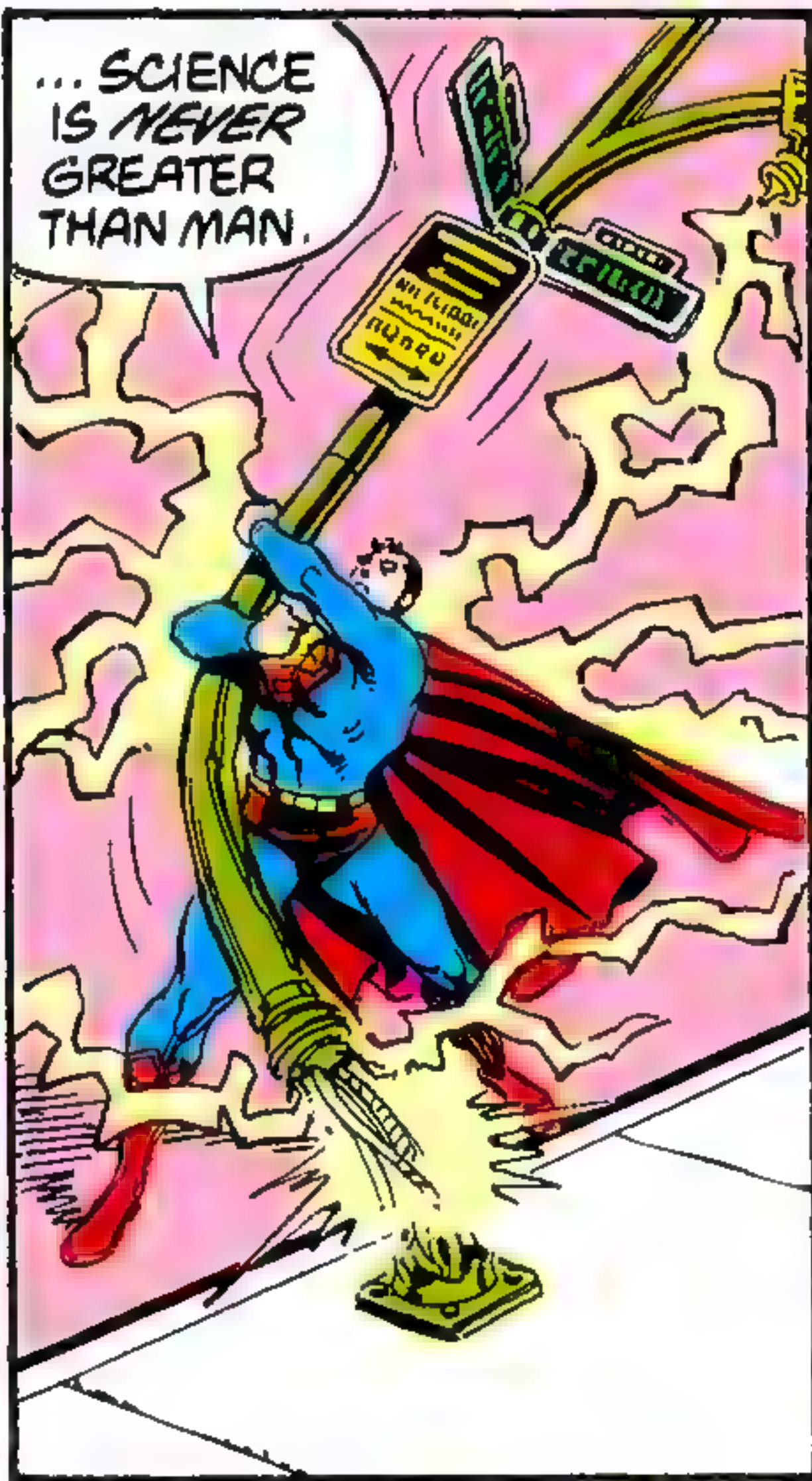
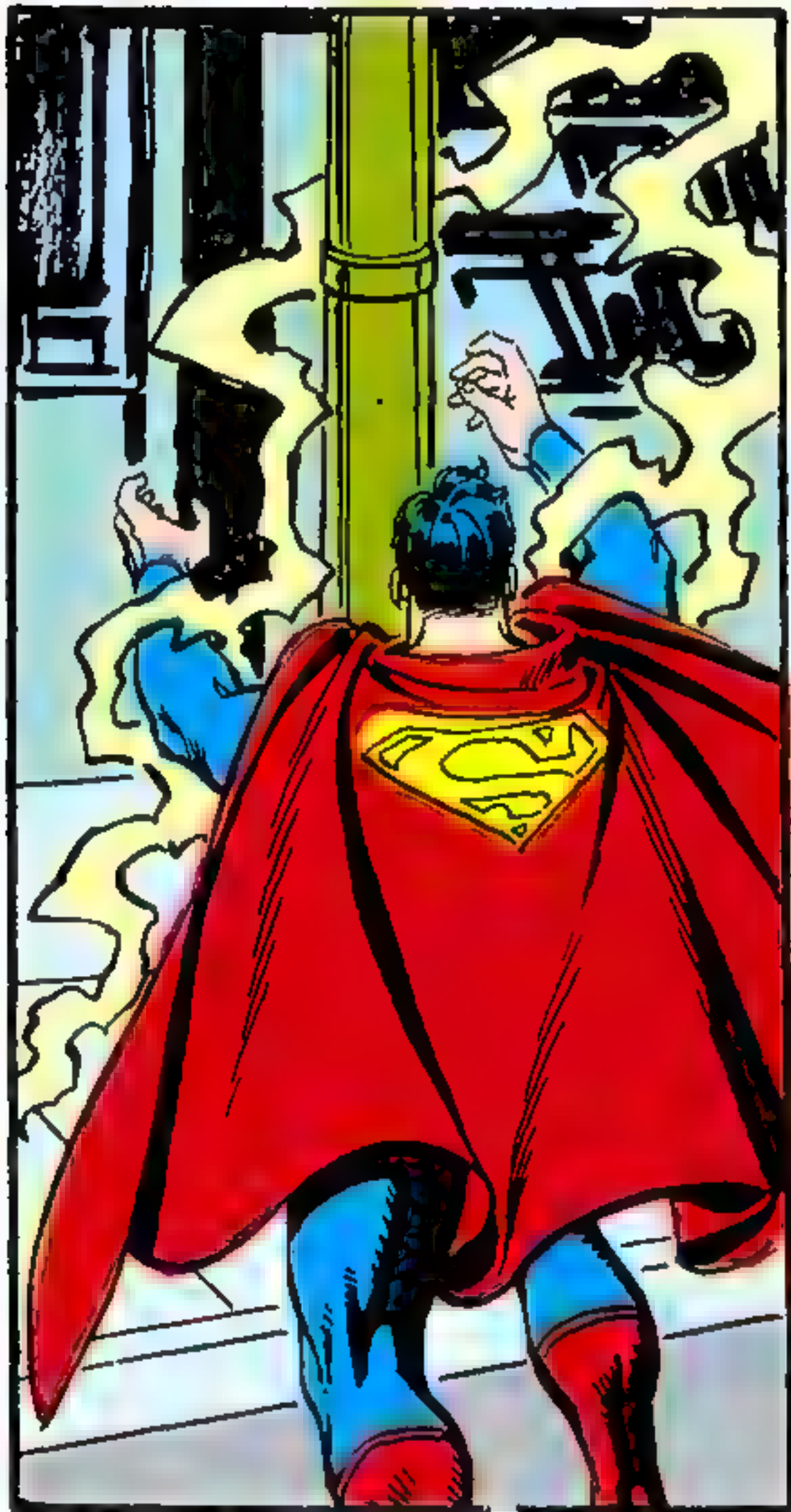
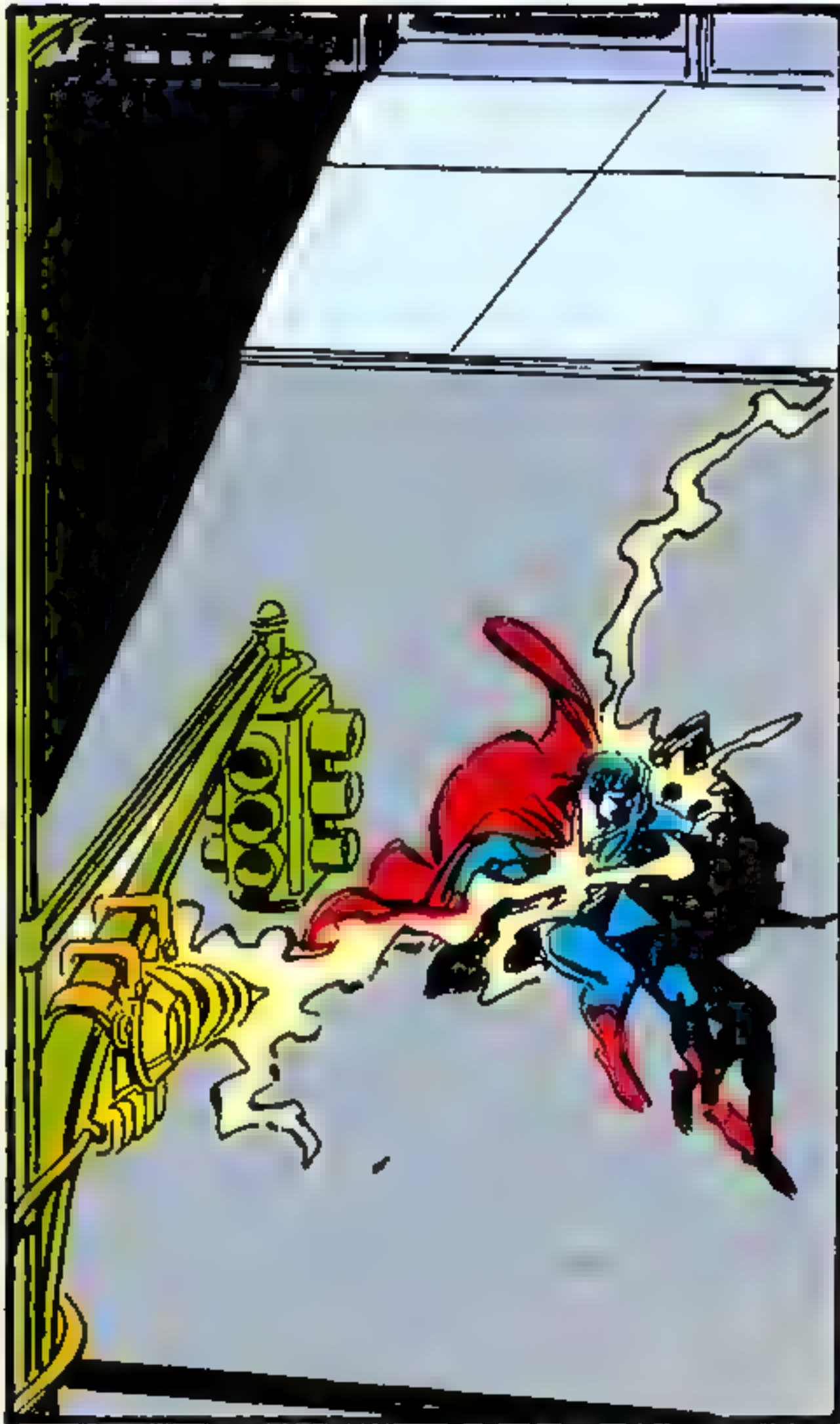
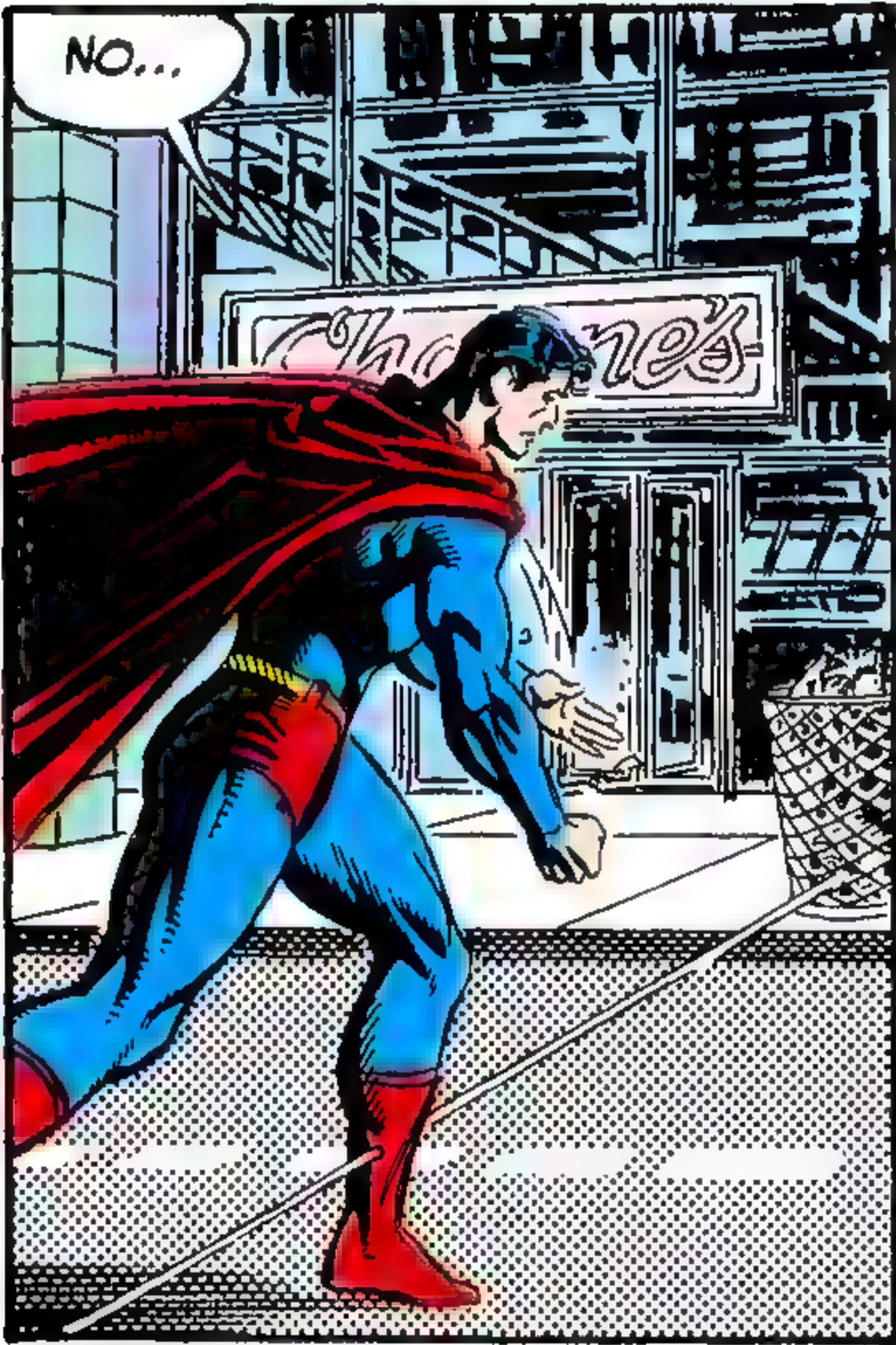
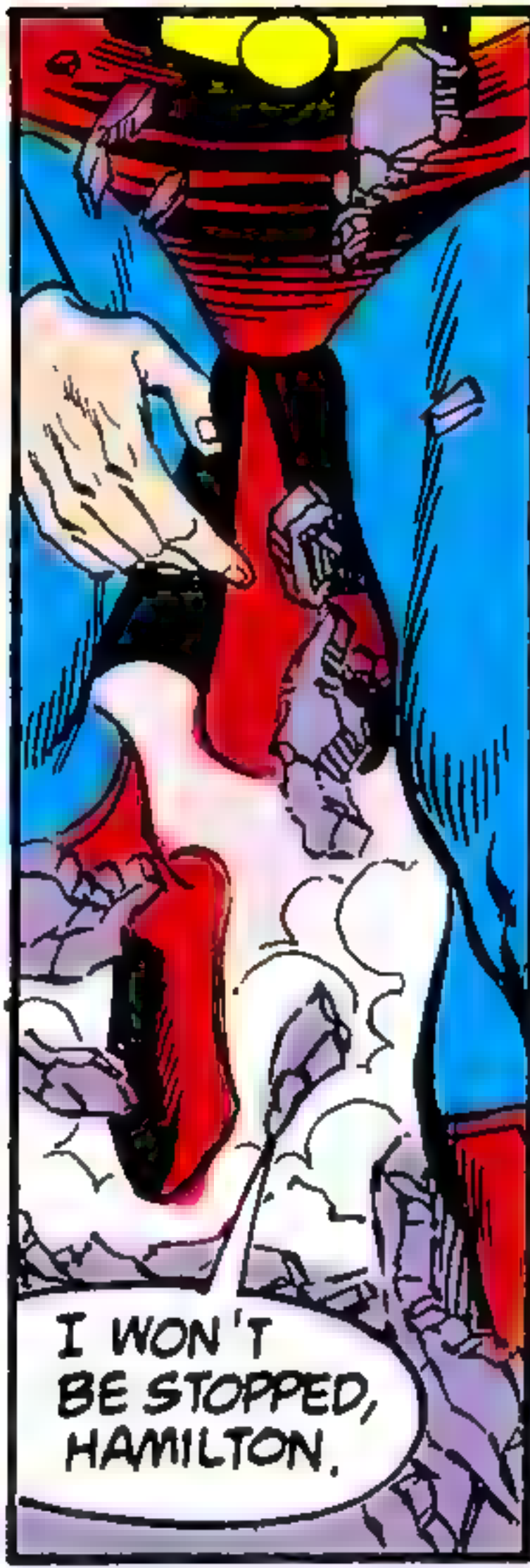
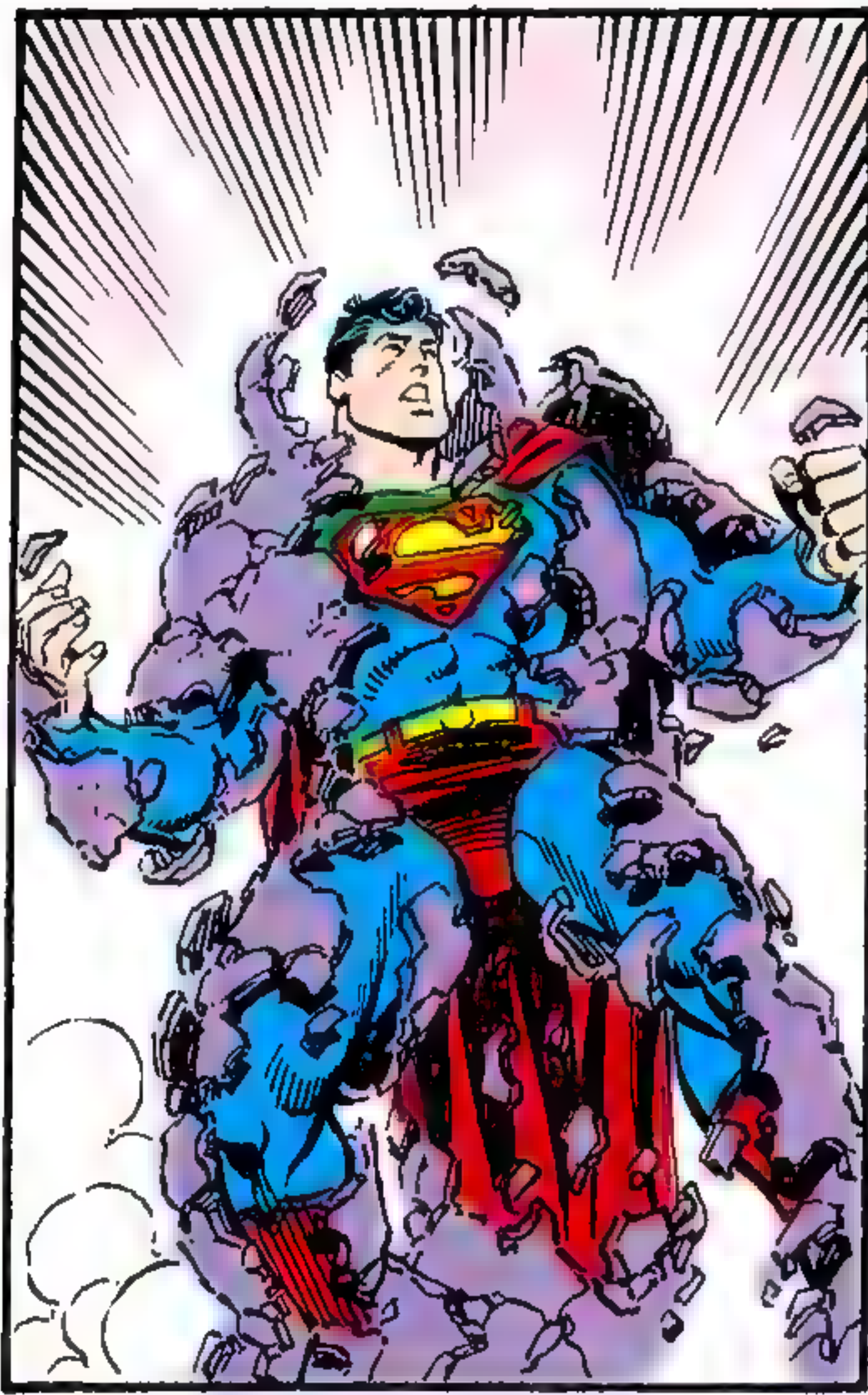
I'VE SET UP RELAY STATIONS ALONG FIFTH AVENUE. YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO FLY, SUPERMAN... BUT YOU CAN WALK TO ME.

YOU CAN WALK MY GAUNTLET.

IF YOU DIE, SHE WILL LIVE. AND WITH YOUR DEATH YOU WILL PROVE THE EFFECTIVENESS OF MY MACHINE TO THE WORLD. ARE YOU READY?







PUT IT DOWN, HAMILTON. IT'S OVER. YOU CAN'T HURT ME AND YOU KNOW IT.

I KNOW, SUPERMAN, BUT I CAN'T LIVE WITH THIS, EITHER. NOBODY'S EVER LISTENED. NOBODY'S EVER CARED.

NOW I DON'T CARE ANYMORE. I'M DESTROYING MY MACHINE--AND TAKING THE THREE OF US WITH IT!

I WON'T LET THAT HAPPEN, HAMILTON--EVEN TO YOU. YOU NEED HELP.

I'M BEYOND HELP, SUPERMAN. IT'S OVER.

"MR. LUTHOR. IT'S OVER."

THERE'S AN INNOCENT WOMAN HERE, HAMILTON. LET HER GO. WE CAN TALK THIS OUT.

NO!

"GOOD. FOR ONCE, I'M PLEASED WITH SUPERMAN'S VICTORY."

SUPERMAN, DO SOMETHING!!

DONE.

"HAMILTON NEVER REALIZED COMPUCON SERVICES WAS YET ANOTHER SUBSIDIARY OF LEXCORP."

SKRABLAN

"WHICH REMINDS ME... MAKE CERTAIN CHARLES WILKERSON'S WIDOW RECEIVES A LARGE PENSION."

I-I TOLD YOU... I WOULDN'T... ALLOW YOU TO... DESTROY YOURSELF.

"CHARLES HAD NO IDEA OF THE SACRIFICE HE HAD TO MAKE FOR SCIENCE."

N-NO MATTER THE COSSST...

SUPERMAN? H-HIS HURT. SUPERMAN!?! YOU DID THIS TO SAVE ME? MY GOD!

DON'T MOVE, MAN! ONE TWITCH AND WE SHOOT!

IT'S OKAY, IT'S OKAY! I'LL GO. JUST HELP SUPERMAN, PLEASE.



I GAVE UP. IT WAS AS SIMPLE AS THAT. I TRIED TO TELL THE REPORTERS ABOUT MY MACHINE, BUT THEY DIDN'T CARE.

NOBODY EVER LISTENED.

BY NOW, LUTHOR PROBABLY HAS MY MACHINE..



NOW HE'LL TAKE THE CREDIT FOR MY GENIUS, WHILE I ROT HERE. IT'S NOT AT ALL FAIR. NOBODY WILL KNOW ABOUT ME. *NOBODY.*

GUARD. GUARD. ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME? GUARD!!



YOU SAY SOMETHING, MAC?

SAY SOMETHING?



NO...

...I DIDN'T SAY A WORD.

NOTHING!

THE END

AND GRAVES GIVE UP THEIR DEAD...

DOES THE
SOIL
REMEMBER?

CONSIDER THIS PLOT
OF LAND, A FEW ACRES
OF UNHALLOWED
GROUND.

HERE LIE THE
ROTTED REMAINS
OF A HUNDRED EVIL
MEN, THEIR LIVES
SNUFFED OUT BY
THE SOCIETY THEY
DEFIED.

MURDERERS. KIDNAPPERS.
RAPISTS. MEN WHOSE
LIVES WERE A CATALOG OF
PAIN AND DEATH FOR ALL
WHO CROSSED THEIR BLOOD-
STAINED PATHS.

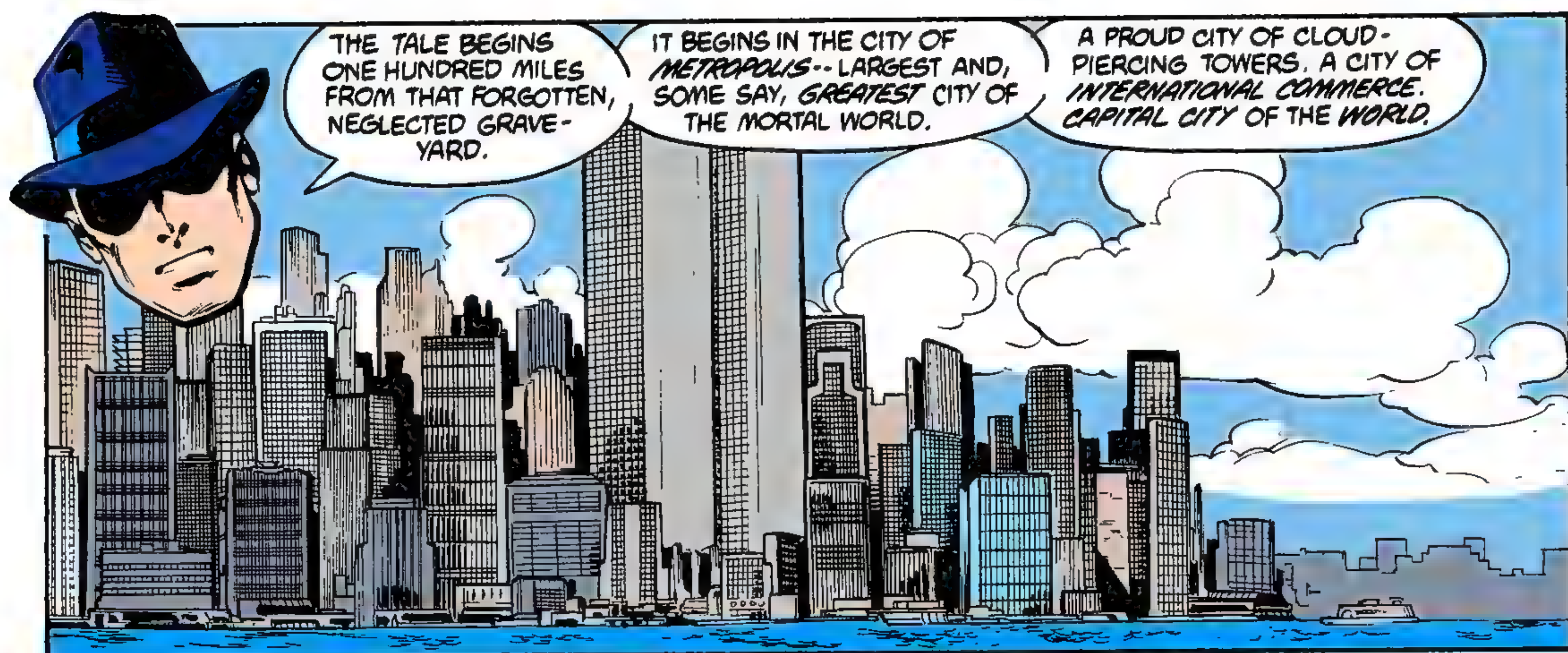
DOES THE SOIL
REMEMBER? DOES
EVIL LEAVE ITS BLACK
STAIN EVEN ON THE
INNOCENT EARTH?

I KNOW. AND I WILL
TELL YOU, IF YOU ARE *STOUT*
ENOUGH OF HEART TO WALK
A WHILE ALONG THE PATH
I DAILY TREAD.

FOLLOW ME...
FOR I AM...

**PHANTOM
STRANGER**





THE TALE BEGINS
ONE HUNDRED MILES
FROM THAT FORGOTTEN,
NEGLECTED GRAVE-
YARD.

IT BEGINS IN THE CITY OF
METROPOLIS-- LARGEST AND,
SOME SAY, *GREATEST* CITY OF
THE MORTAL WORLD.

A PROUD CITY OF CLOUD-
PIERCING TOWERS. A CITY OF
INTERNATIONAL COMMERCE.
CAPITAL CITY OF THE WORLD.



"AND TODAY,
A CITY
BESIEGED!"

"ABOVE THE GLEAMING
SKYSCRAPERS, A NIMBUS
OF ARCAINE ENERGIES
CRACKLES AND GROWS.



"AND AT THE VERY SEETHING HEART
OF THAT MAELSTROM, A HERO
FEELS THE COLD HAND OF DEATH
CLOSE TIGHT ABOUT HIM."

YOU... CAN'T...
WIN...
ARATHAZA.

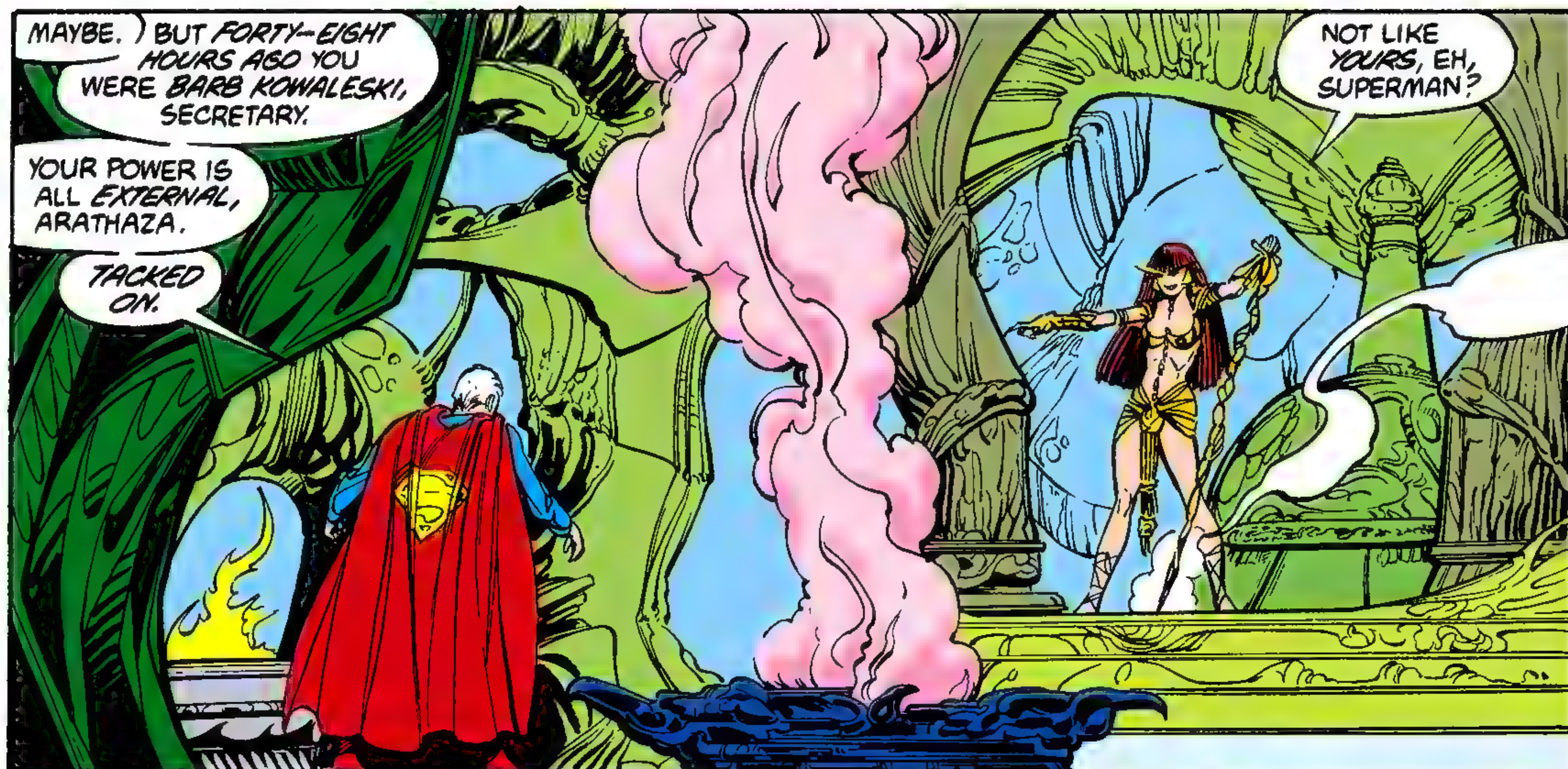


NO, MORTAL?

SUPERMAN YOU
MAY BE, AND POWERFUL
IN YOUR OWN SMALL
WAY...

... BUT I AM
POWER
BEYOND ALL
KNOWING.

I AM POWER
BEYOND AND
BEYOND.

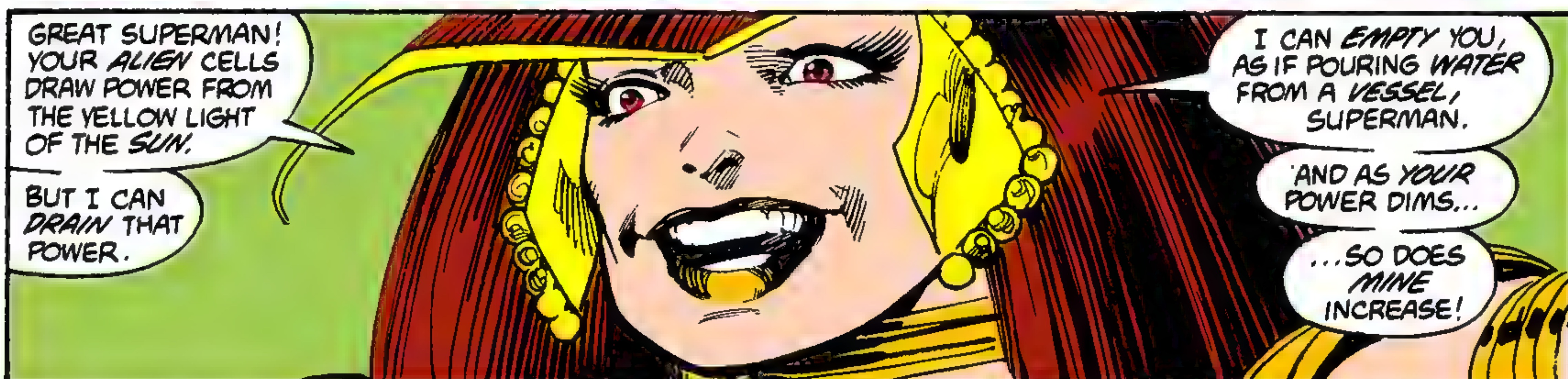


MAYBE.) BUT FORTY-EIGHT HOURS AGO YOU WERE BARB KOWALESKI, SECRETARY.

YOUR POWER IS ALL EXTERNAL, ARATHAZA.

TACKED ON.

NOT LIKE YOURS, EH, SUPERMAN?



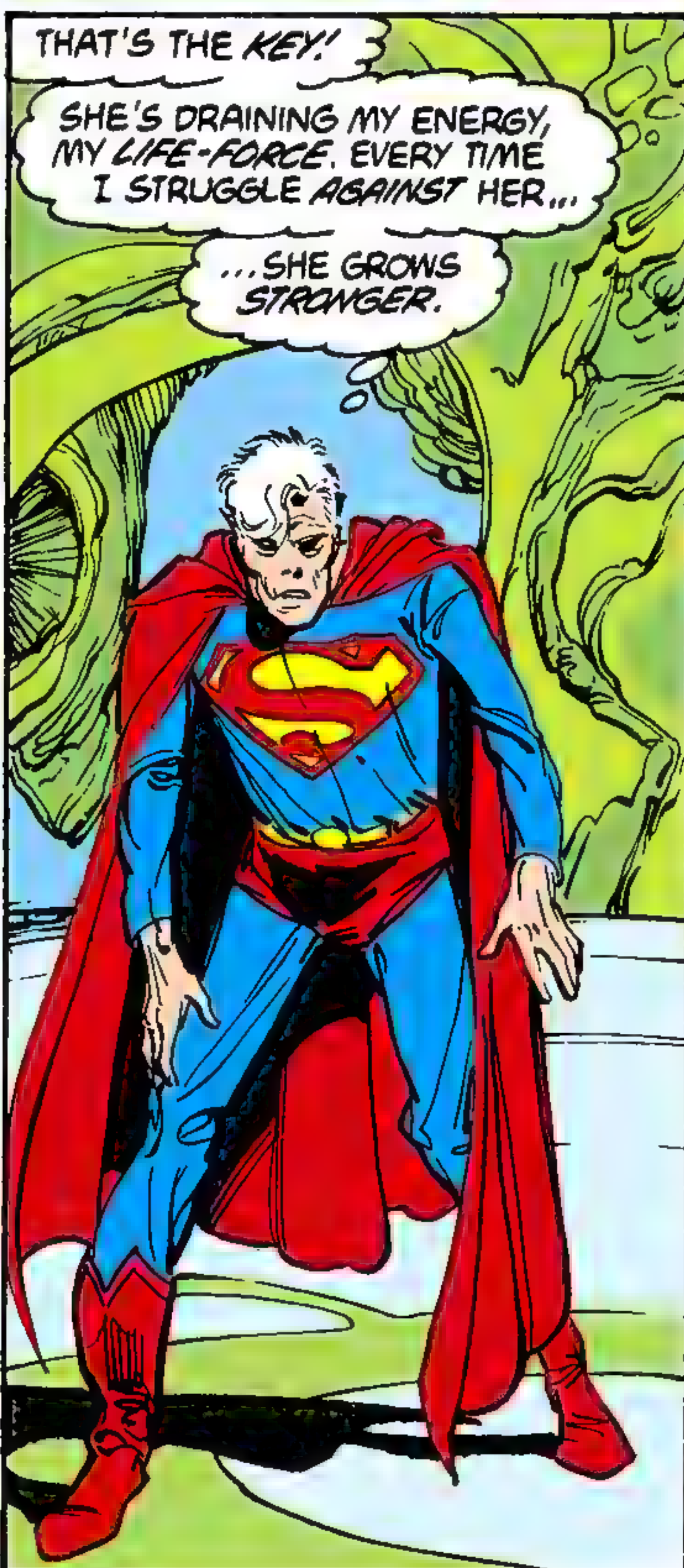
GREAT SUPERMAN! YOUR ALIEN CELLS DRAW POWER FROM THE YELLOW LIGHT OF THE SUN.

BUT I CAN DRAIN THAT POWER.

I CAN EMPTY YOU, AS IF POURING WATER FROM A VESSEL, SUPERMAN.

AND AS YOUR POWER DIMS...

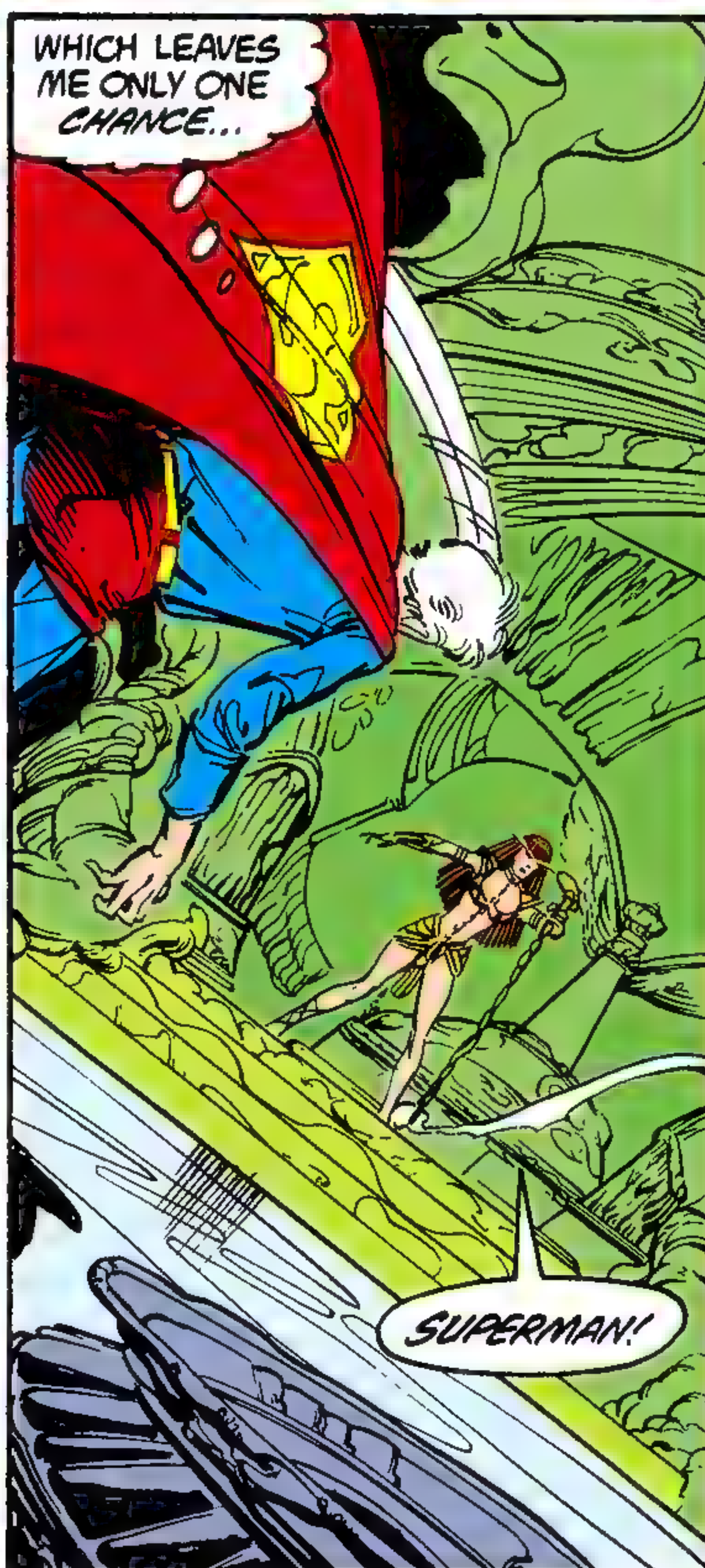
...SO DOES MINE INCREASE!



THAT'S THE KEY!

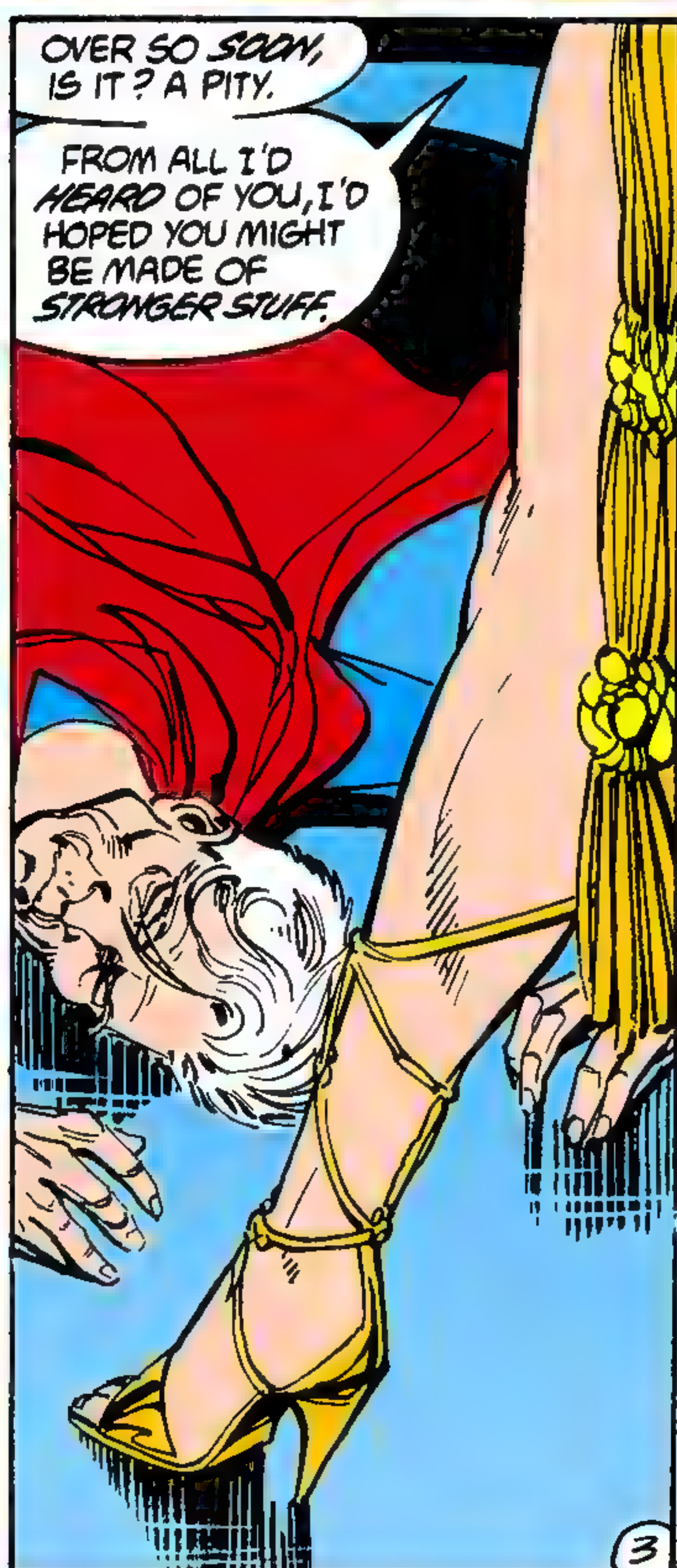
SHE'S DRAINING MY ENERGY, MY LIFE-FORCE. EVERY TIME I STRUGGLE AGAINST HER...

...SHE GROWS STRONGER.



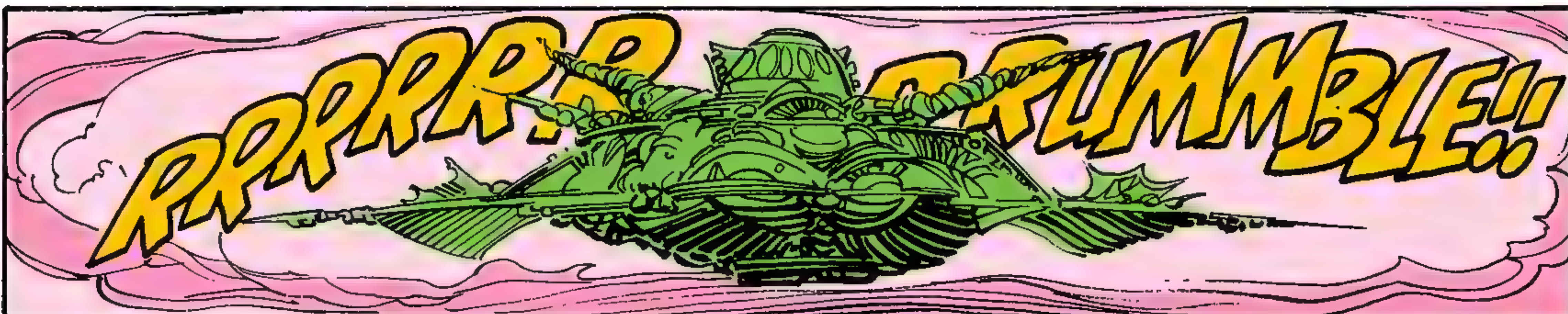
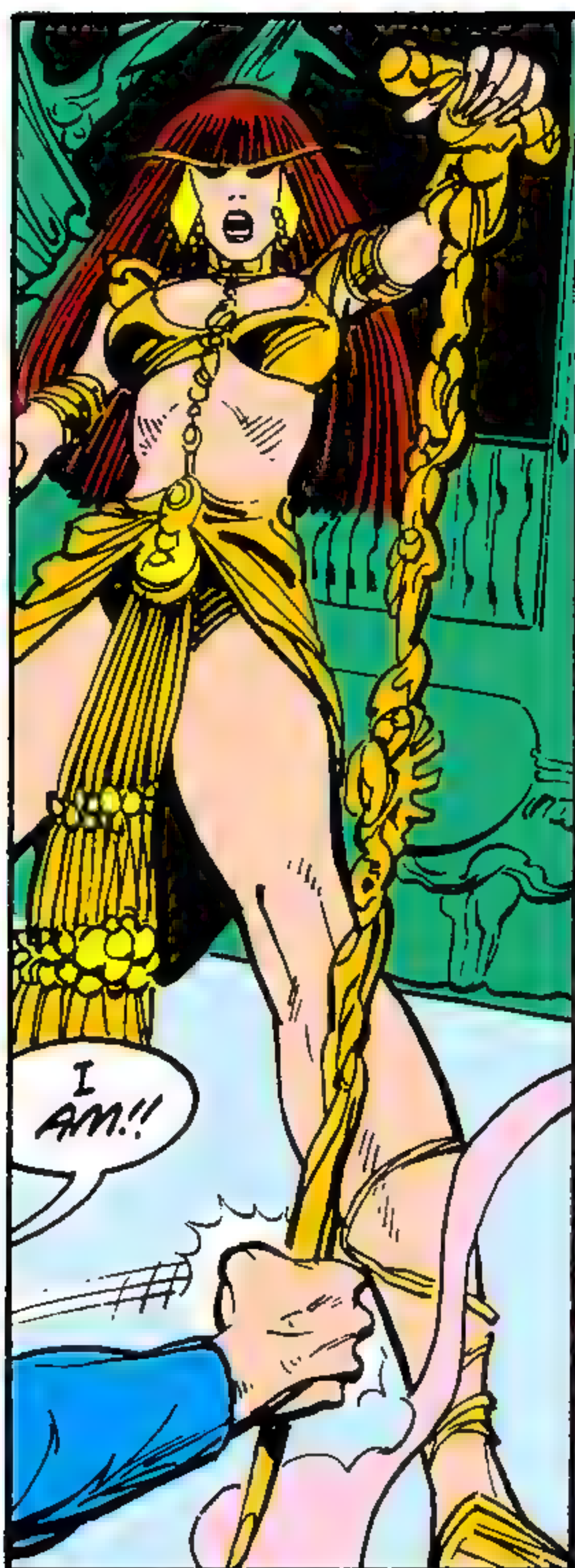
WHICH LEAVES ME ONLY ONE CHANCE...

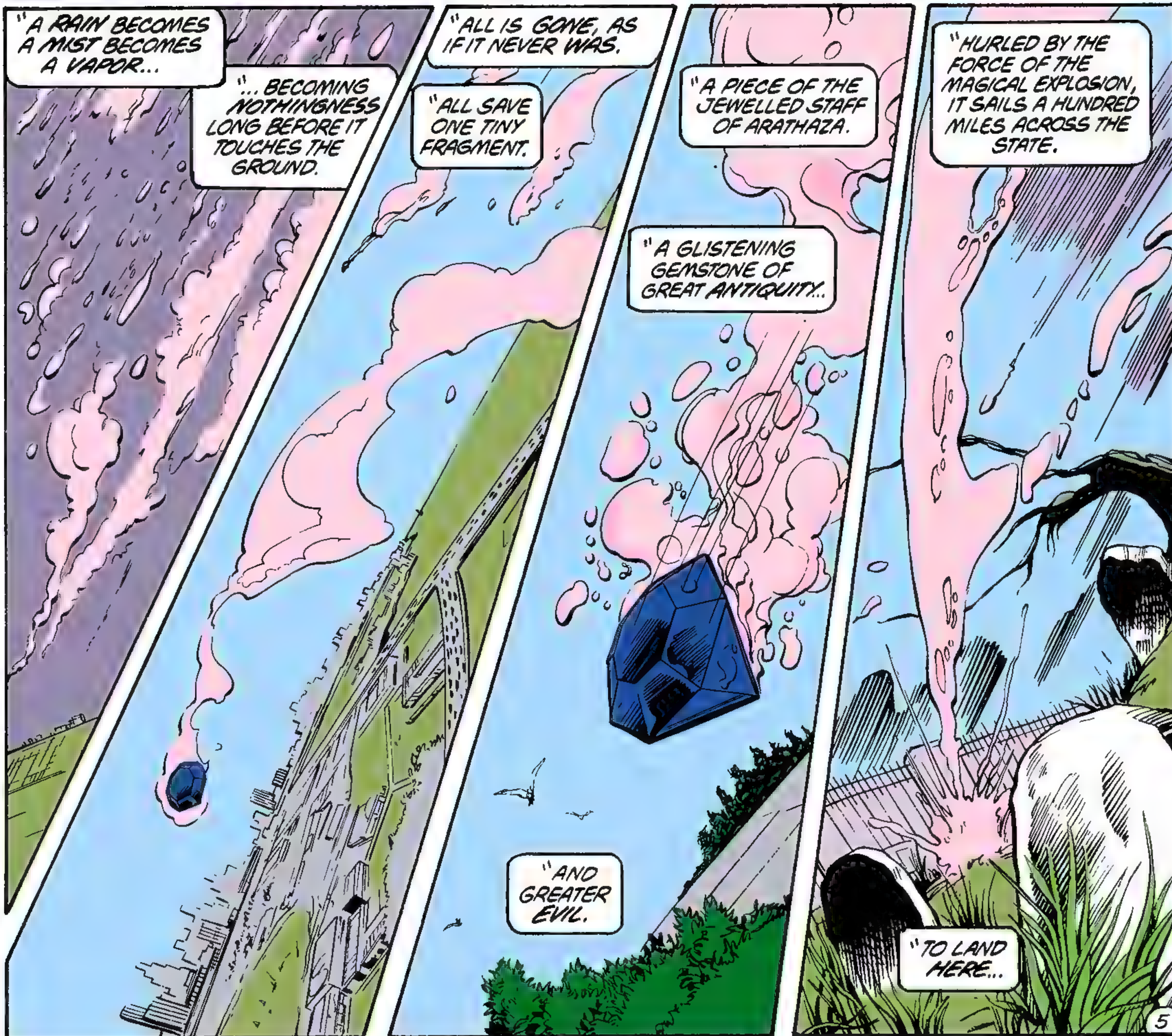
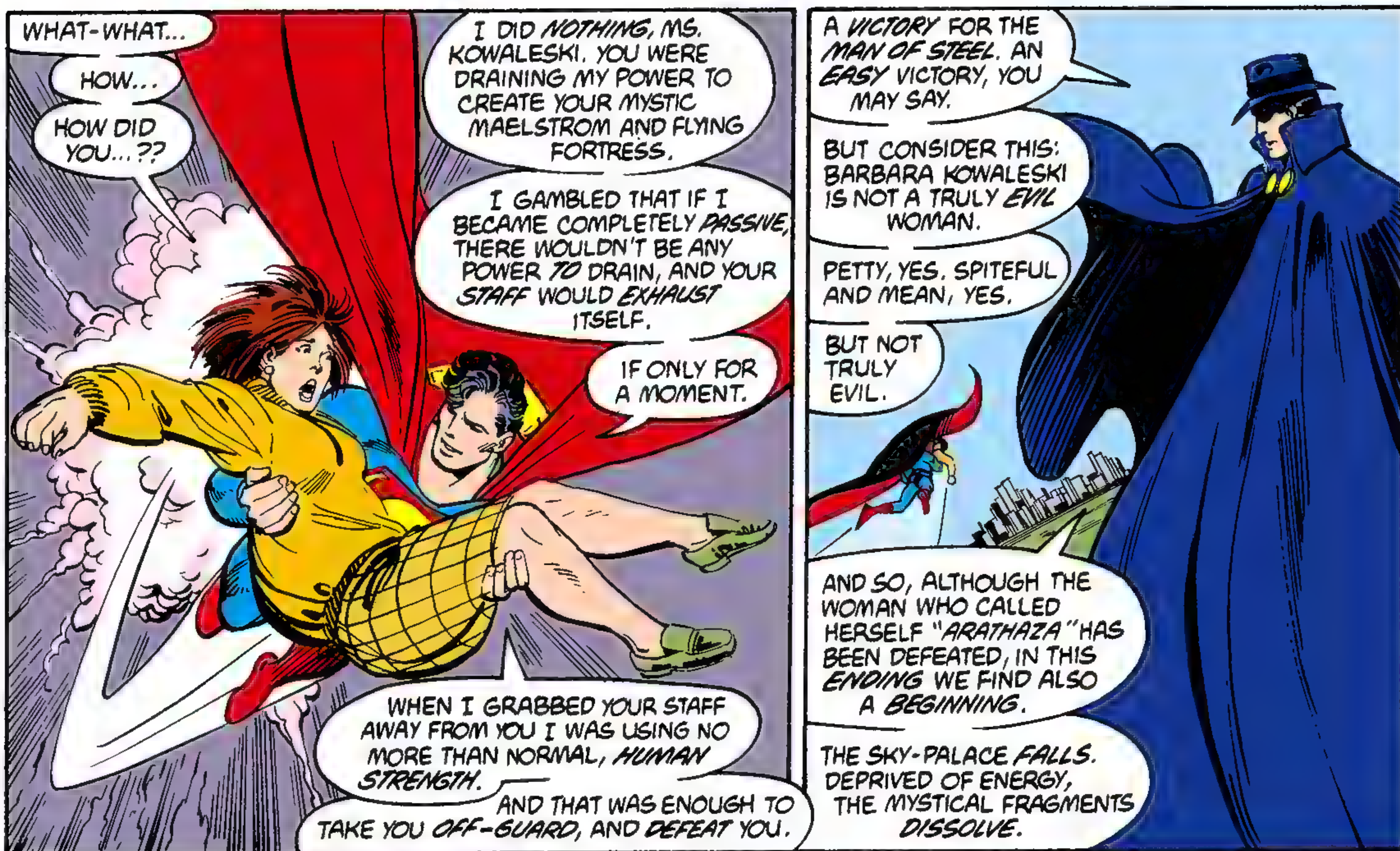
SUPERMAN!

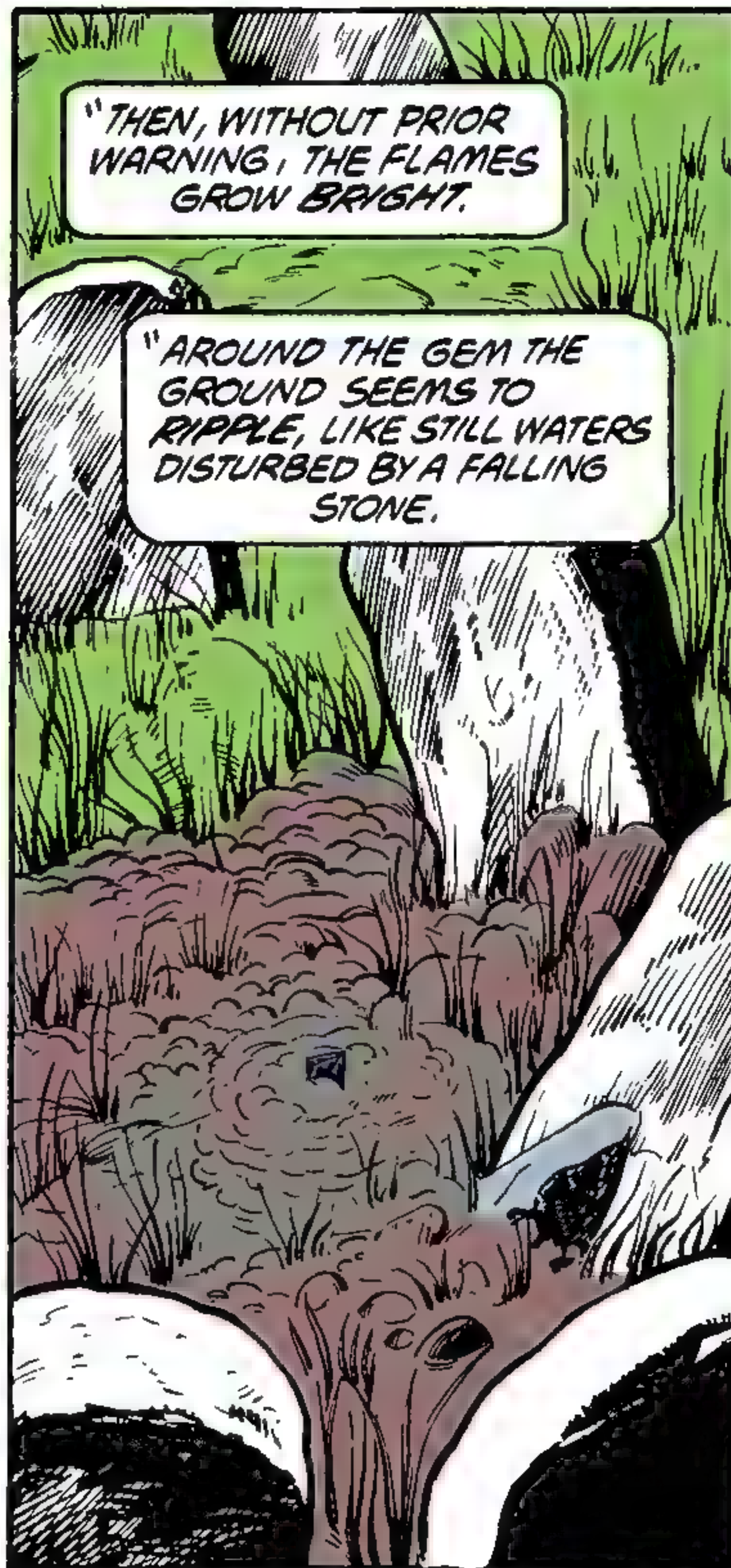
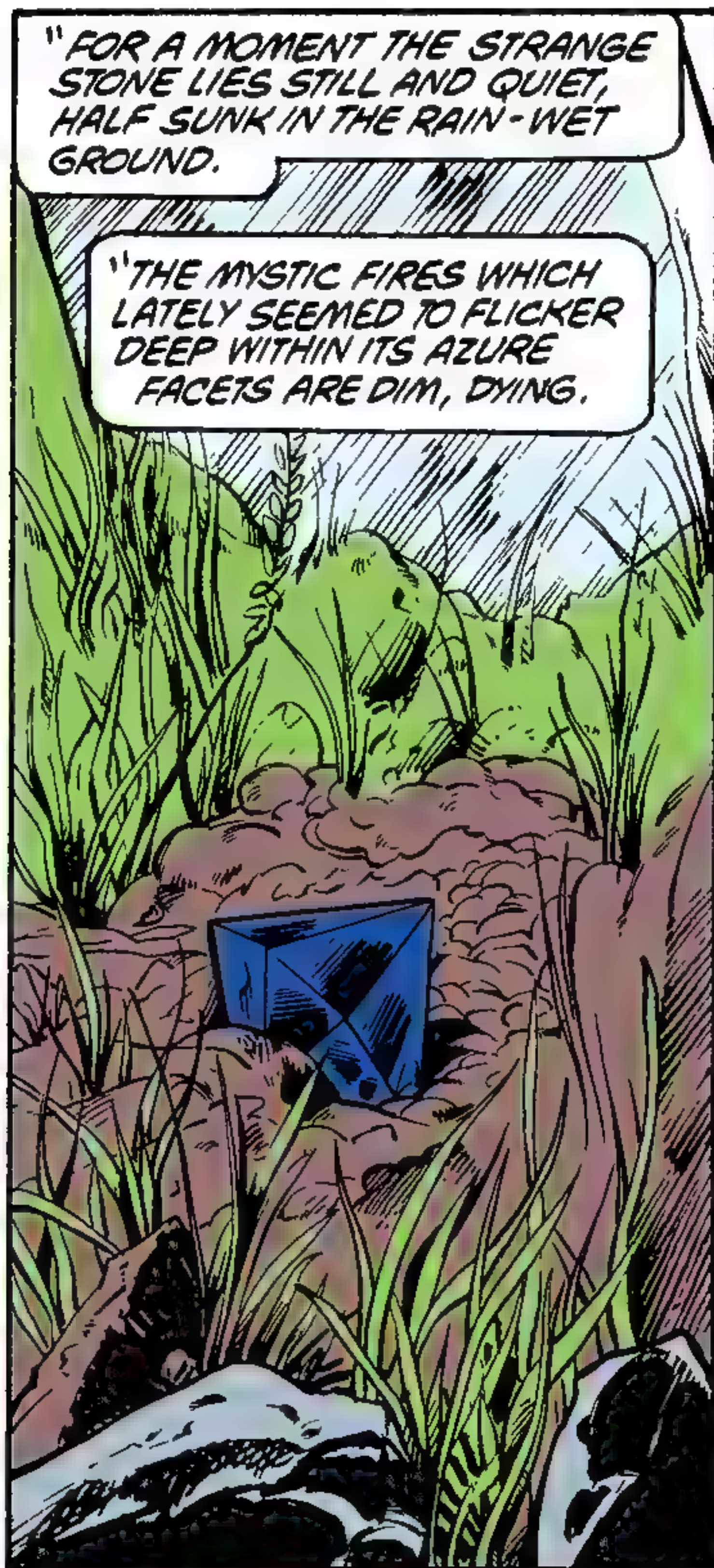


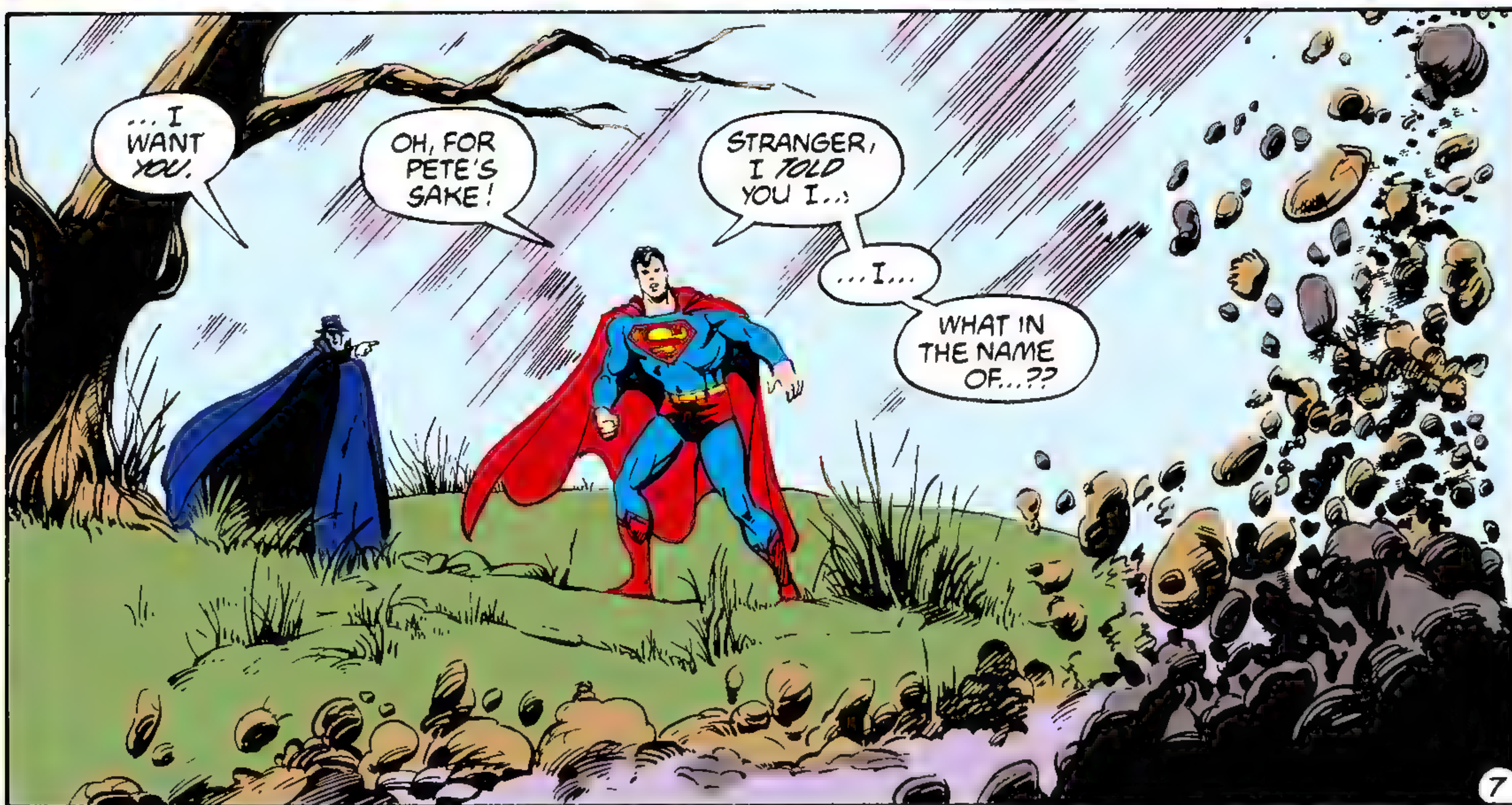
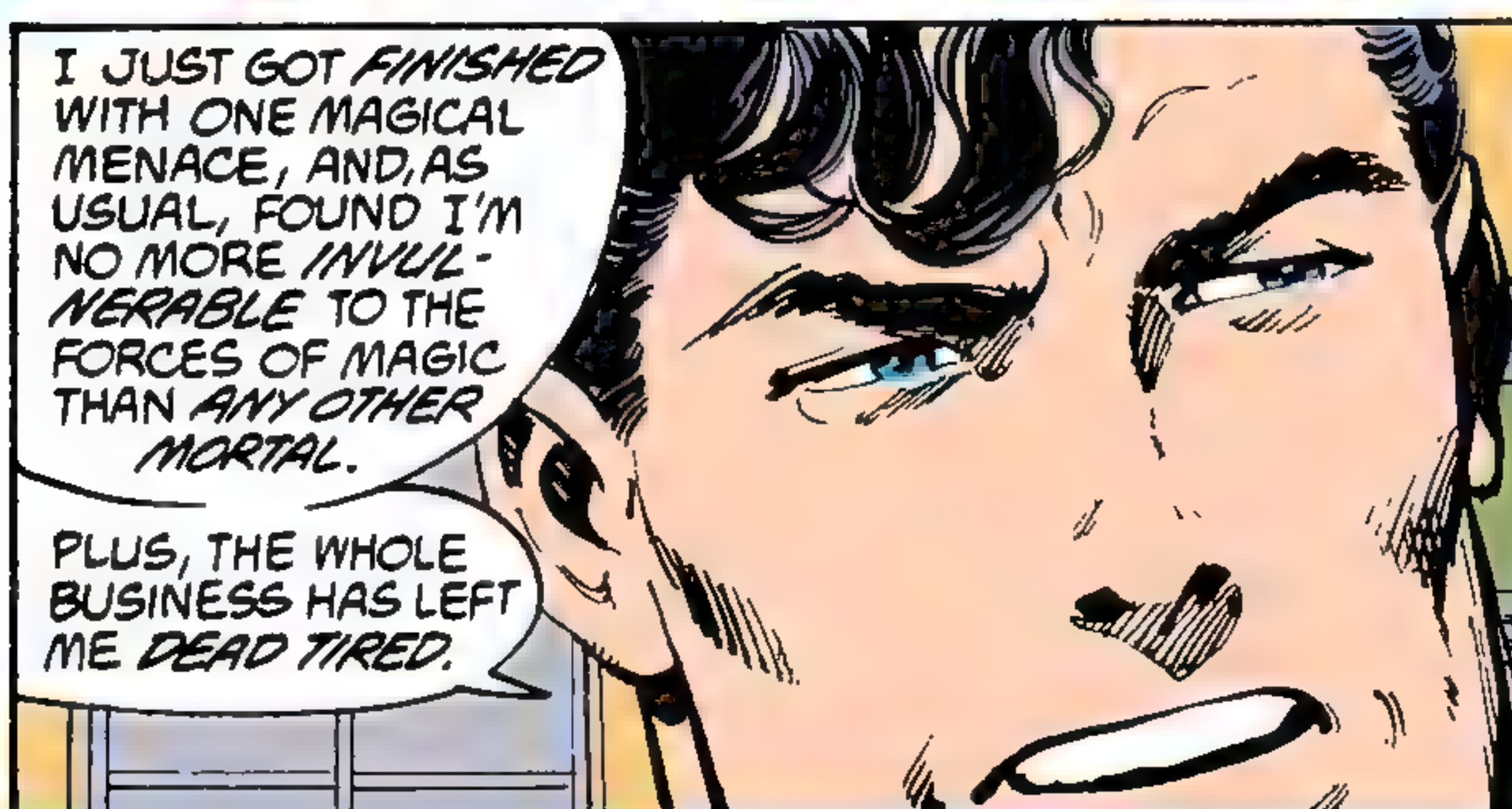
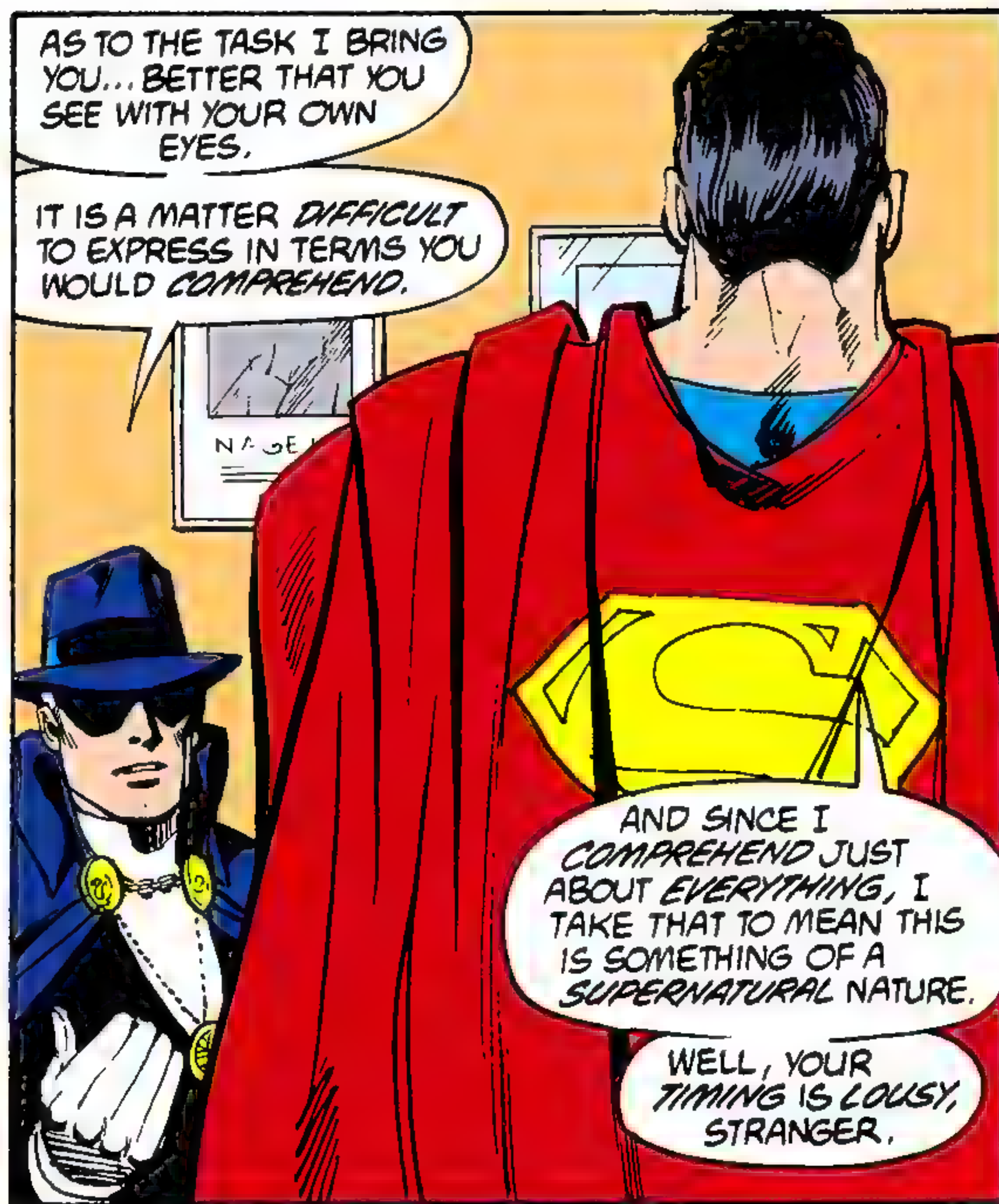
OVER SO SOON, IS IT? A PITY.

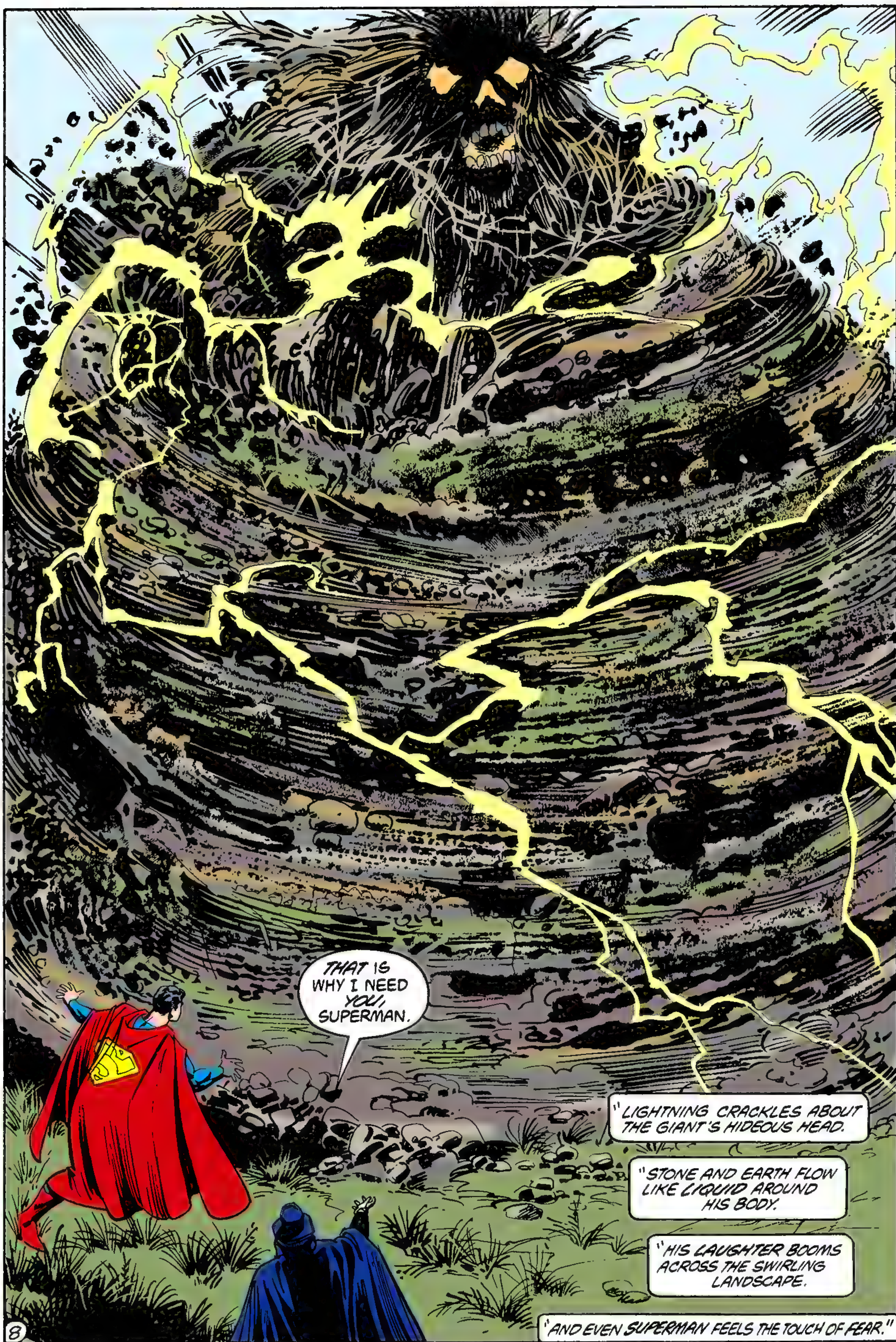
FROM ALL I'D HEARD OF YOU, I'D HOPED YOU MIGHT BE MADE OF STRONGER STUFF.











THAT IS
WHY I NEED
YOU,
SUPERMAN.

"LIGHTNING CRACKLES ABOUT
THE GIANT'S HIDEOUS HEAD.

"STONE AND EARTH FLOW
LIKE LIQUID AROUND
HIS BODY.

"HIS LAUGHTER BOOMS
ACROSS THE SWIRLING
LANDSCAPE.

"AND EVEN SUPERMAN FEELS THE TOUCH OF FEAR."

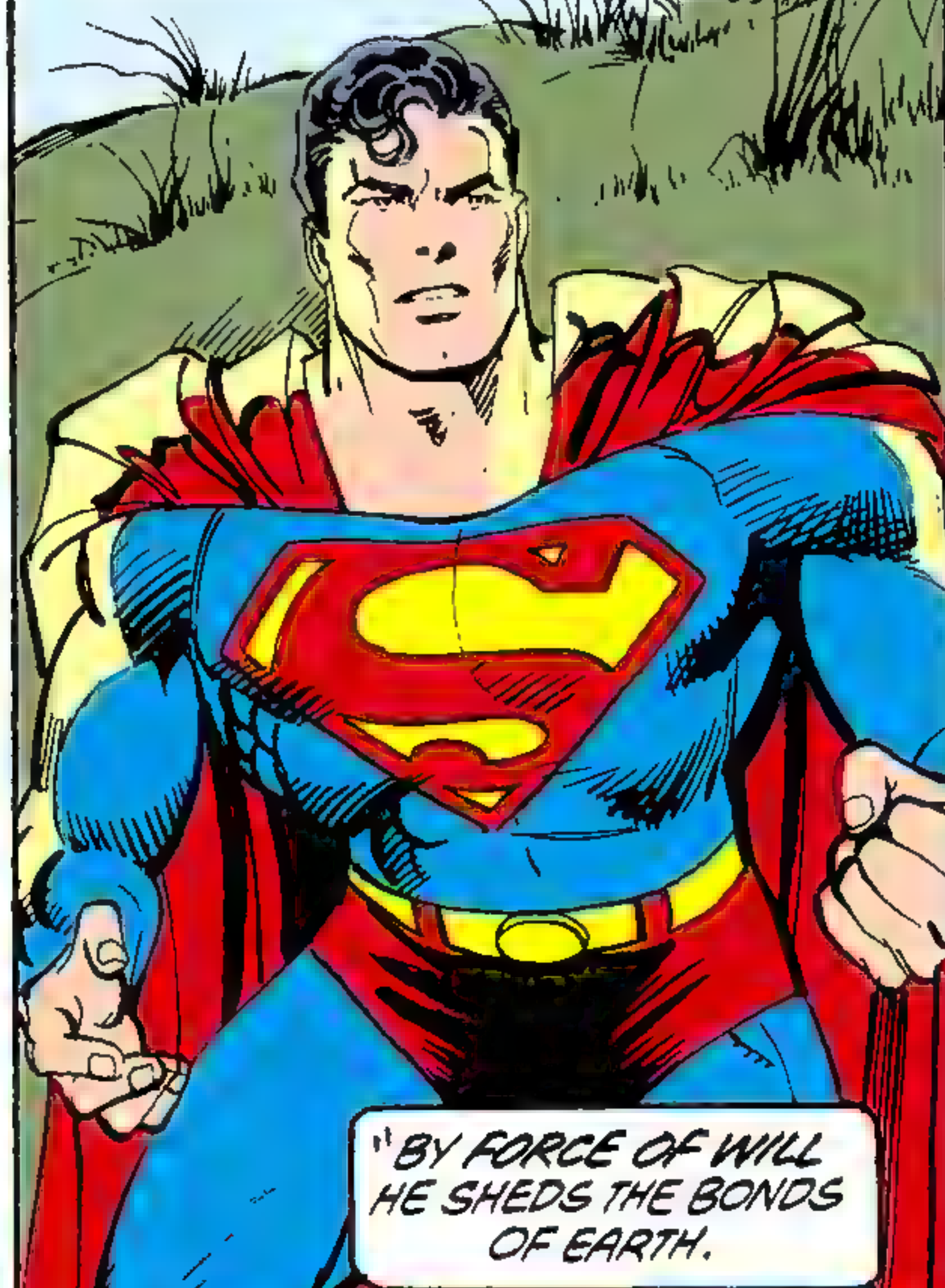
"BUT FEAR IS NOT A CONQUERING THING TO HIM."



"HE KNOWS THE POWER OF FEAR IS A LIE."

"HE KNOWS THAT FEAR CAN TRIUMPH ONLY WHEN THE WILL IS WEAK."

"AND HE HAS STRENGTH OF WILL IN ALMOST INFINITE AMOUNT."



"BY FORCE OF WILL HE SHEDS THE BONDS OF EARTH."

"BY FORCE OF WILL HE HURDLES MOUNTAINS, AND REACHES OUT TO TOUCH THE MANY-CRATERED MOON."

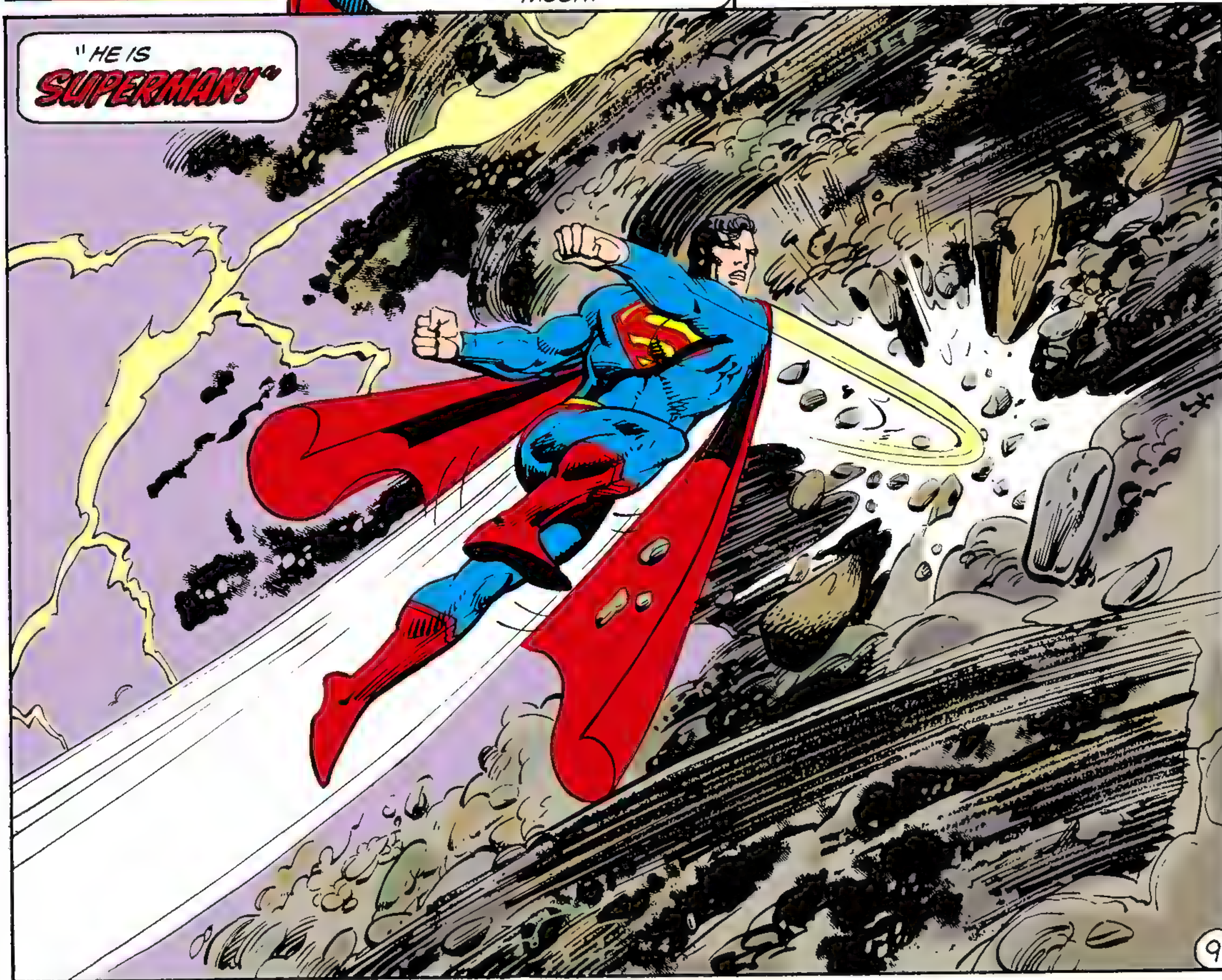
"BY FORCE OF WILL HE PUSHES BACK THE SHARP-FANGED THINGS THAT COME TO GNAW HIS VITALS."



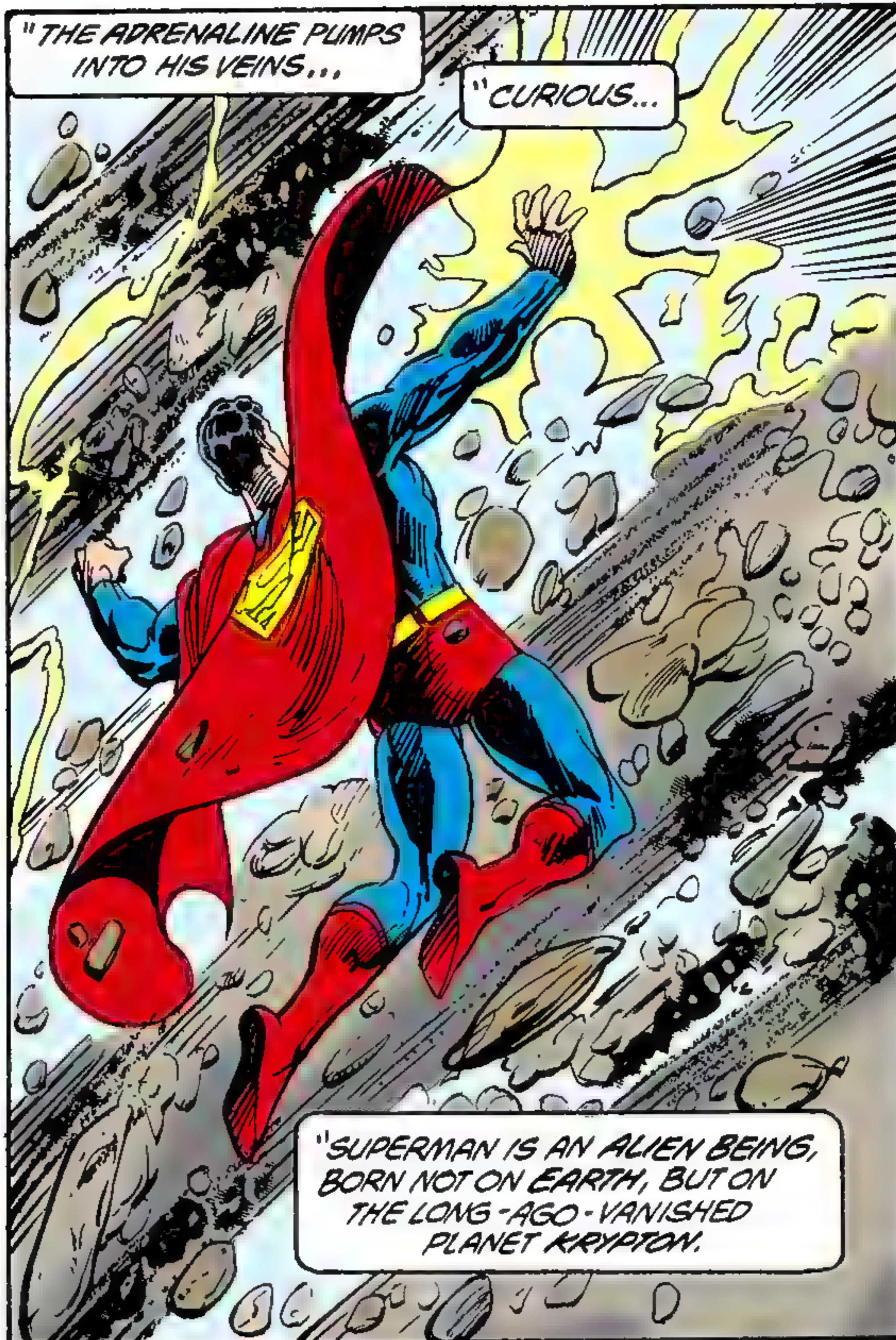
"BY FORCE OF WILL HE TURNS HIS GAZE UPON THE SEETHING HORROR BELOW US ON THE HILLSIDE."

"YES, HE FEELS THE ICY TOUCH OF FEAR, BUT HE IS NOT COWED."

"HE IS **SUPERMAN!**"



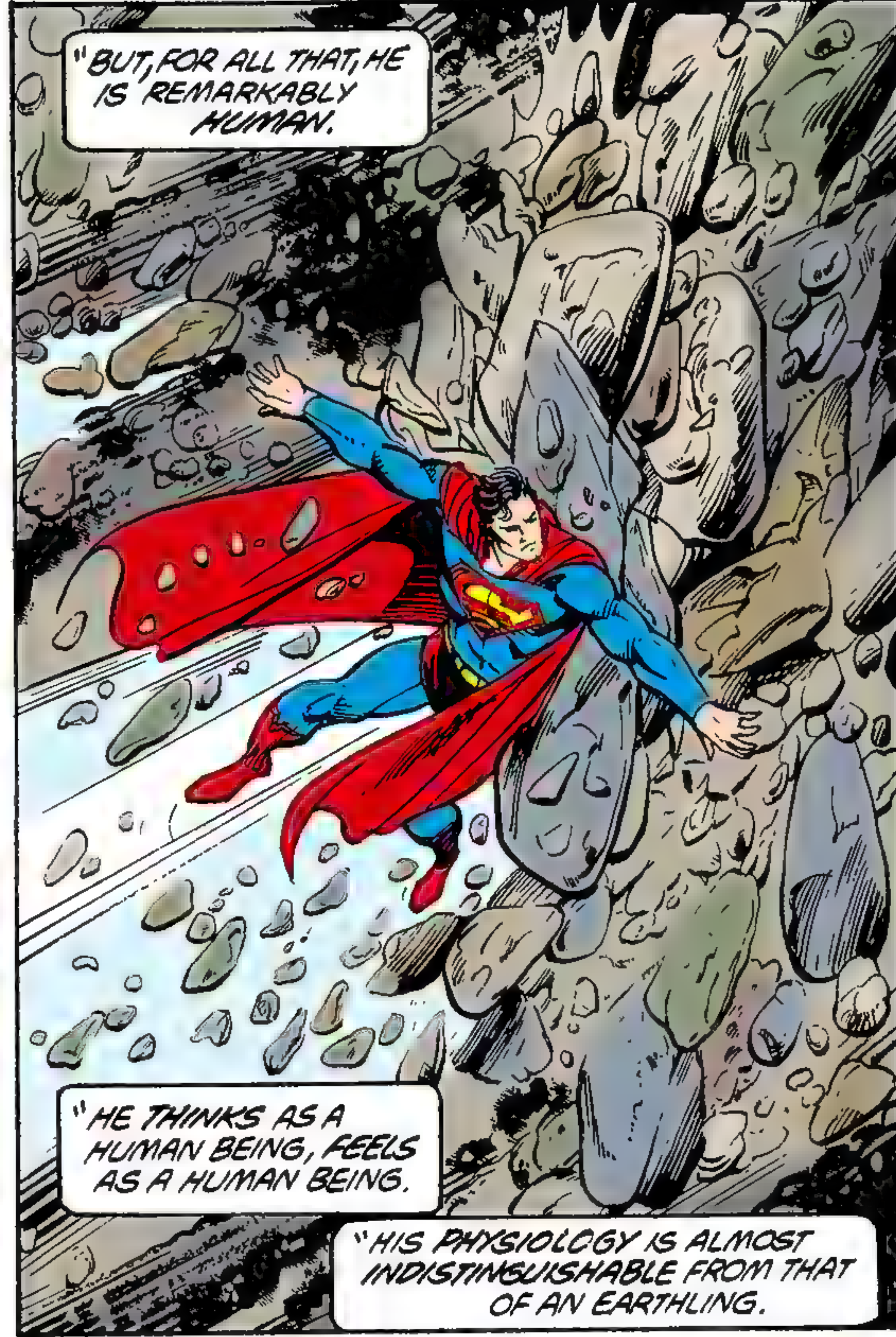
9



"THE ADRENALINE PUMPS INTO HIS VEINS..."

"CURIOUS..."

"SUPERMAN IS AN ALIEN BEING, BORN NOT ON EARTH, BUT ON THE LONG-AGO-VANISHED PLANET KRYPTON."



"BUT, FOR ALL THAT, HE IS REMARKABLY HUMAN."

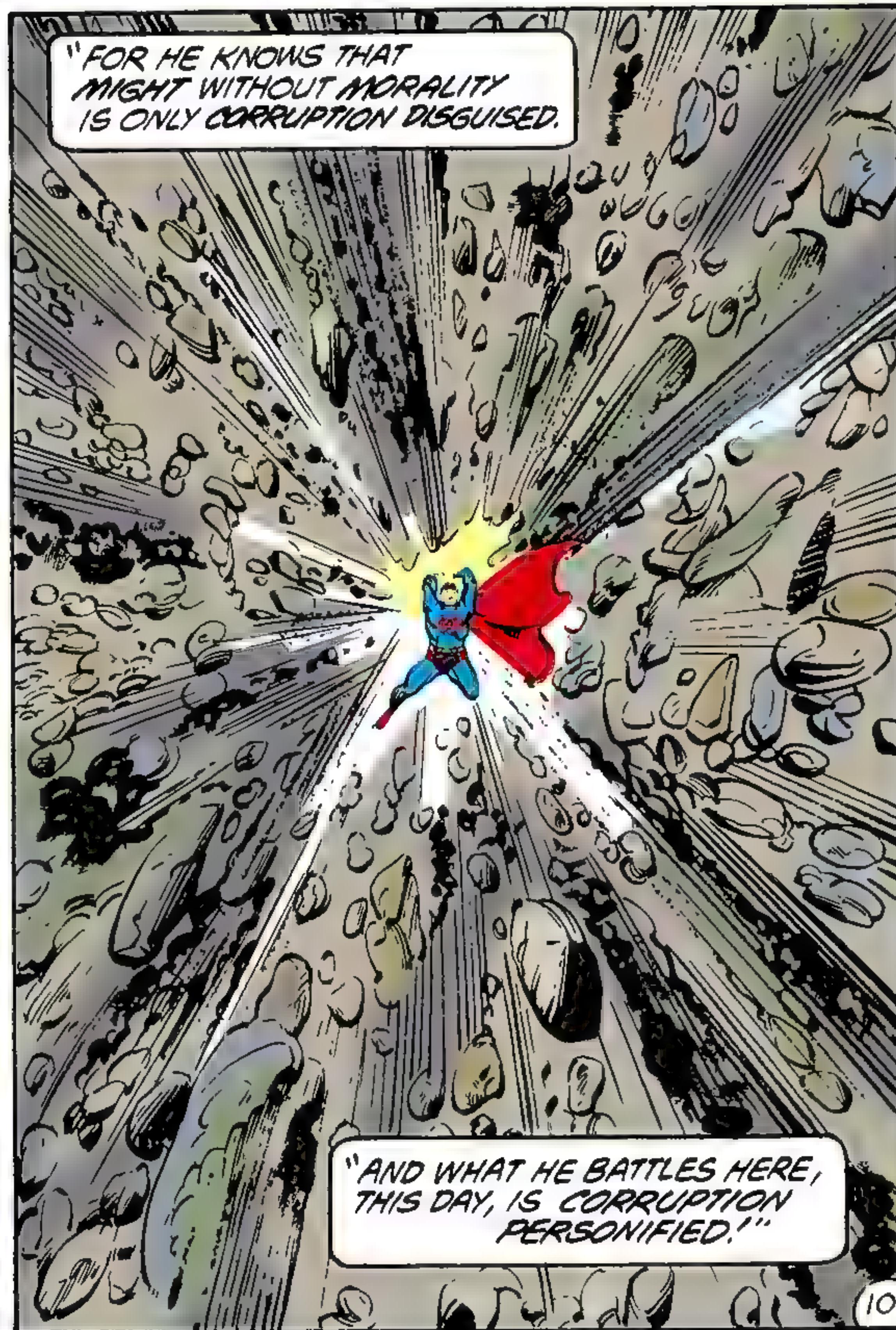
"HE THINKS AS A HUMAN BEING, FEELS AS A HUMAN BEING."

"HIS PHYSIOLOGY IS ALMOST INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM THAT OF AN EARTHLING."



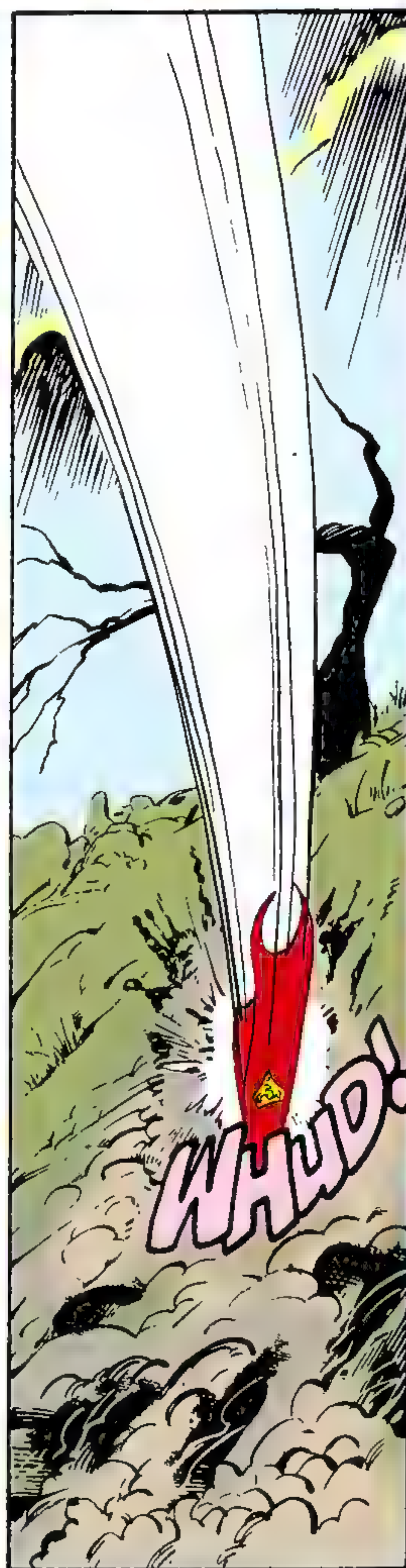
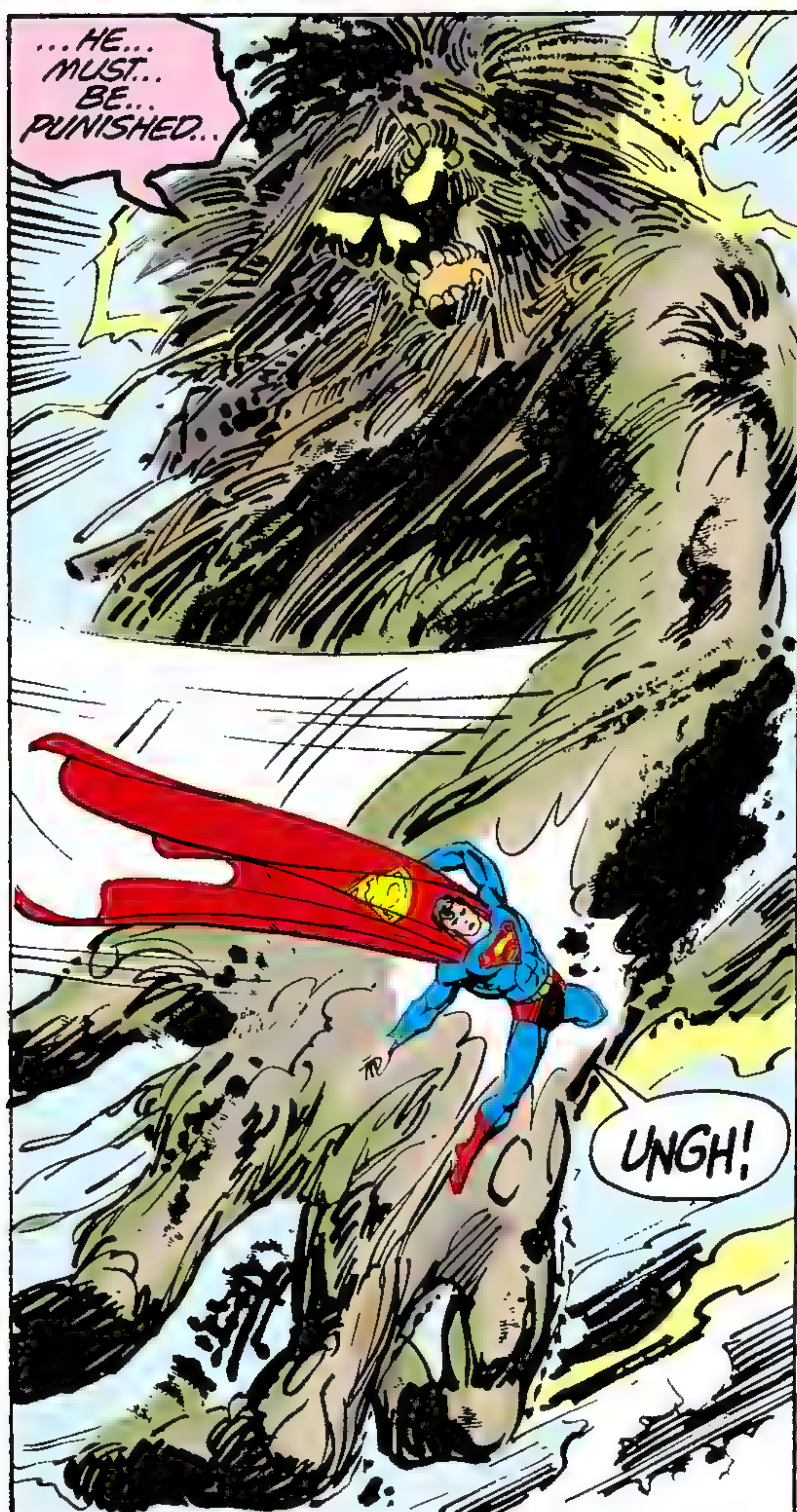
"AND WHEN HE FIGHTS, HE FIGHTS FOR ALL MANKIND."

"FOR THE GOOD, STRONG PRINCIPLES THAT SET HUMANITY APART."



"FOR HE KNOWS THAT MIGHT WITHOUT MORALITY IS ONLY CORRUPTION DISGUISED."

"AND WHAT HE BATTLES HERE, THIS DAY, IS CORRUPTION PERSONIFIED!"

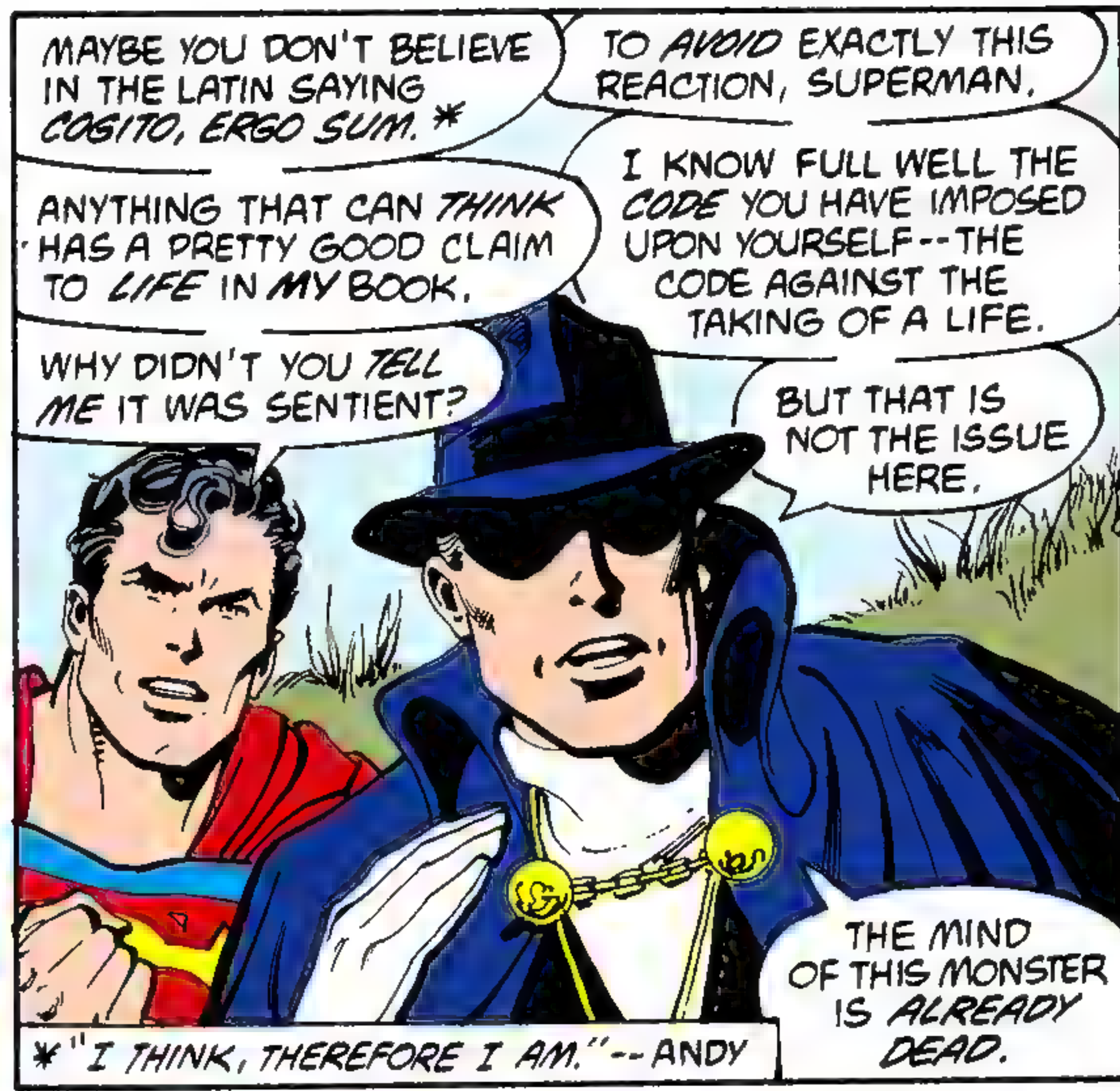




NO, SUPERMAN. DO NOT BE DECEIVED. THERE IS NO LIFE THERE.

ONLY THE MEMORY OF LIFE.

WHAT ARE YOU SAYING, STRANGER? THAT THAT PILE OF EARTH ONLY THINKS IT'S ALIVE?



MAYBE YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN THE LATIN SAYING *COGITO, ERGO SUM*. *

TO AVOID EXACTLY THIS REACTION, SUPERMAN,

ANYTHING THAT CAN THINK HAS A PRETTY GOOD CLAIM TO LIFE IN MY BOOK.

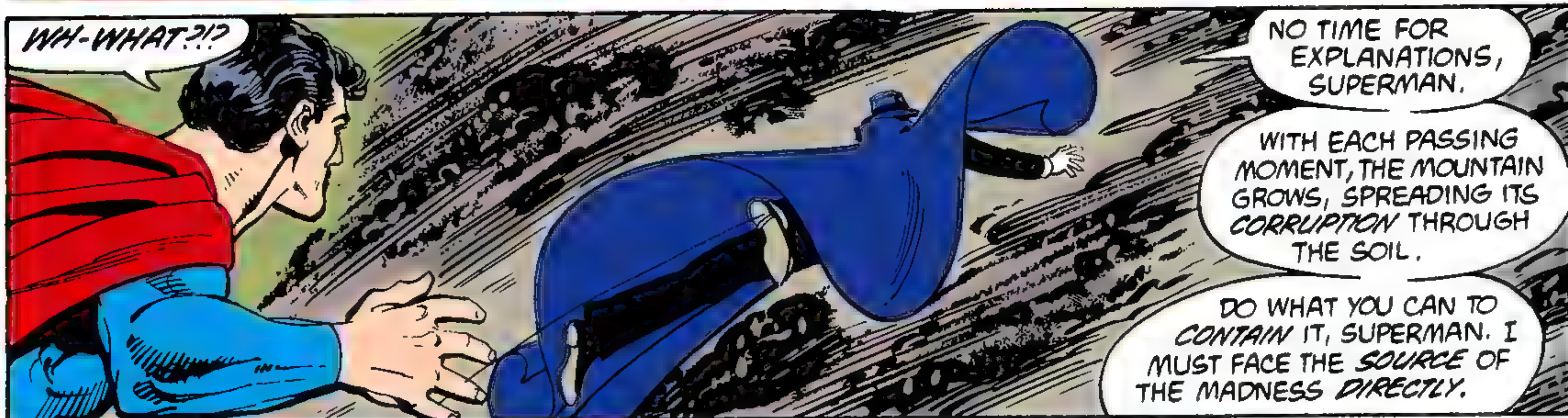
I KNOW FULL WELL THE CODE YOU HAVE IMPOSED UPON YOURSELF--THE CODE AGAINST THE TAKING OF A LIFE.

WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME IT WAS SENTIENT?

BUT THAT IS NOT THE ISSUE HERE.

THE MIND OF THIS MONSTER IS ALREADY DEAD.

*"I THINK, THEREFORE I AM."--ANDY



WH-WHAT?!

NO TIME FOR EXPLANATIONS, SUPERMAN.

WITH EACH PASSING MOMENT, THE MOUNTAIN GROWS, SPREADING ITS CORRUPTION THROUGH THE SOIL.

DO WHAT YOU CAN TO CONTAIN IT, SUPERMAN. I MUST FACE THE SOURCE OF THE MADNESS DIRECTLY.



"INTO THE WHIRLING HURRICANE OF ROCK AND EARTH I HURL MYSELF.

"THE TORRENT RISES TO GALE FORCE. BUT I AM ALREADY BEYOND ITS EFFECT.



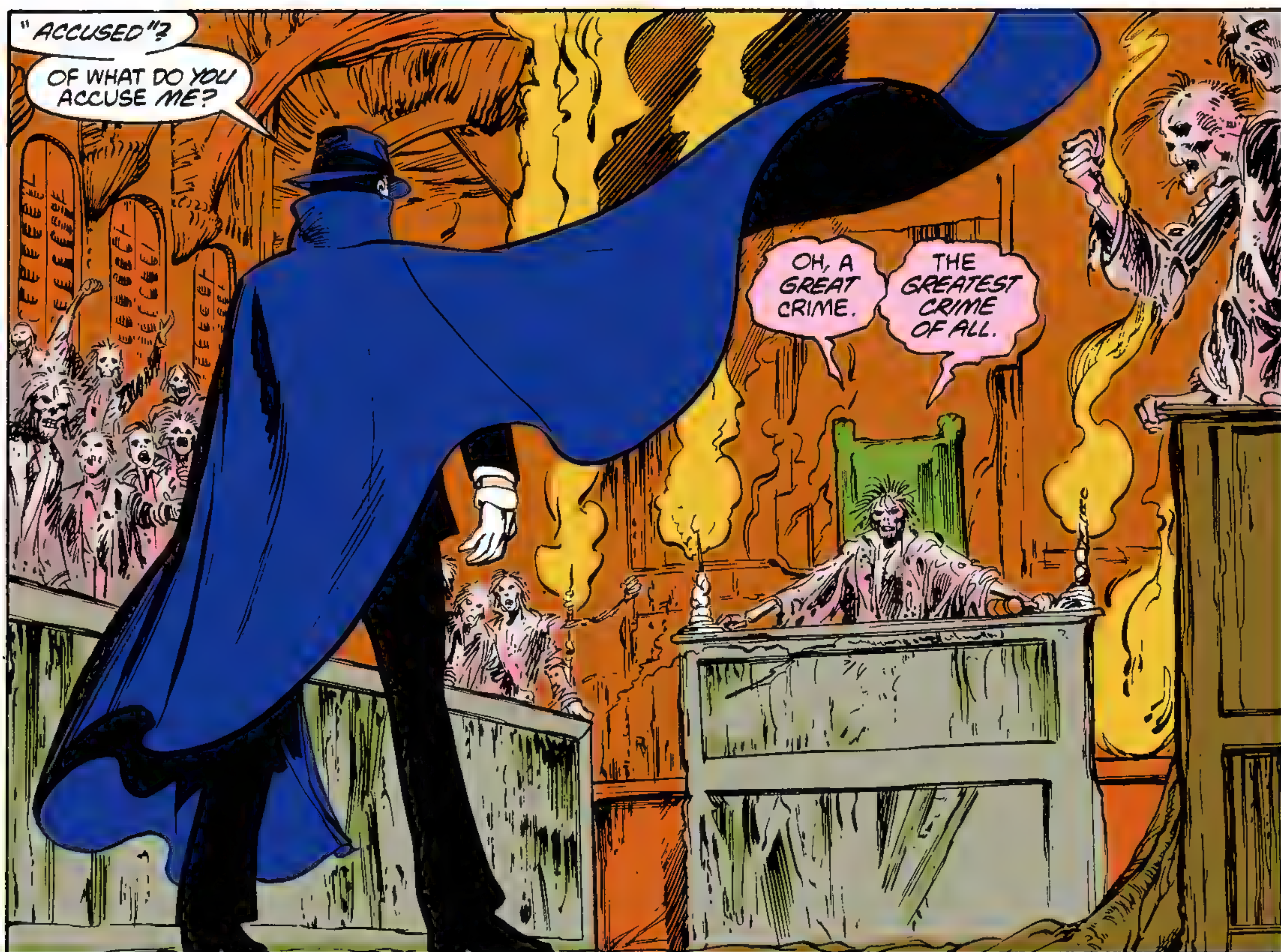
"I STEP ACROSS THE BARRIERS OF THE DIMENSIONS.

"I LEAVE BEHIND THE SWEET, WARM WORLD OF THE LIVING...



"AND ENTER THE KINGDOM OF THE DAMNED!"

LET THE ACCUSED APPROACH THE BENCH!



"ACCUSED"?

OF WHAT DO YOU
ACCUSE ME?

OH, A
GREAT
CRIME.

THE
GREATEST
CRIME
OF ALL.

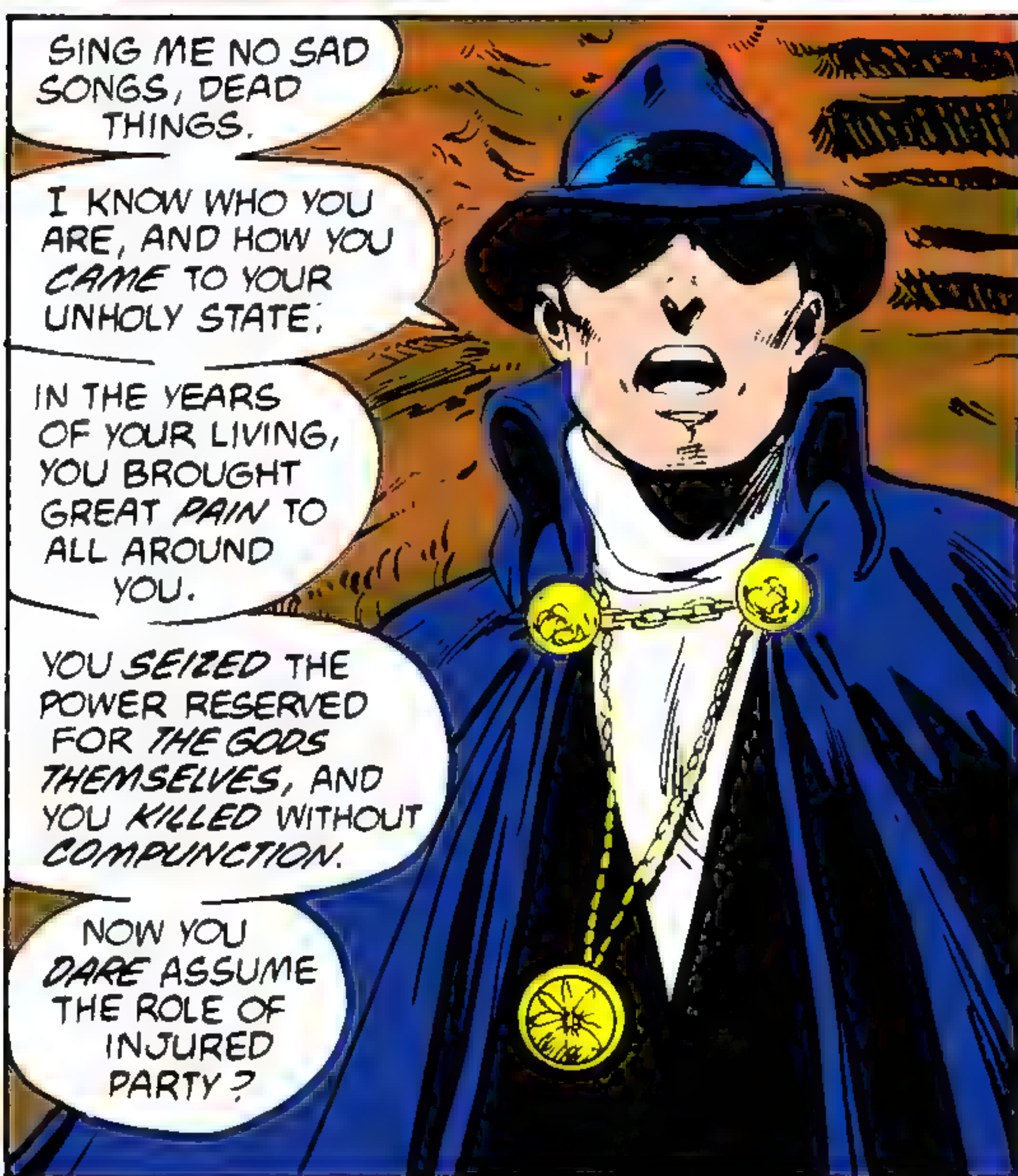


YOU LIVE,
STRANGER.

WHILE WE
POOR SOULS
MUST LANGUISH
FOR ALL
ETERNITY...

FORBIDDEN THE
REWARDS OF THE
AFTERLIFE.

IMPRISONED IN
OUR ROTTED SHELLS,
WAITING OUT THE
AGES OF THE
UNIVERSE.



SING ME NO SAD
SONGS, DEAD
THINGS.

I KNOW WHO YOU
ARE, AND HOW YOU
CAME TO YOUR
UNHOLY STATE.

IN THE YEARS
OF YOUR LIVING,
YOU BROUGHT
GREAT PAIN TO
ALL AROUND
YOU.

YOU SEIZED THE
POWER RESERVED
FOR THE GODS
THEMSELVES, AND
YOU KILLED WITHOUT
COMPUNCTION.

NOW YOU
DARE ASSUME
THE ROLE OF
INJURED
PARTY?



YES!!

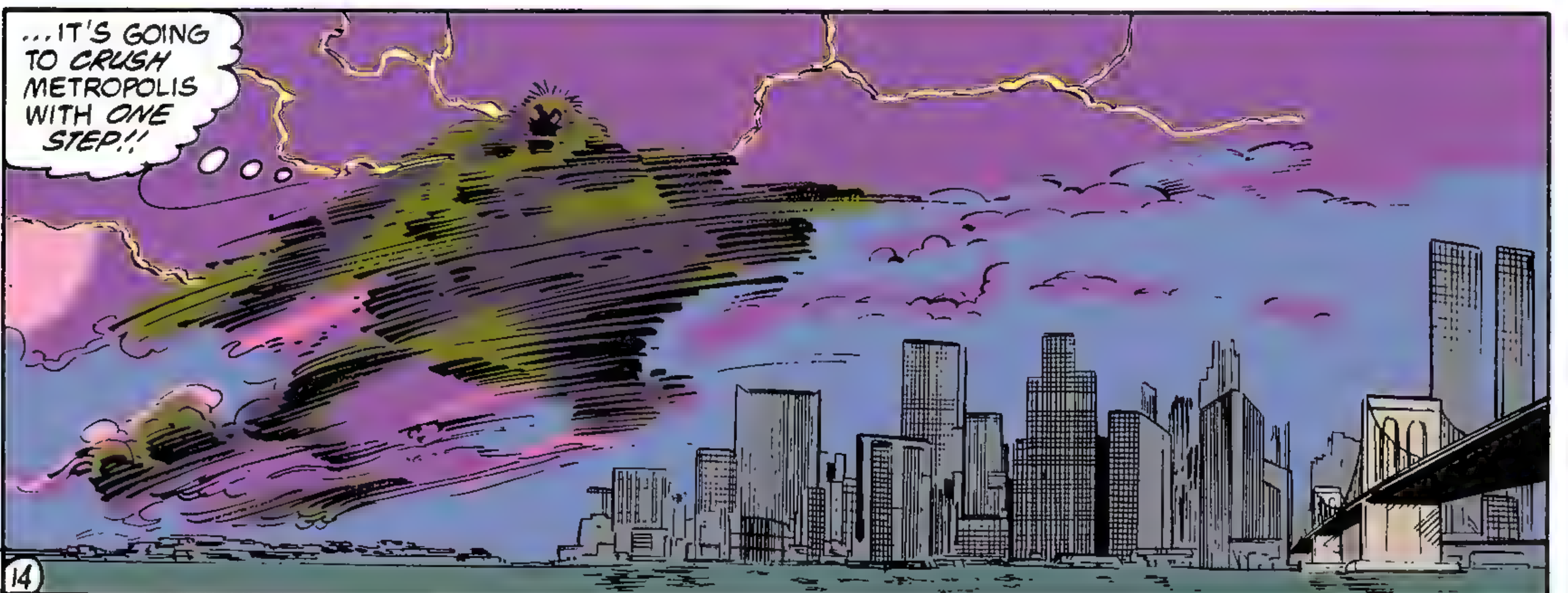
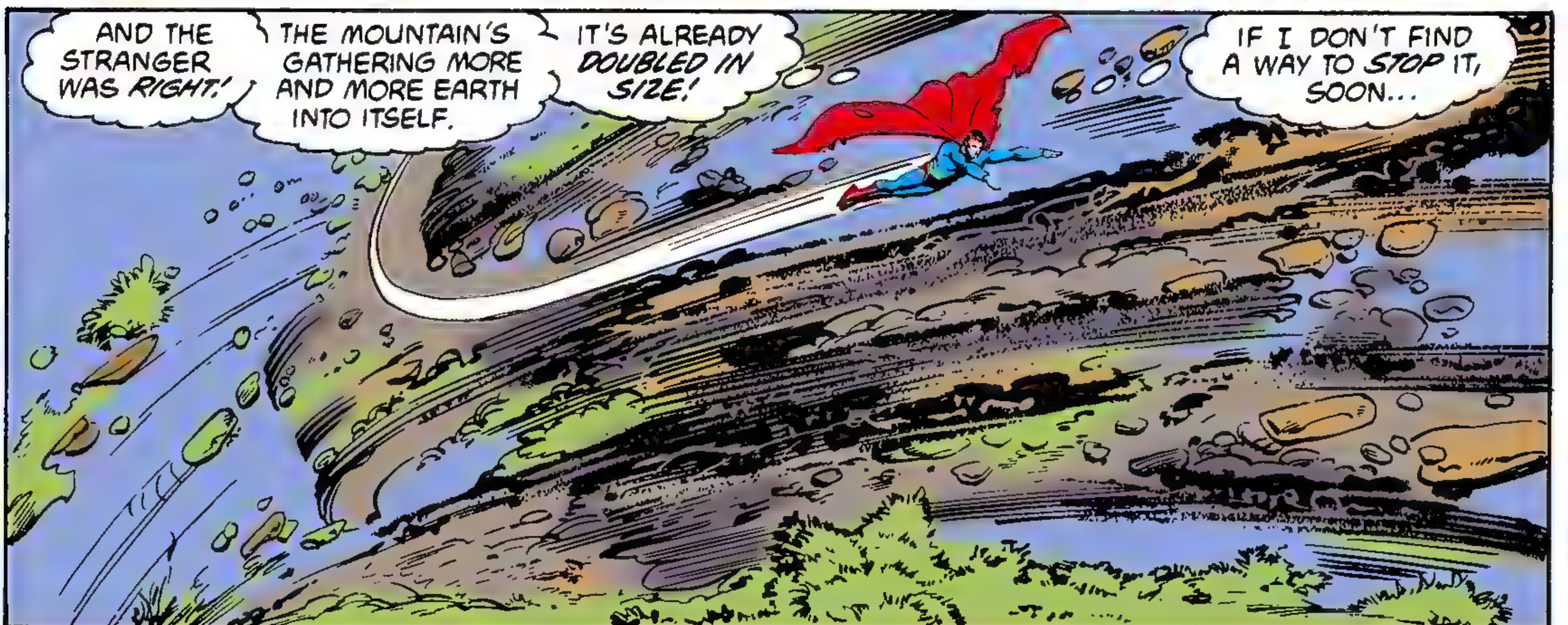
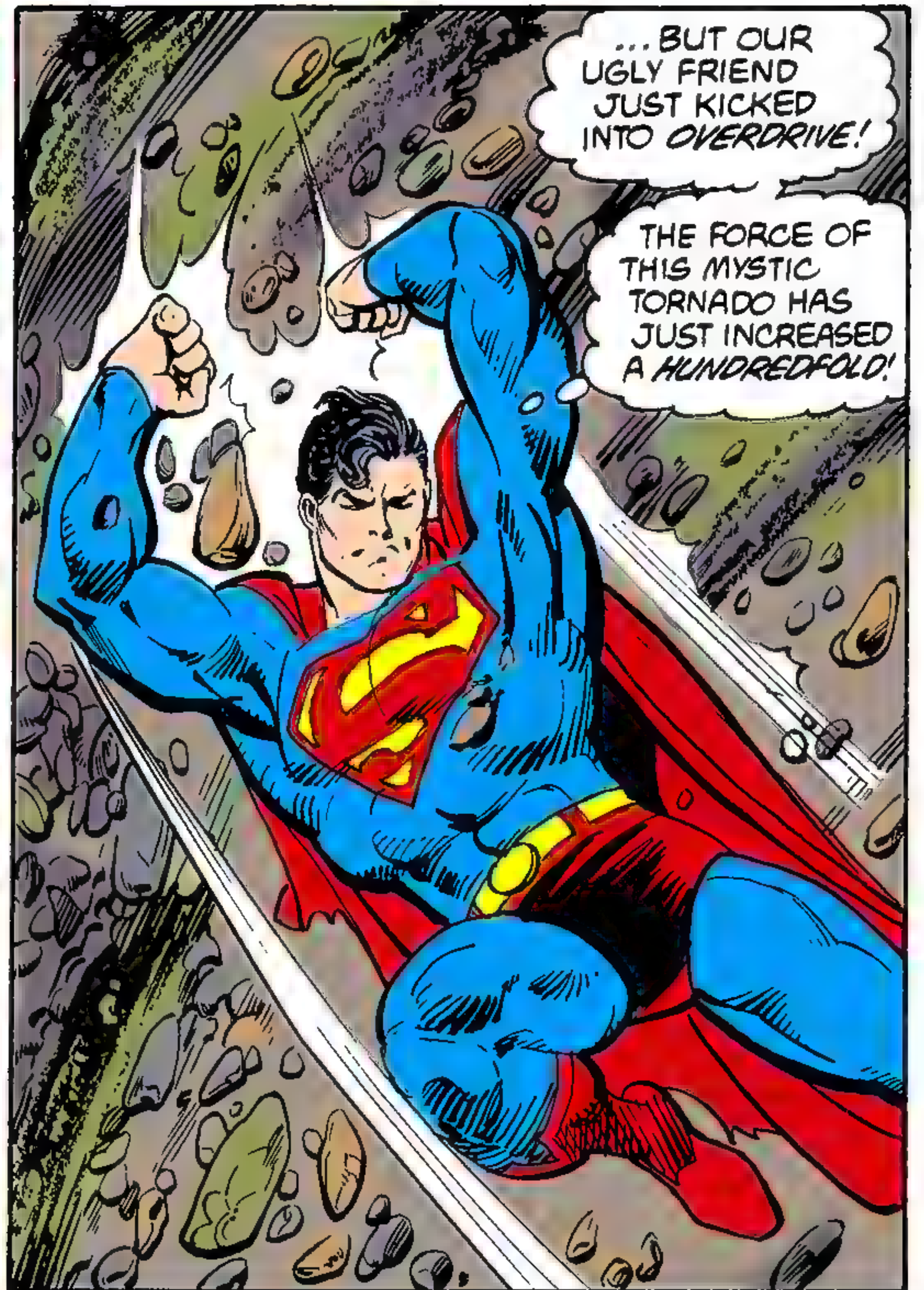
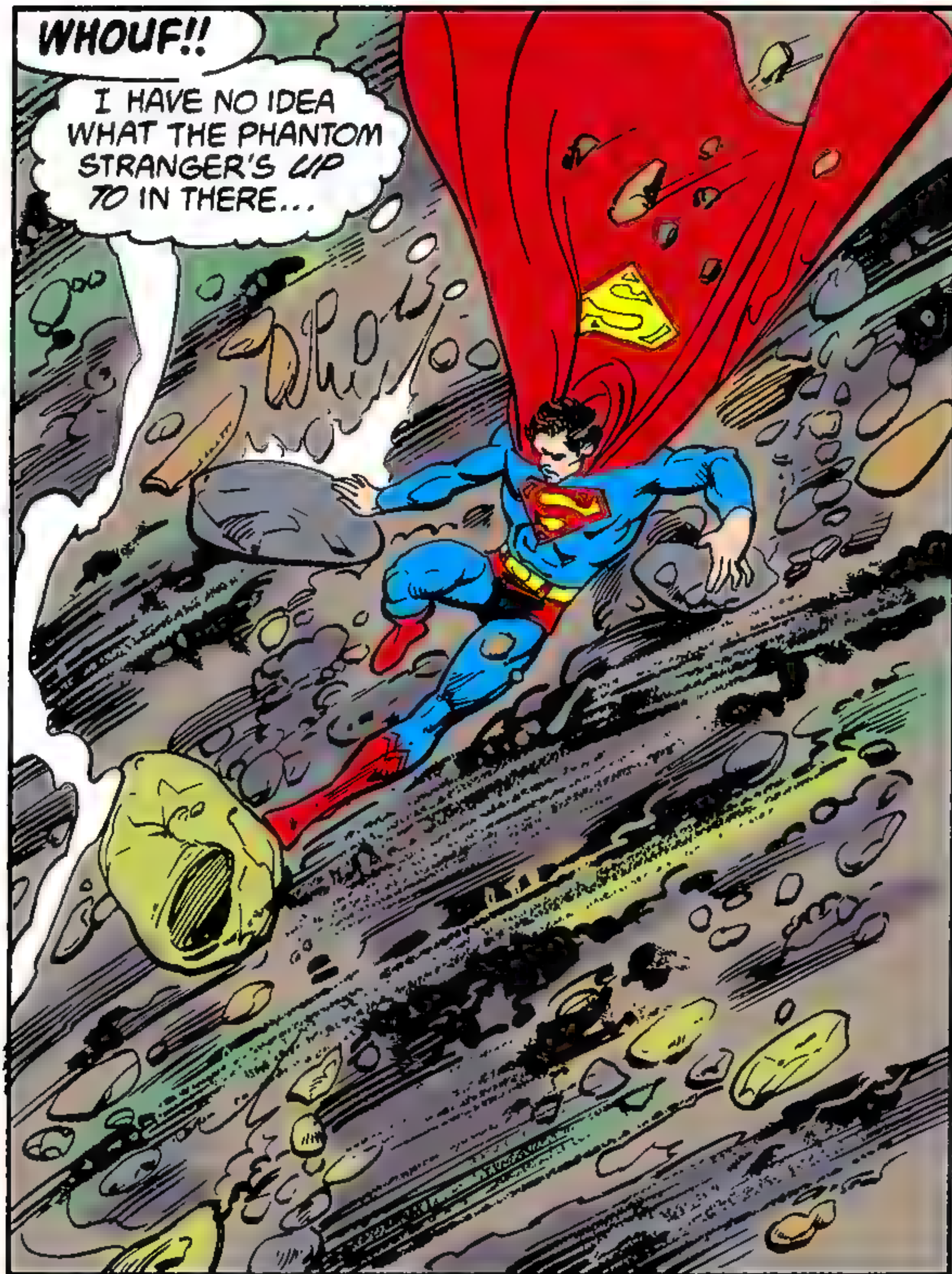
YES,
WE DARE!
WE DARE!!

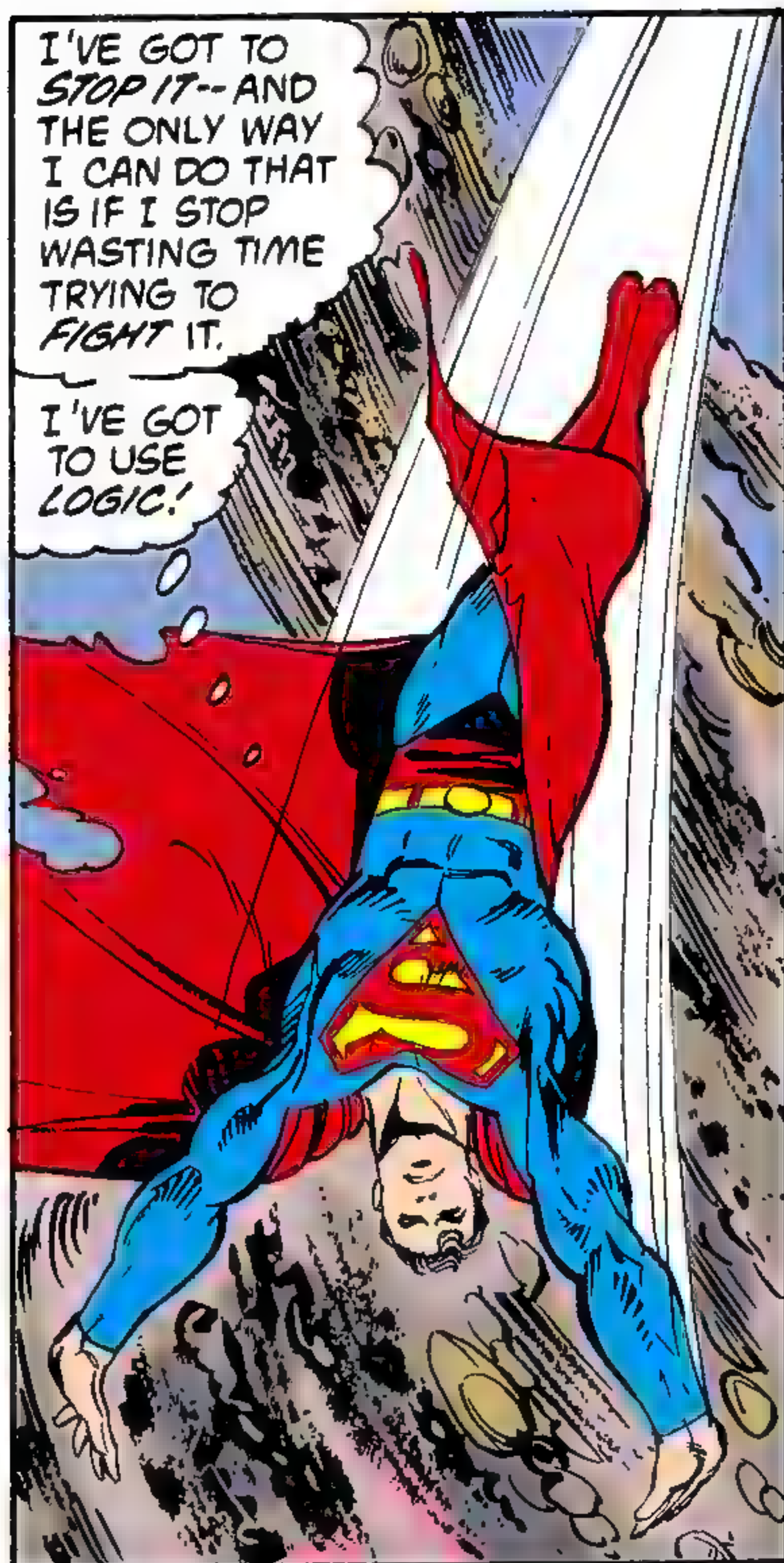
FOR WE HAVE
FOUND OURSELVES.
PRESENTED WITH
A SECOND
CHANCE.

A SECOND
OPPORTUNITY TO
MAKE OUR WAY INTO
THE KINGDOM OF
THE LIVING...



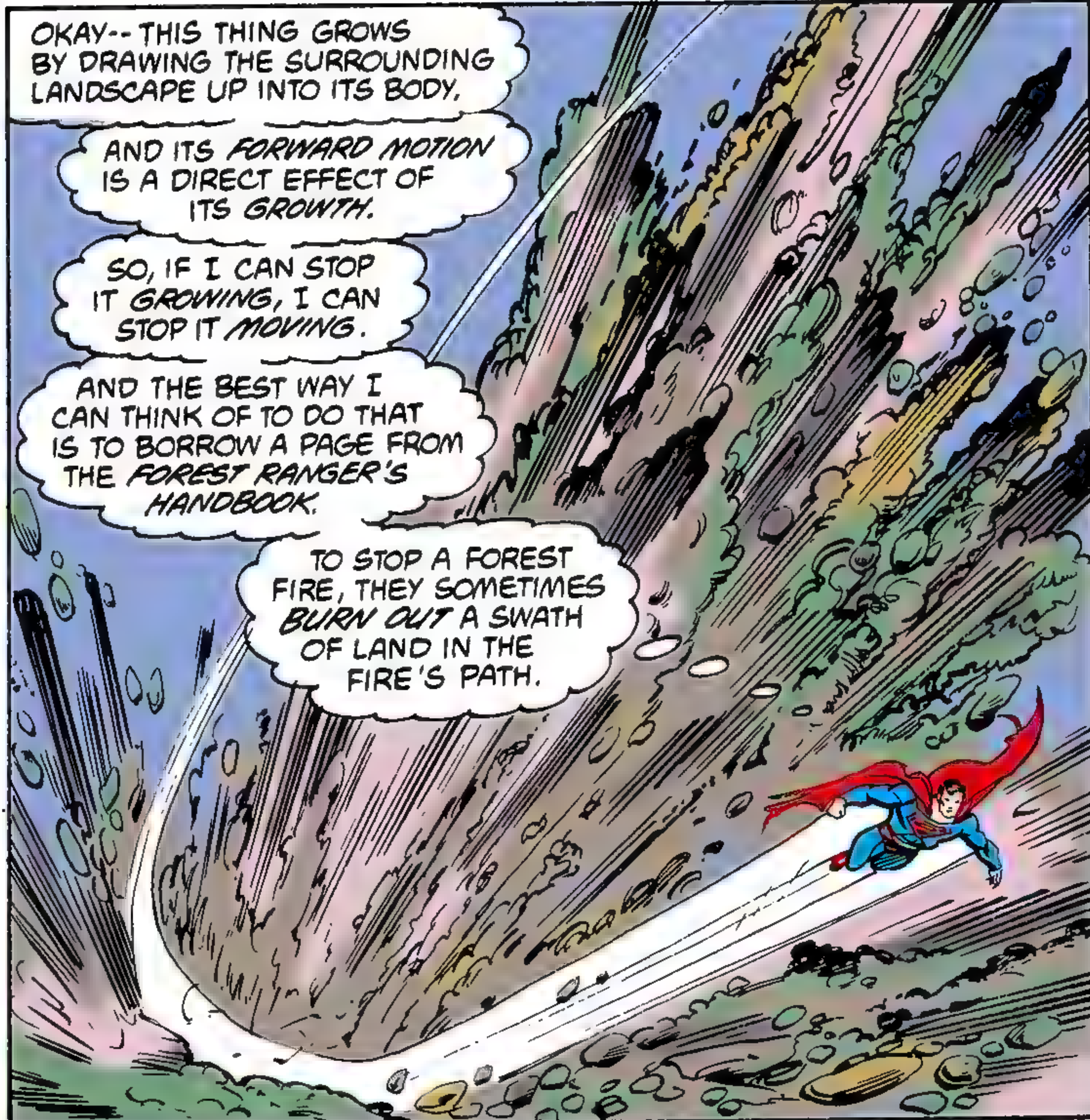
... AND WHEN
OUR WILL IS
SERVED, ALL
THINGS THAT
LIVE WILL PAY
THE PENANCE
FOR OUR
SUFFERING!





I'VE GOT TO STOP IT-- AND THE ONLY WAY I CAN DO THAT IS IF I STOP WASTING TIME TRYING TO FIGHT IT.

I'VE GOT TO USE LOGIC!



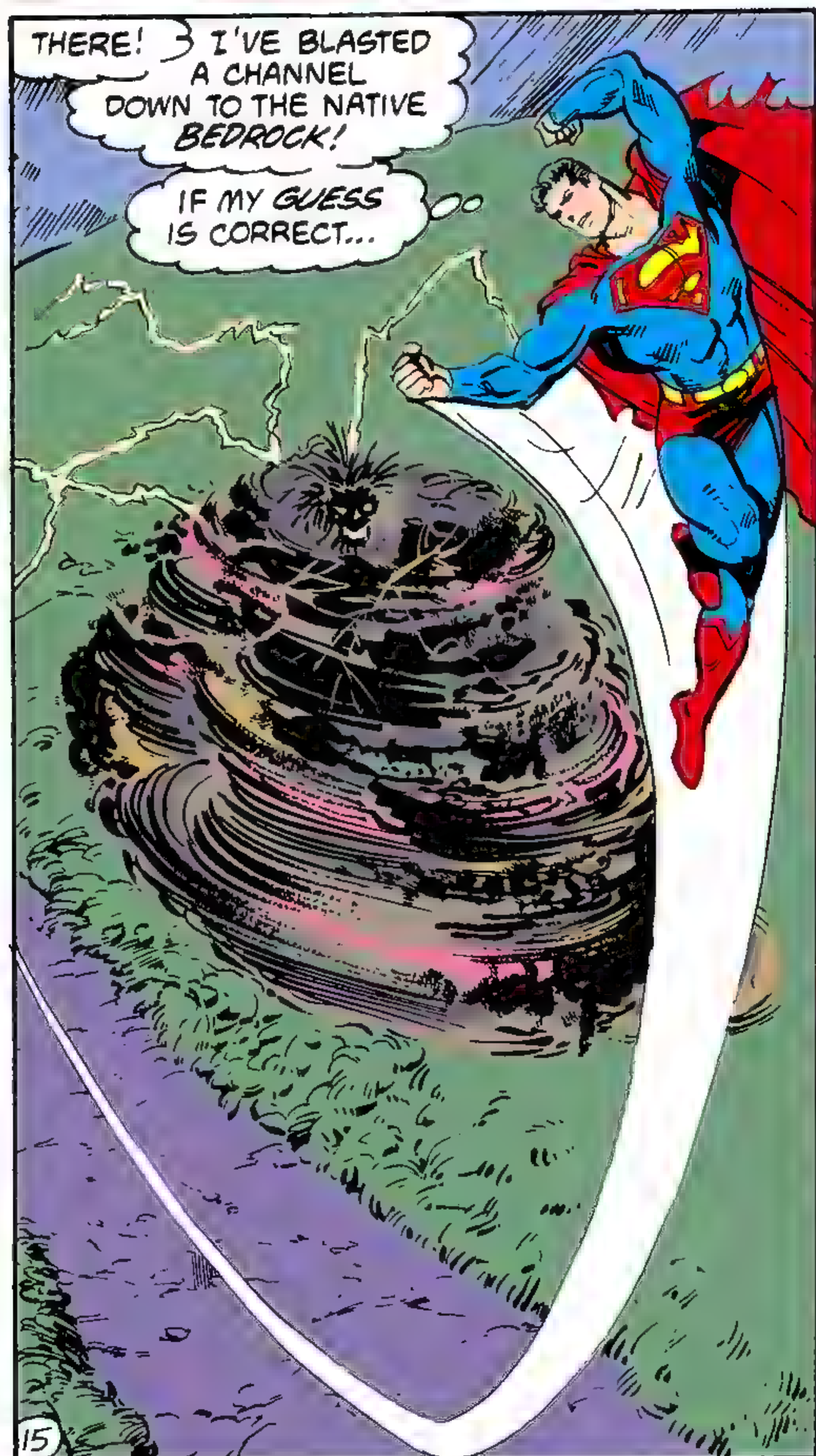
OKAY-- THIS THING GROWS BY DRAWING THE SURROUNDING LANDSCAPE UP INTO ITS BODY.

AND ITS FORWARD MOTION IS A DIRECT EFFECT OF ITS GROWTH.

SO, IF I CAN STOP IT GROWING, I CAN STOP IT MOVING.

AND THE BEST WAY I CAN THINK OF TO DO THAT IS TO BORROW A PAGE FROM THE FOREST RANGER'S HANDBOOK.

TO STOP A FOREST FIRE, THEY SOMETIMES BURN OUT A SWATH OF LAND IN THE FIRE'S PATH.



THERE! I'VE BLASTED A CHANNEL DOWN TO THE NATIVE BEDROCK!

IF MY GUESS IS CORRECT...



I WAS RIGHT! THE MONSTER CAN ONLY ASSIMILATE LOOSE SOIL AND ROCKS.

IT CAN'T BREAK THE SOLID ROCK TO ADD TO ITSELF.

ITS MARCH TOWARDS METROPOLIS IS HALTED!

BUT FOR ALL THAT, WHAT I'VE DONE AMOUNTS TO LITTLE MORE THAN A DELAYING TACTIC.

THE MONSTER WON'T BE FULLY STOPPED UNTIL IT'S BEEN DEACTIVATED.

AND THAT, I SUSPECT, IS UP TO THE PHANTOM STRANGER!



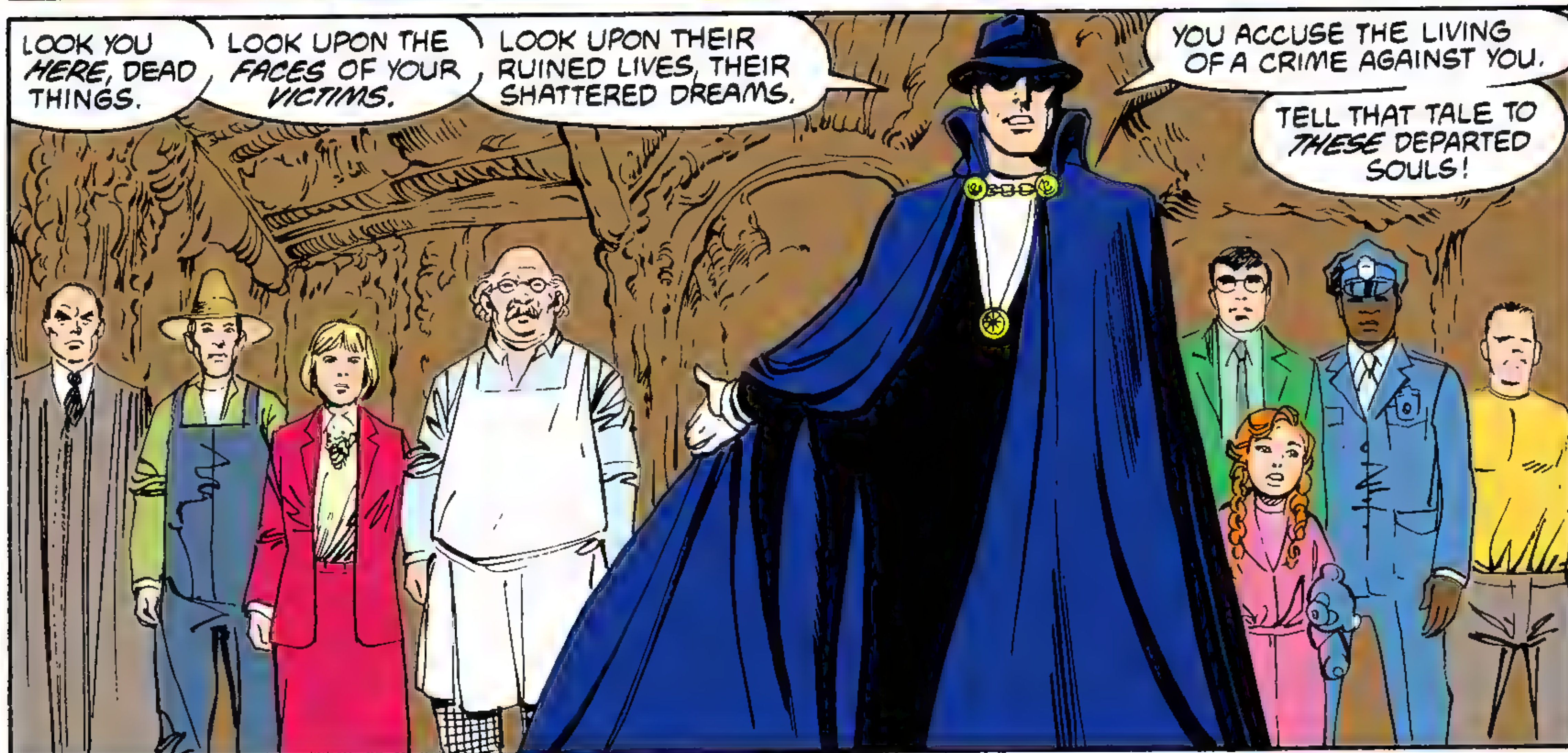
SUPERMAN HAS RESTRAINED THE OUTER FORM OF THIS ABOMINATION.

NOW IT IS TIME TO ATTACK ITS FESTERING HEART.

YOU SPEAK TO ME OF SUFFERING.

WHO ARE YOU TO CRY FOUL, WHO HAVE BROUGHT INTO THIS WORLD SO MUCH ANGLISH BY YOUR OWN DEEDS?

WHO ARE YOU TO CLAIM THE PEACE OF QUIET DEATH, WHEN YOUR ONE GIFT TO YOUR FELLOW MEN WAS PAIN.



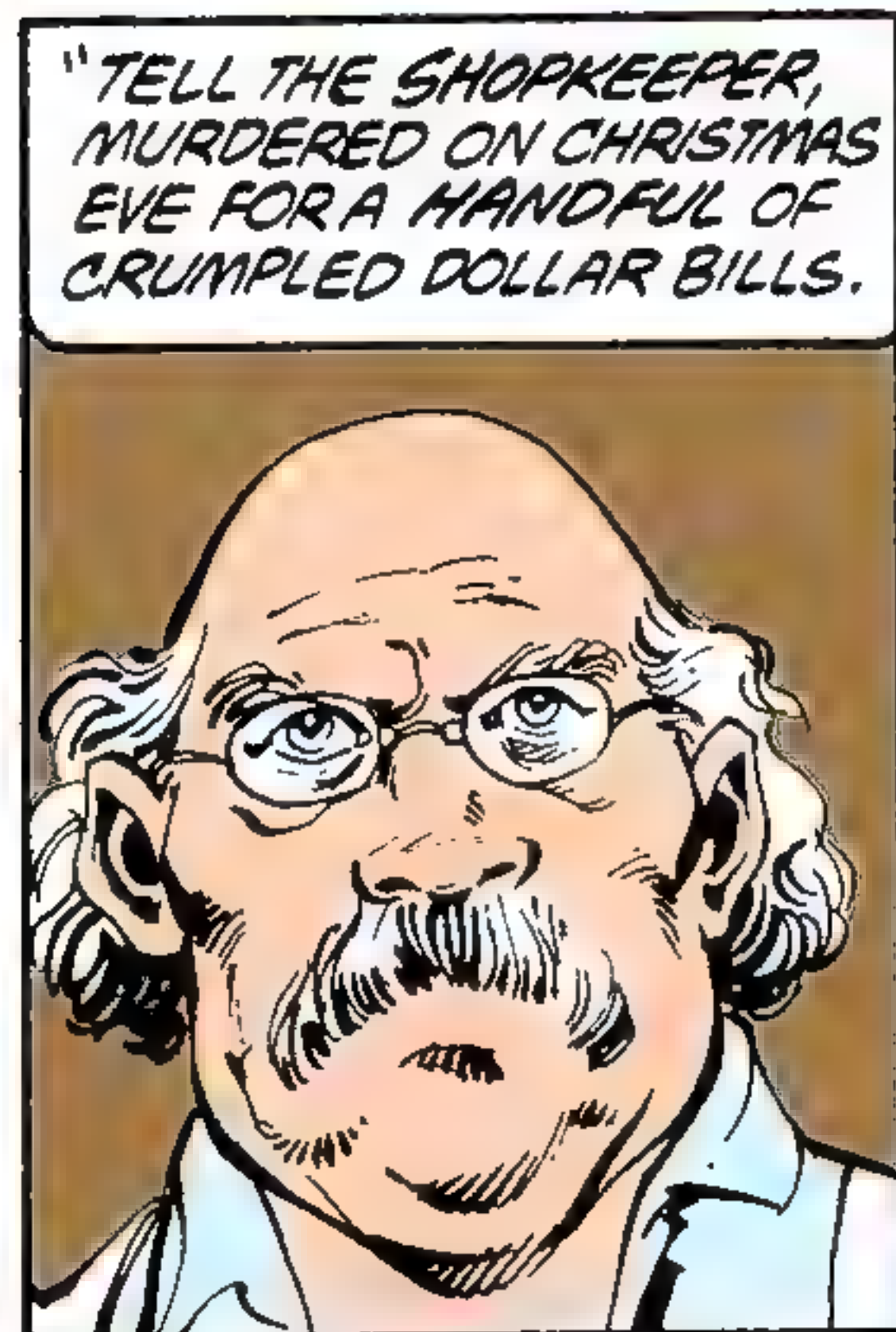
LOOK YOU HERE, DEAD THINGS.

LOOK UPON THE FACES OF YOUR VICTIMS.

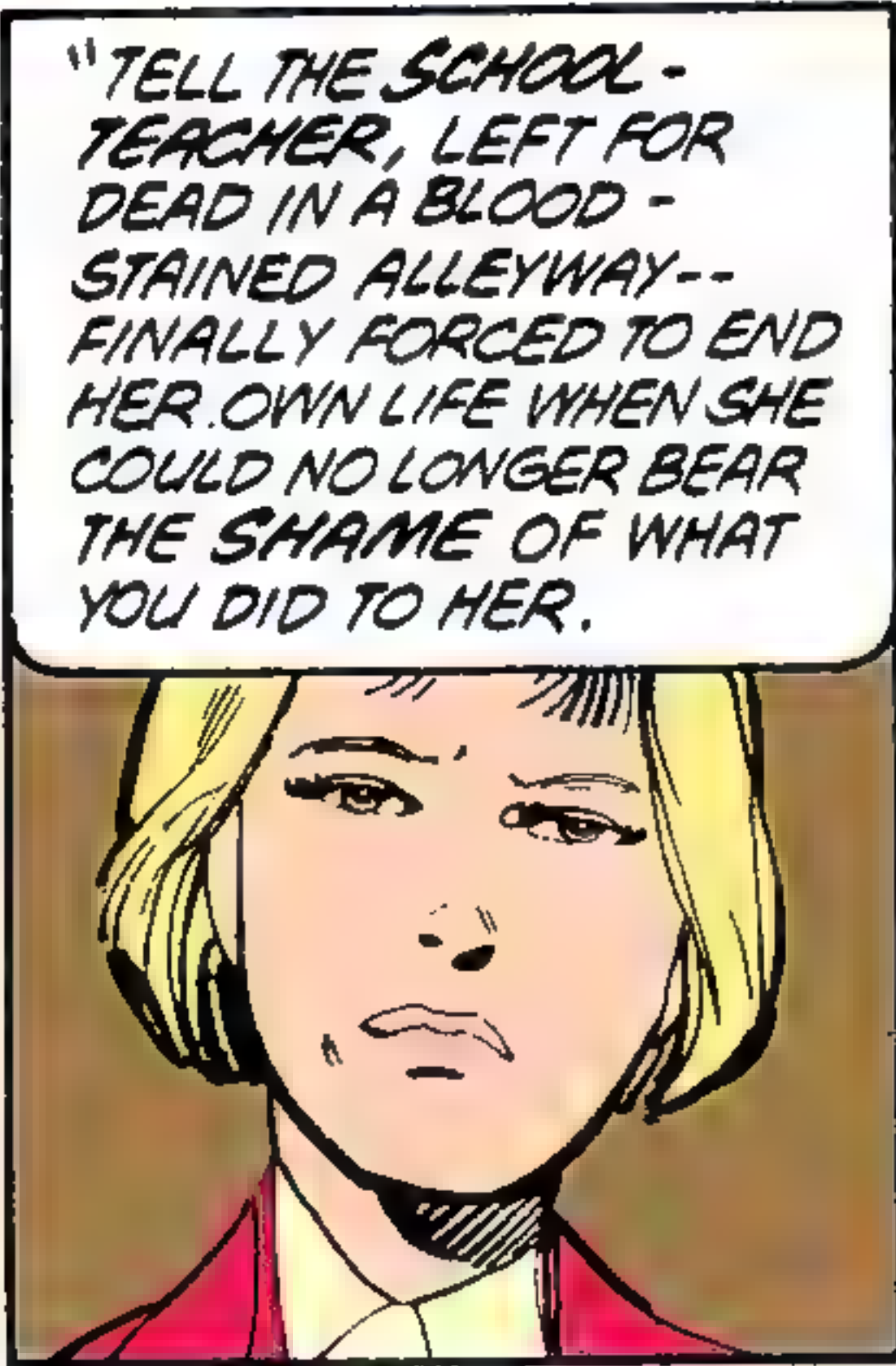
LOOK UPON THEIR RUINED LIVES, THEIR SHATTERED DREAMS.

YOU ACCUSE THE LIVING OF A CRIME AGAINST YOU.

TELL THAT TALE TO THESE DEPARTED SOULS!



"TELL THE SHOPKEEPER, MURDERED ON CHRISTMAS EVE FOR A HANDFUL OF CRUMPLED DOLLAR BILLS.



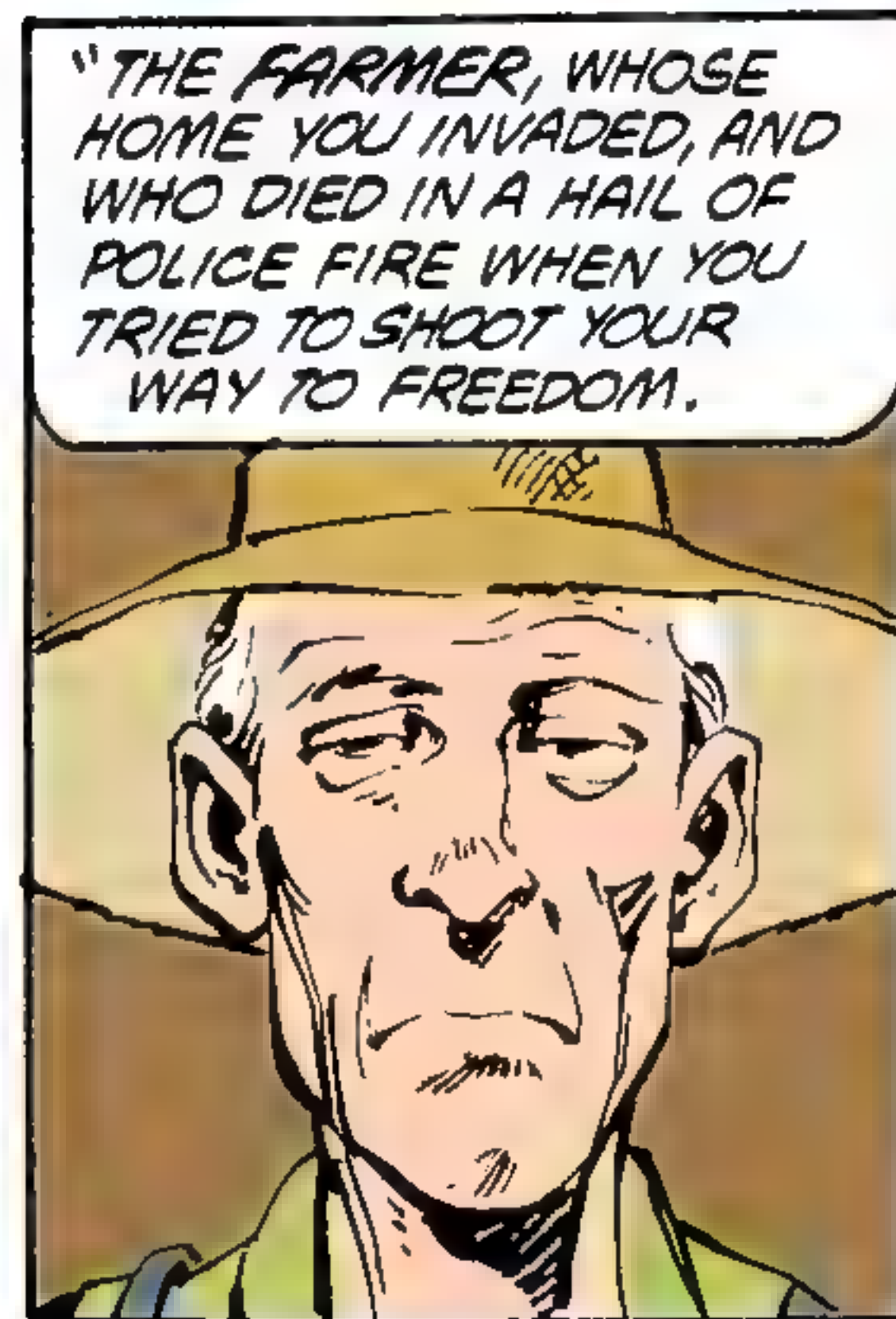
"TELL THE SCHOOL-TEACHER, LEFT FOR DEAD IN A BLOOD-STAINED ALLEYWAY-- FINALLY FORCED TO END HER OWN LIFE WHEN SHE COULD NO LONGER BEAR THE SHAME OF WHAT YOU DID TO HER.



"THE CHILD CONSUMED BY FLAME, BECAUSE ONE AMONG YOU ENJOYED THE SIGHT OF BUILDINGS BURNING.



"THE POLICEMAN, GUNNED DOWN IN THE LINE OF DUTY, BECAUSE HE STOOD BETWEEN YOU AND ESCAPE.



"THE FARMER, WHOSE HOME YOU INVADED, AND WHO DIED IN A HAIL OF POLICE FIRE WHEN YOU TRIED TO SHOOT YOUR WAY TO FREEDOM.



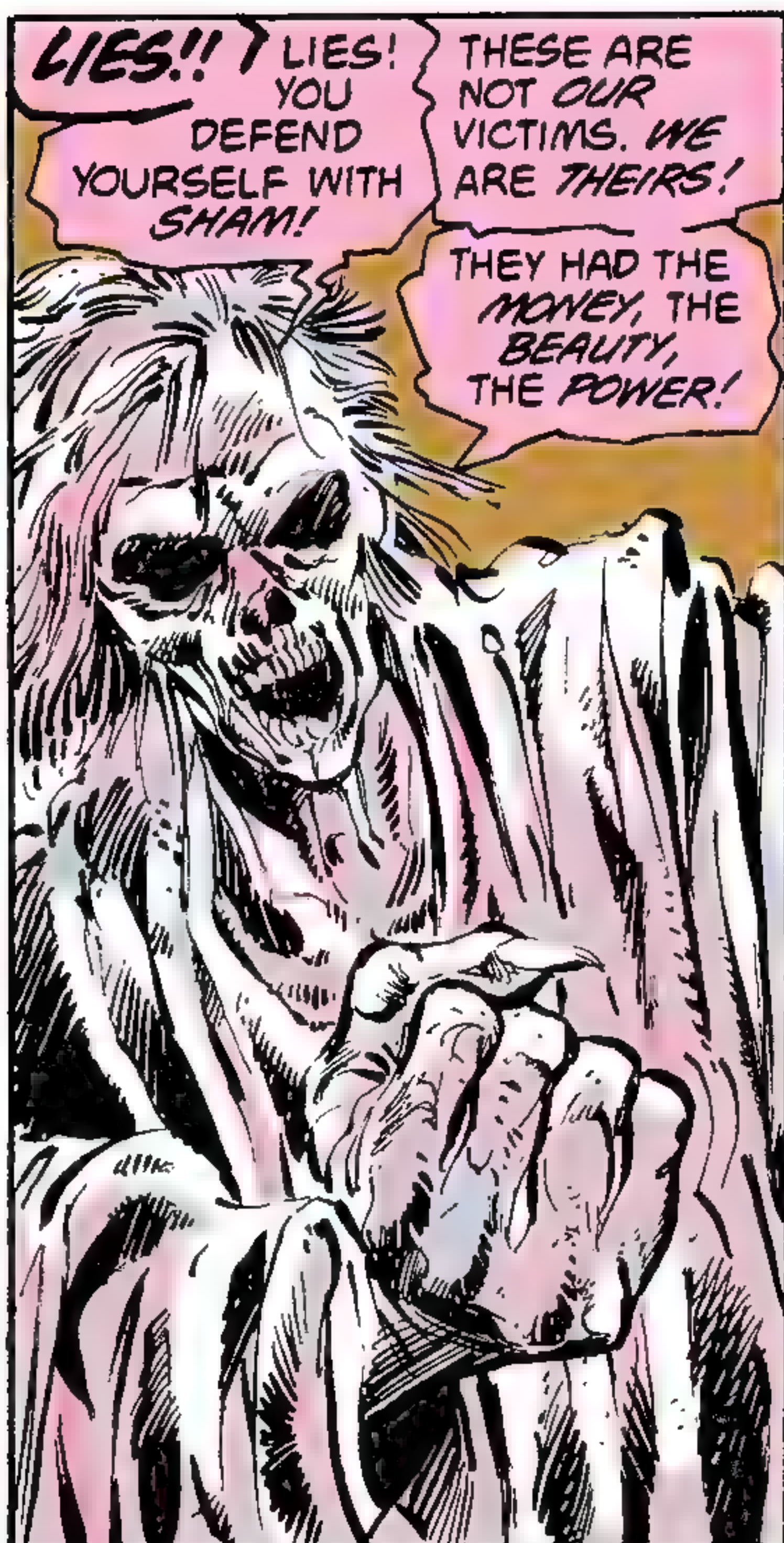
"THE JUDGE, EXPLODED IN HIS CAR BY YOUR VENGEFUL MACHINATIONS, BECAUSE HE HAD DELIVERED AGAINST YOU THE FULL WEIGHT OF THE LAW.



"THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER, RUN DOWN WHEN YOUR GETAWAY CAR JUMPED THE SIDEWALK.



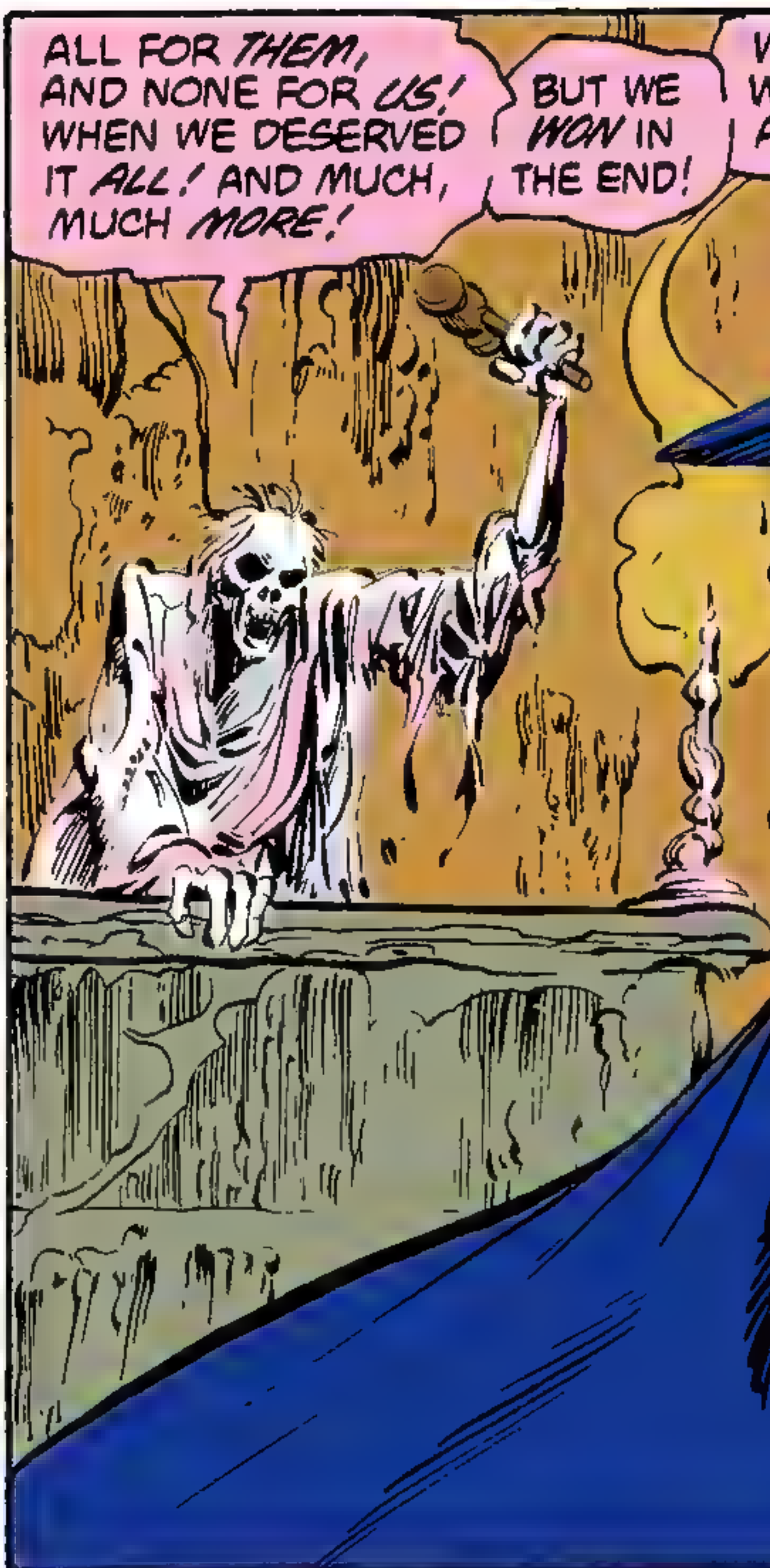
"THE SCAPEGOAT, WRONGLY CONVICTED AND EXECUTED FOR YOUR CRIMES."



LIES!! LIES! YOU DEFEND YOURSELF WITH SHAM!

THESE ARE NOT OUR VICTIMS. WE ARE THEIRS!

THEY HAD THE MONEY, THE BEAUTY, THE POWER!



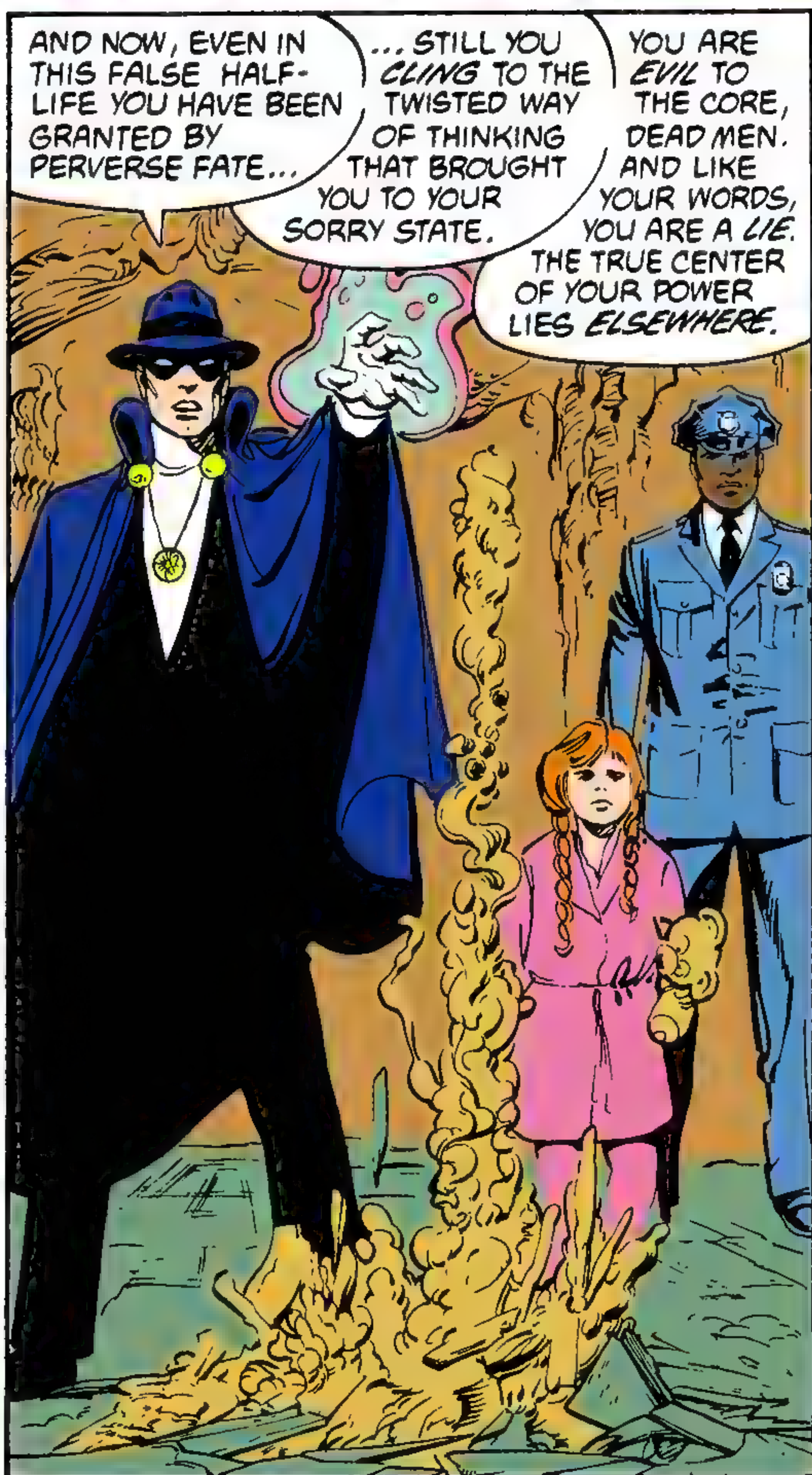
ALL FOR THEM, AND NONE FOR US! WHEN WE DESERVED IT ALL! AND MUCH, MUCH MORE!

BUT WE WON IN THE END!

WE TOOK WHAT WE SAW AS OURS!

YES. YOU TOOK WHAT OTHERS HAD EARNED. EARNED BY THE SWEAT OF THEIR LABORS. AND, AT THE LAST, YOU TOOK THEIR LIVES.

LIVES WHICH WERE NOT YOURS TO GIVE OR TAKE.



AND NOW, EVEN IN THIS FALSE HALF-LIFE YOU HAVE BEEN GRANTED BY PERVERSE FATE...

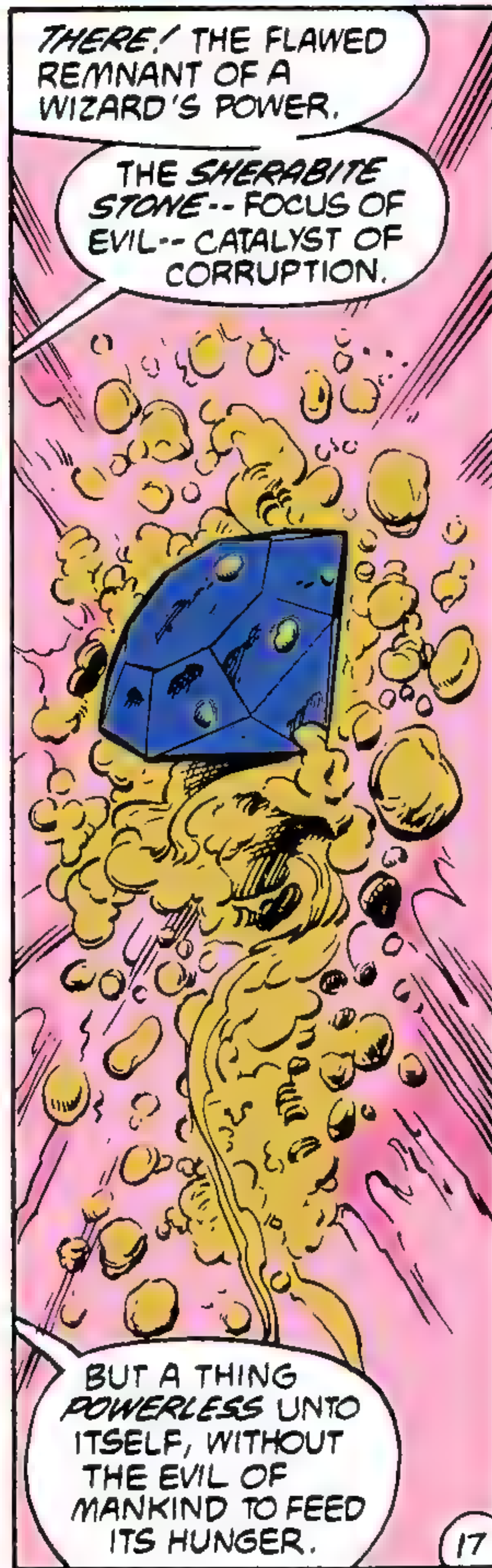
...STILL YOU CLING TO THE TWISTED WAY OF THINKING THAT BROUGHT YOU TO YOUR SORRY STATE.

YOU ARE EVIL TO THE CORE, DEAD MEN. AND LIKE YOUR WORDS, YOU ARE A LIE. THE TRUE CENTER OF YOUR POWER LIES ELSEWHERE.



LET THE SOURCE OF THAT POWER BE REVEALED.

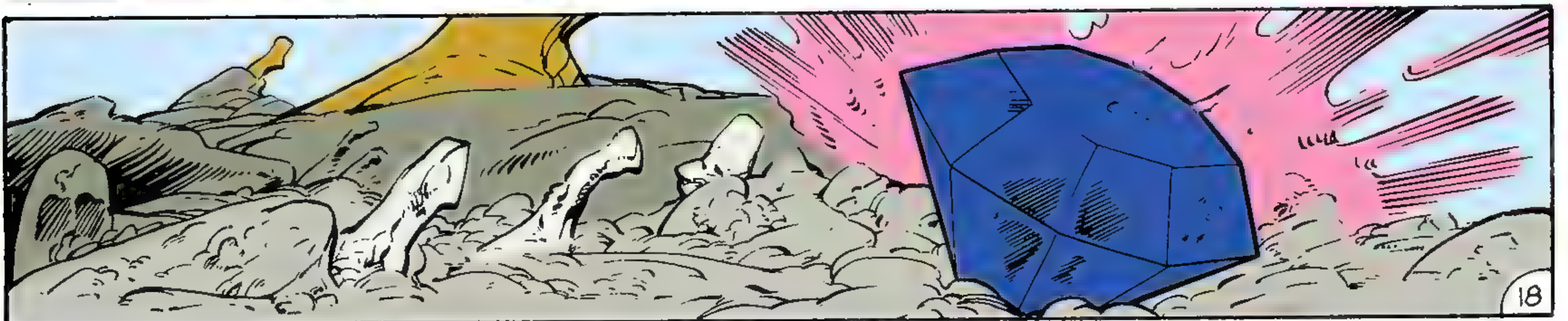
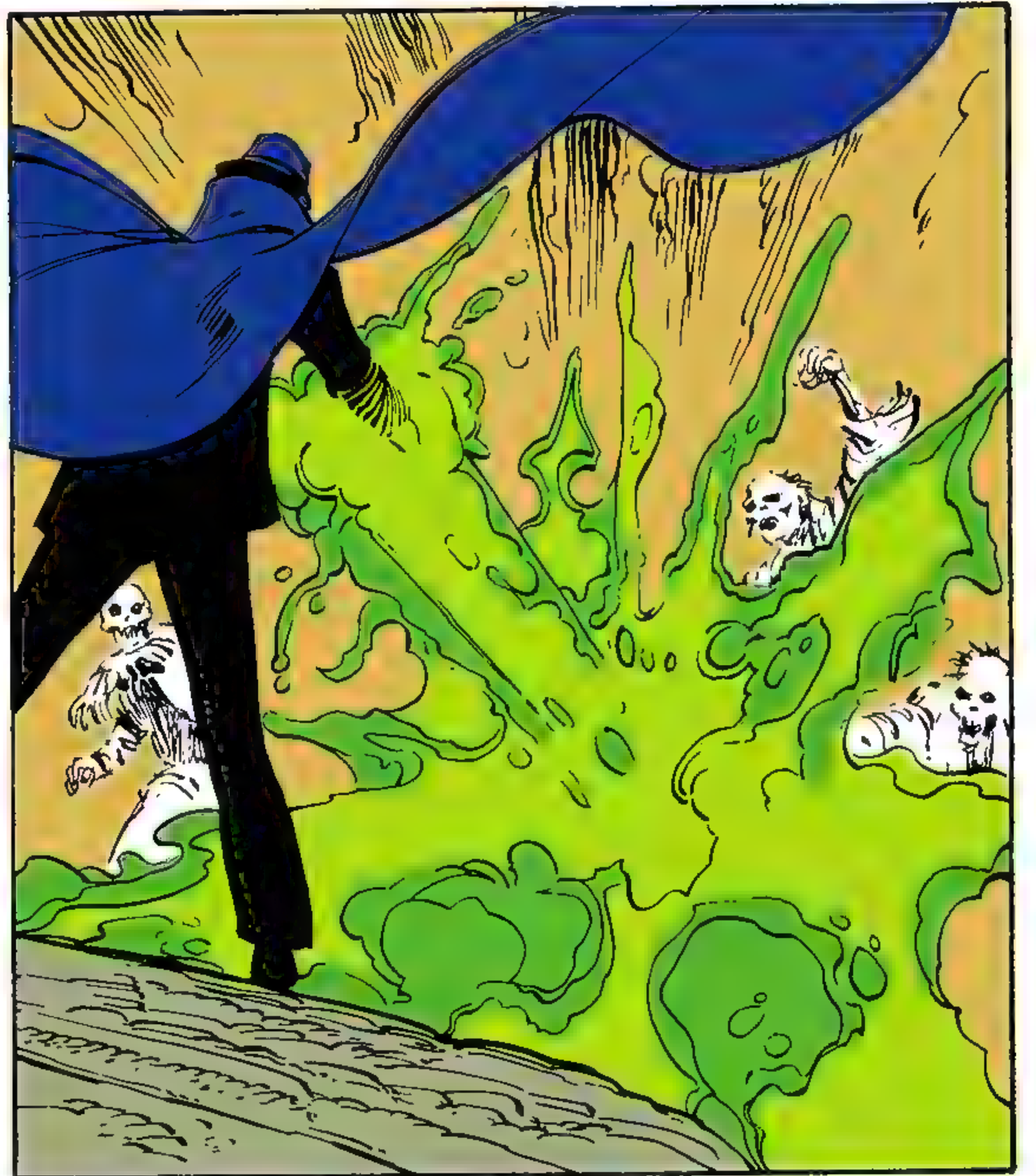
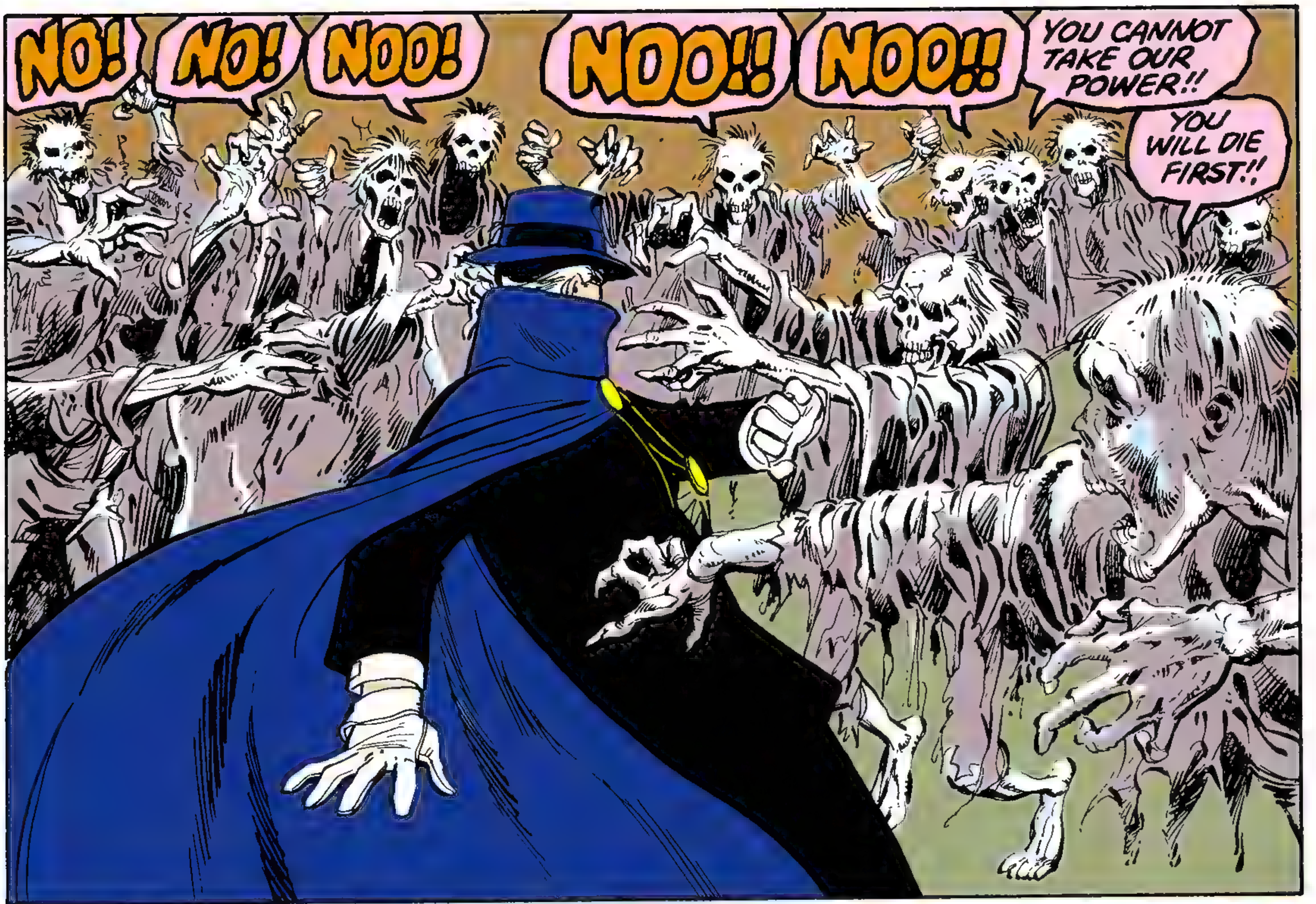
LET IT BE EXPOSED FOR WHAT IT IS.

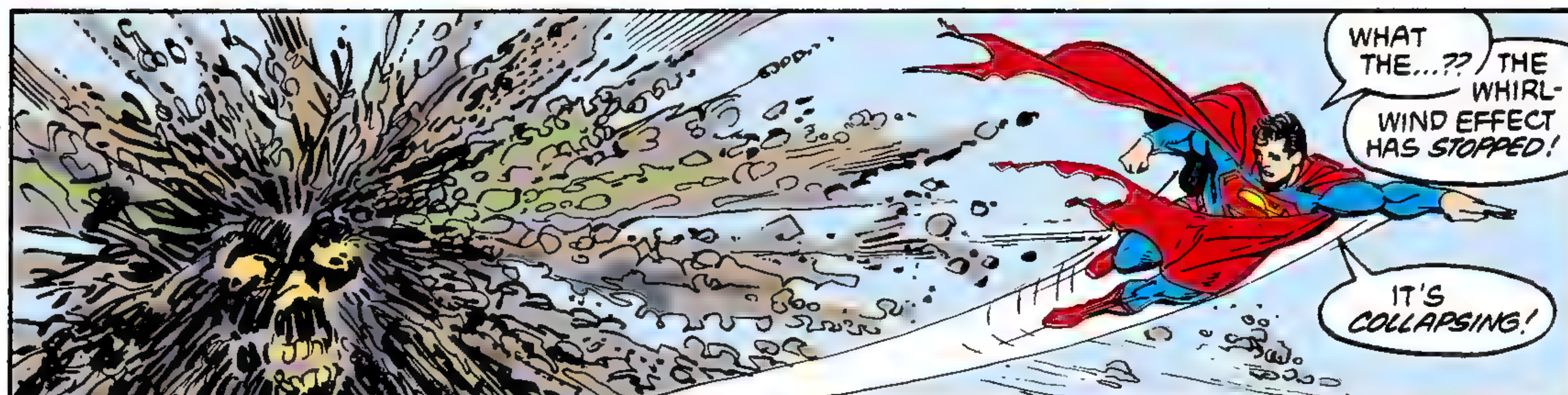


THERE! THE FLAWED REMNANT OF A WIZARD'S POWER.

THE SHERABITE STONE-- FOCUS OF EVIL-- CATALYST OF CORRUPTION.

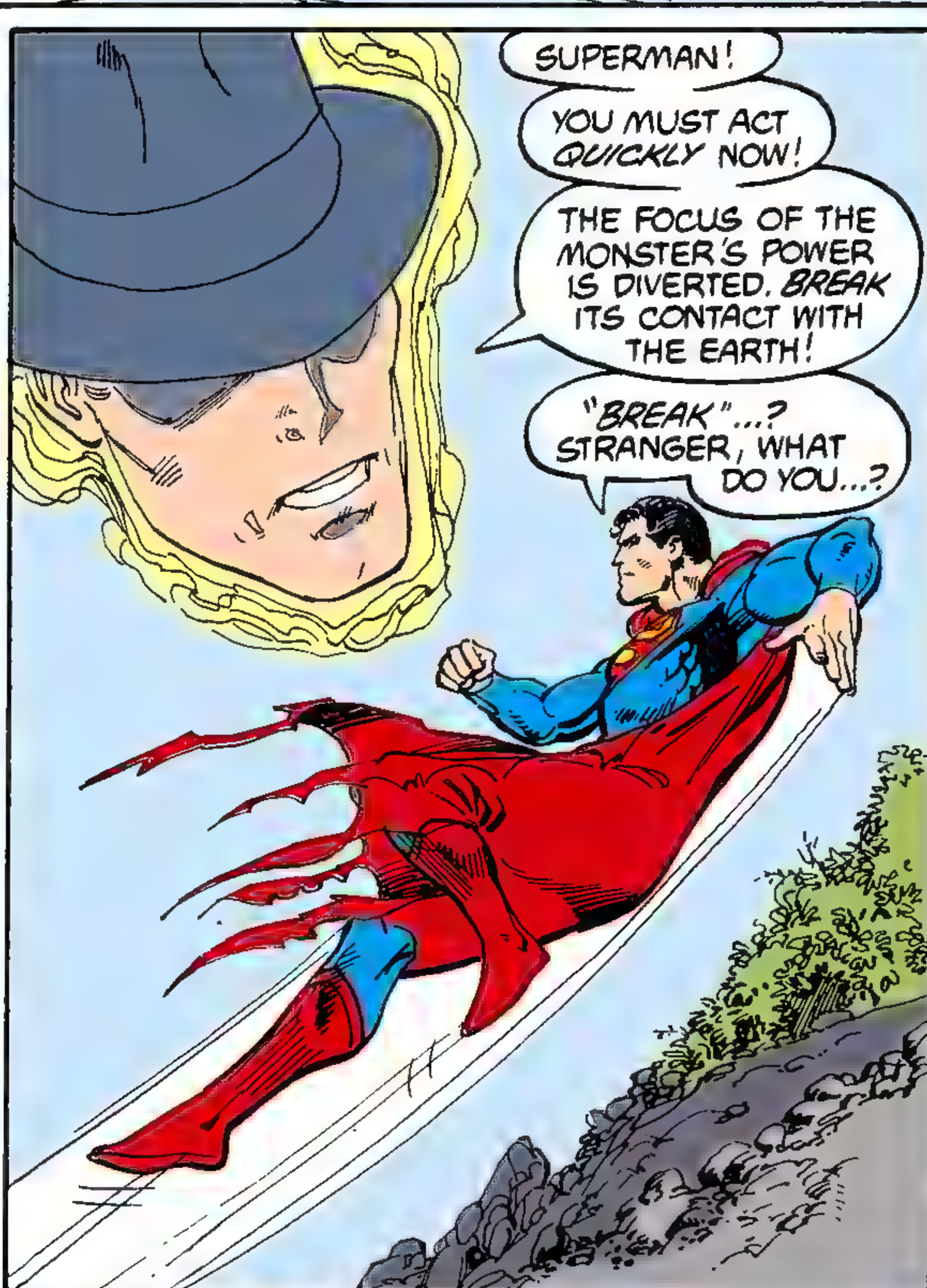
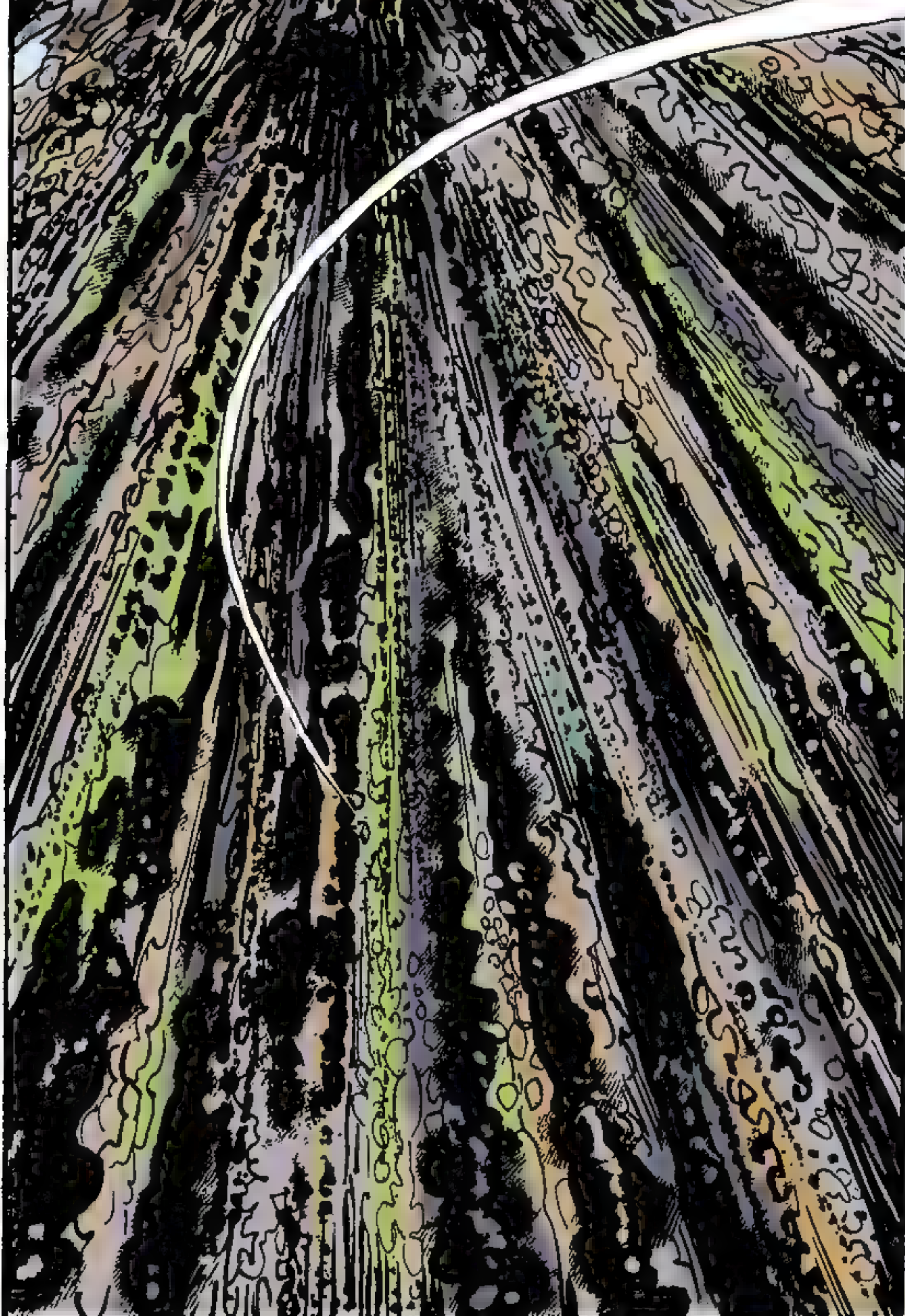
BUT A THING POWERLESS UNTO ITSELF, WITHOUT THE EVIL OF MANKIND TO FEED ITS HUNGER.





WHAT THE...?? THE WHIRLWIND EFFECT HAS STOPPED!

IT'S COLLAPSING!

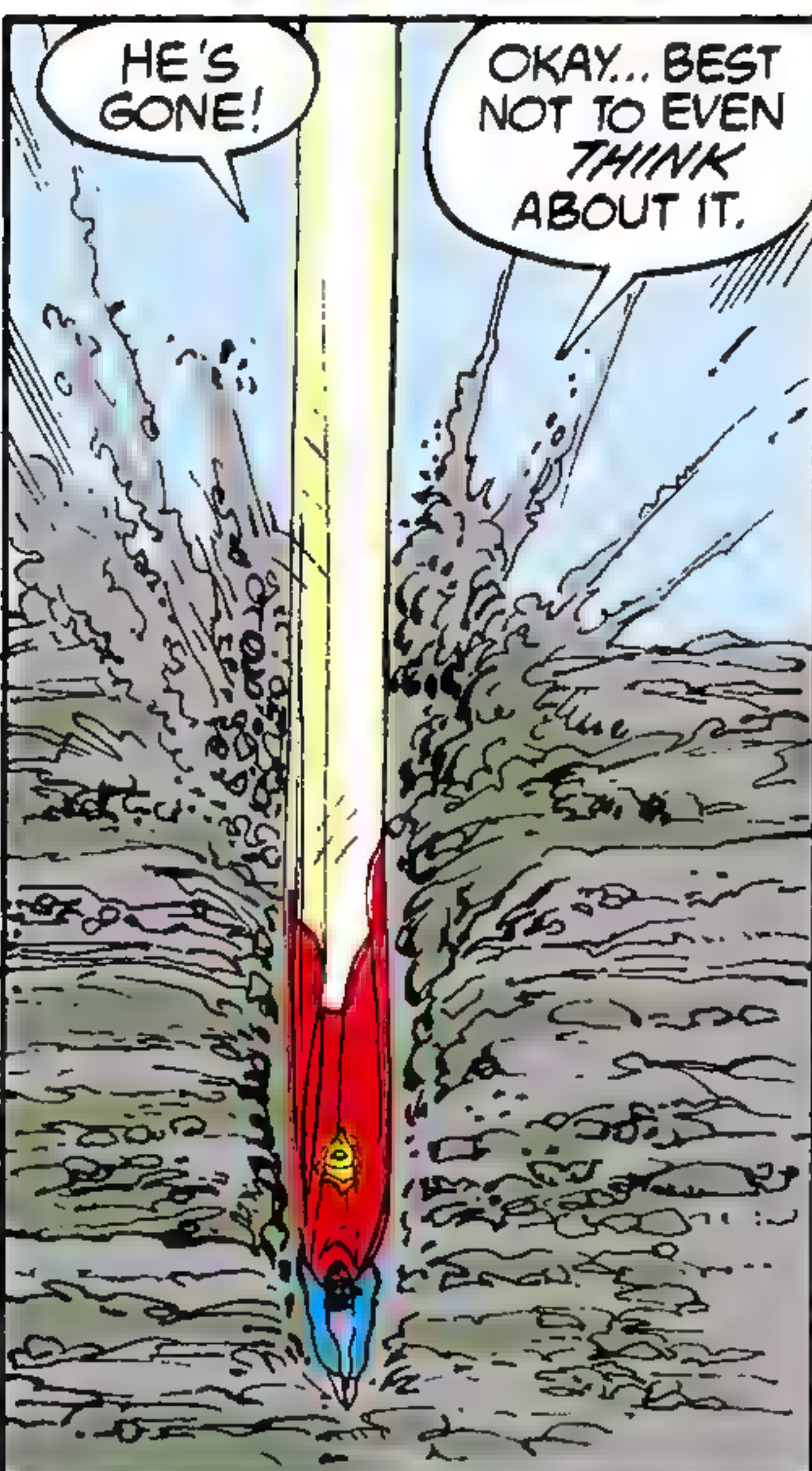


SUPERMAN!

YOU MUST ACT QUICKLY NOW!

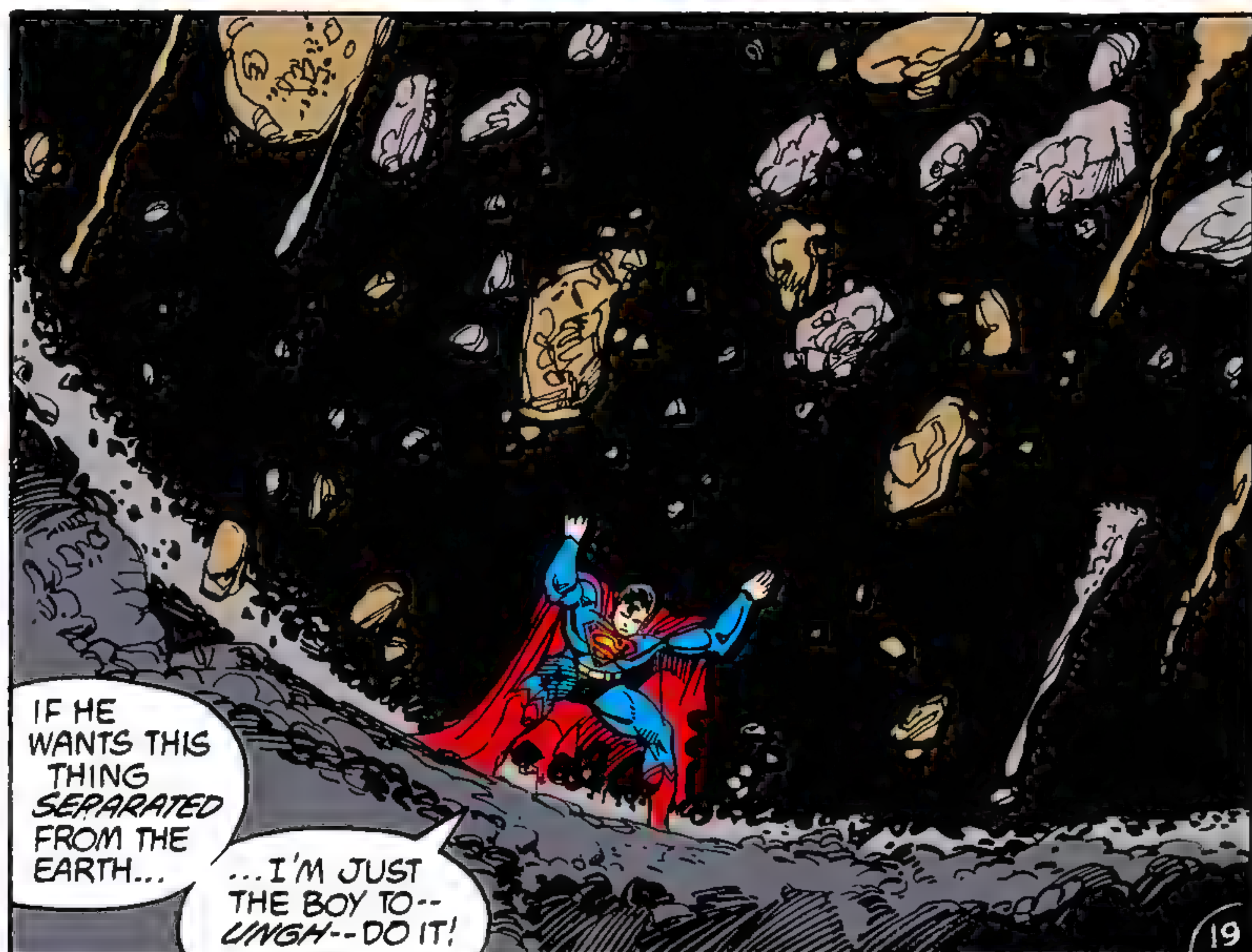
THE FOCUS OF THE MONSTER'S POWER IS DIVERTED. *BREAK* ITS CONTACT WITH THE EARTH!

"*BREAK*"...? STRANGER, WHAT DO YOU...?



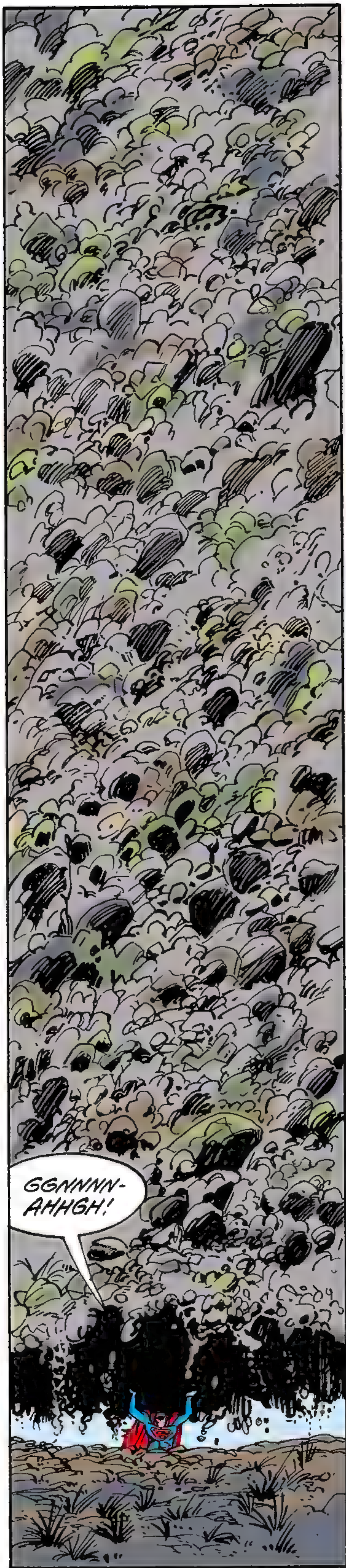
HE'S GONE!

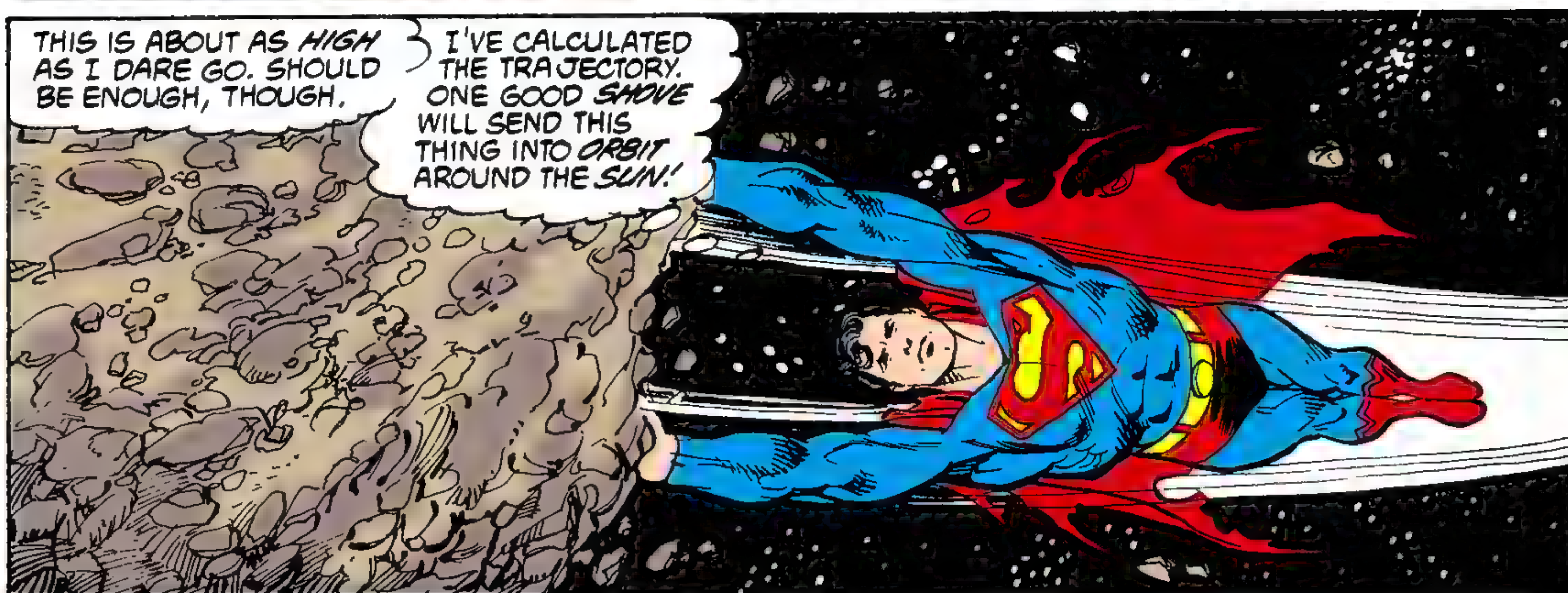
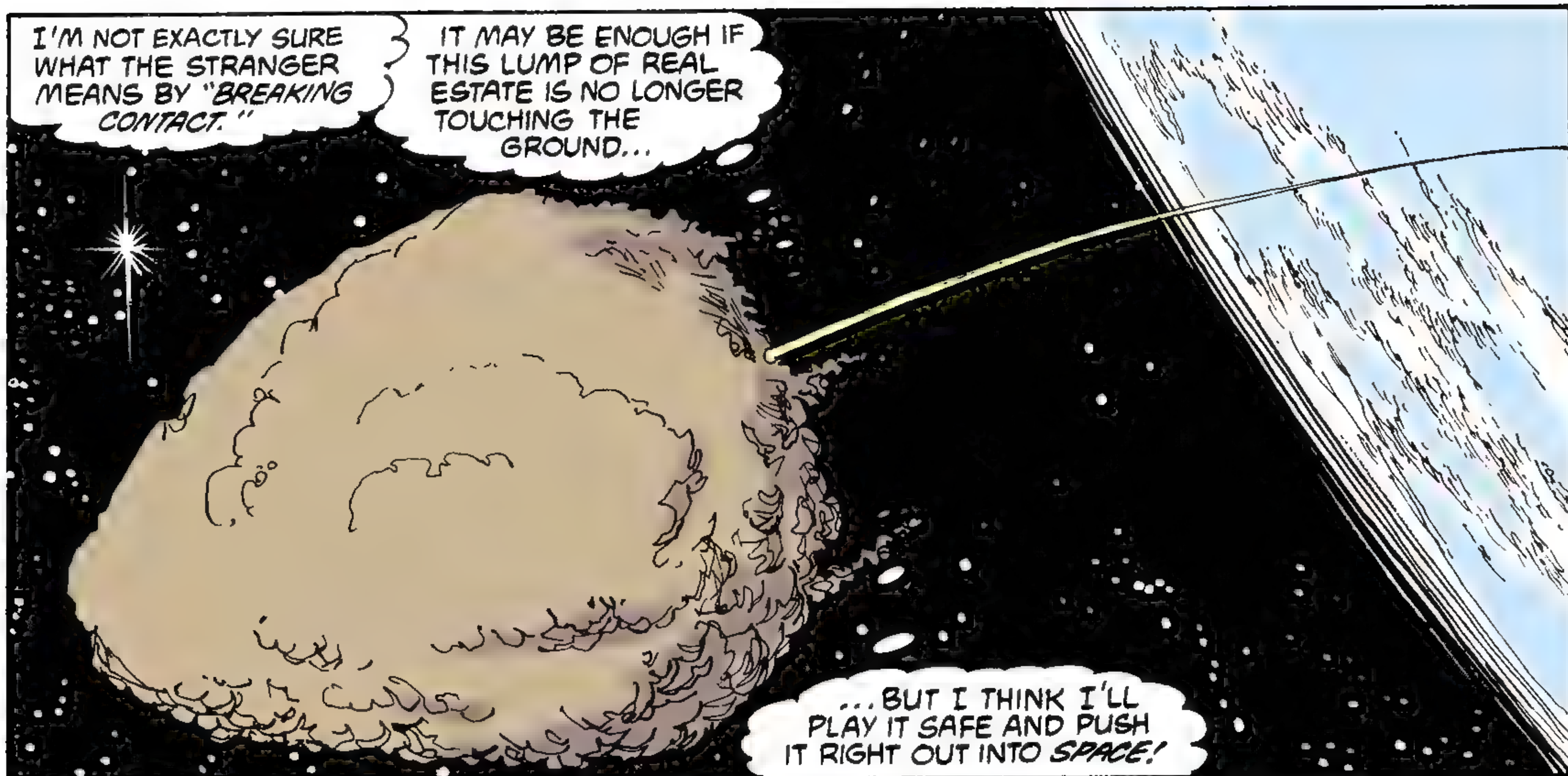
OKAY... BEST NOT TO EVEN *THINK* ABOUT IT.

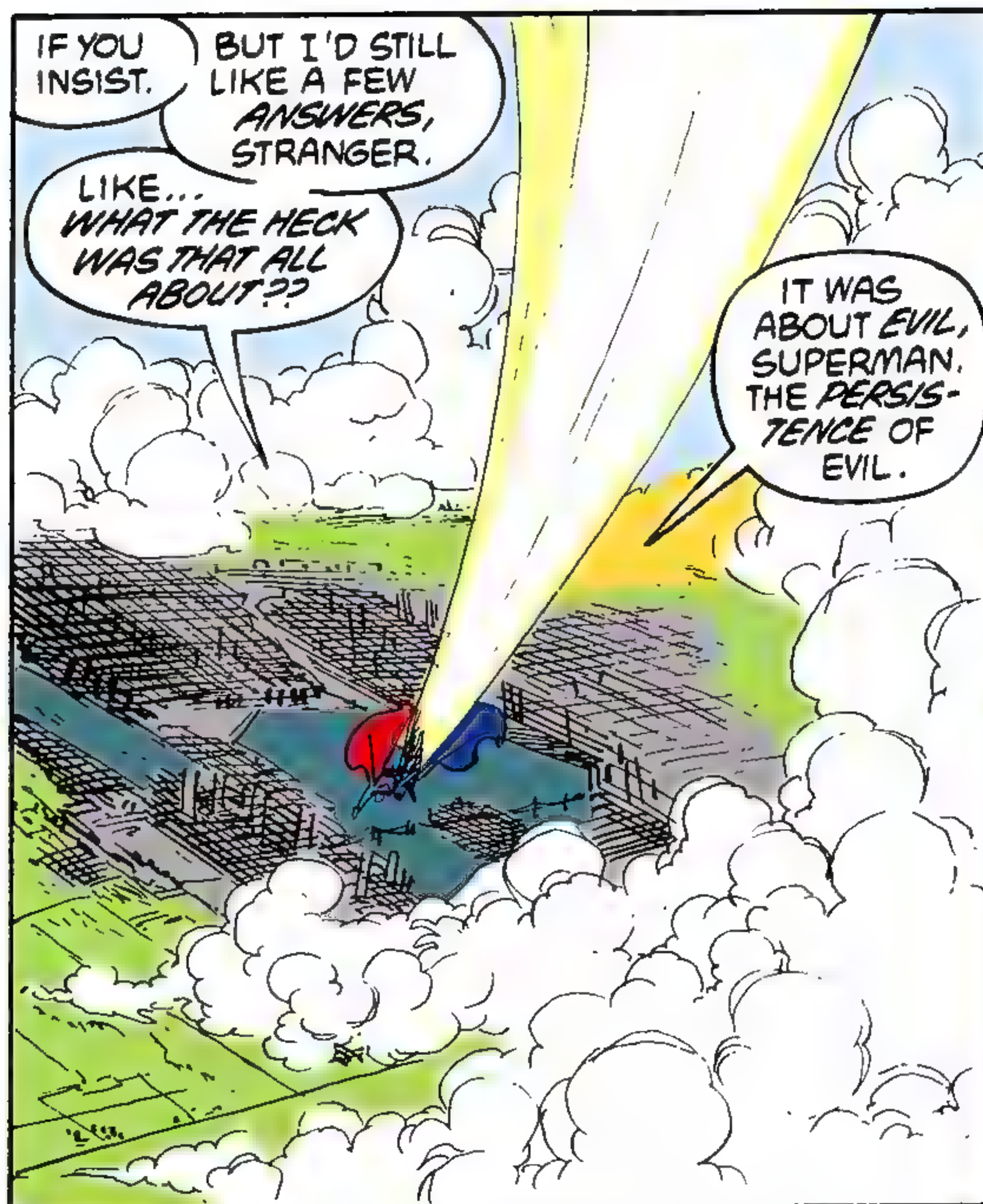


IF HE WANTS THIS THING *SEPARATED* FROM THE EARTH...

...I'M JUST THE BOY TO--
UNGH--DO IT!







IF YOU INSIST.

BUT I'D STILL LIKE A FEW ANSWERS, STRANGER.

LIKE... WHAT THE HECK WAS THAT ALL ABOUT??

IT WAS ABOUT EVIL, SUPERMAN. THE PERSISTENCE OF EVIL.



IT WAS ALSO ABOUT DEATH, AND HOW SOMETIMES IT IS NOT SO FINAL A BARRIER AS WE MIGHT LIKE TO THINK.

HOW SO?



THERE ARE MANY FORCES THAT CAN BE STRONGER THAN DEATH, SUPERMAN.

LOVE CAN BE ONE.

SADLY, HATE CAN BE ANOTHER. HERE TODAY WE SAW WHAT HATE CAN DO, WHEN THE CHANCE ARISES.

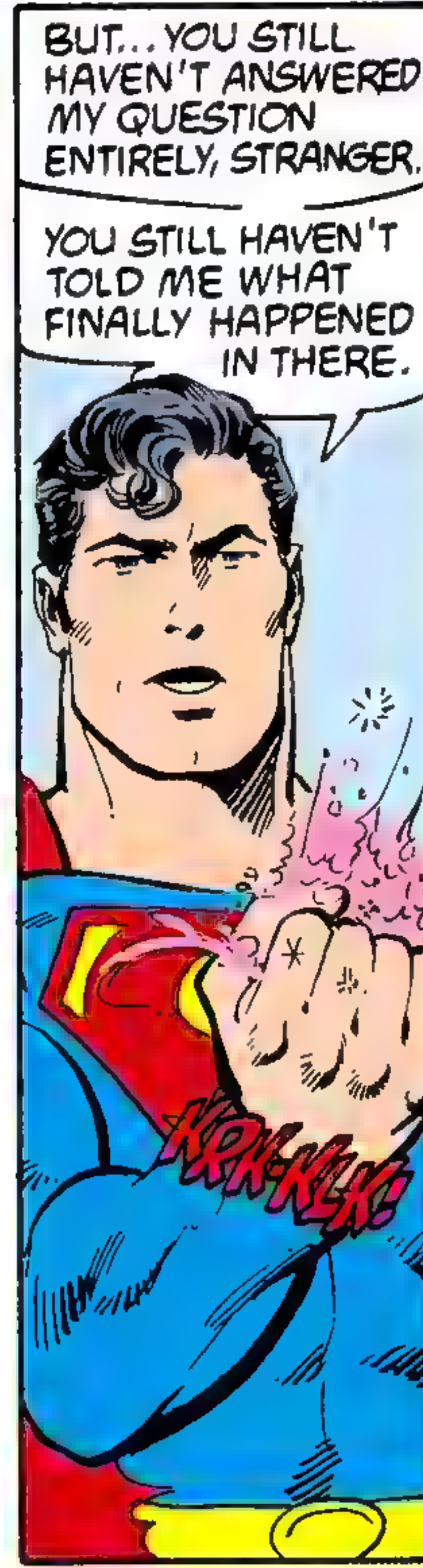


WITHIN THAT MOUND OF EARTH, THERE GREW AND FESTERED A HATRED THAT LASTED CENTURIES. THE BURNING HATRED OF THE GUILTY FOR THE INNOCENT.

A HATRED THAT AT LAST FOUND RELEASE, THROUGH THE ANCIENT POWER OF THIS GEMSTONE. A SMALL PART OF THE SAME MAGIC THAT GAVE FORM AND SUBSTANCE TO ARATHAZA.

GLADLY.

YOU MAY DESTROY IT NOW, SUPERMAN.



BUT... YOU STILL HAVEN'T ANSWERED MY QUESTION ENTIRELY, STRANGER.

YOU STILL HAVEN'T TOLD ME WHAT FINALLY HAPPENED IN THERE.



NOR HAVE I ANY INTENTION OF DOING SO, SUPERMAN.

FORGIVE THE CLICHÉ, MY FRIEND...

...BUT THERE ARE SOME THINGS MAN WAS NOT MEANT TO KNOW!

END

Superman Post-Crisis Chronology

Volume 010 The Man With The Kryptonite Heart!

"To cross the Rubicon", first appeared in Booster Gold issue #6, released May, 1986

Dan Jurgens (writer), Dan Jurgens (penciller), Dan Jurgens (inker), Mike Decarlo (inker)

"The Lesson", first appeared in Booster Gold issue #7, released June, 1986

Dan Jurgens (writer), Dan Jurgens (penciller), Dan Jurgens (inker), Mike Decarlo (inker)

"The Secret Revealed!", first appeared in Superman issue #2, released December, 1986

John Byrne (writer), John Byrne (penciller), Keith Williams (inker), Terry Austin (inker)

"Squatter!", first appeared in Action Comics issue #584, released November, 1986

John Byrne (writer), John Byrne (penciller), Dick Giordano (inker), John Byrne (inker)

"Heart of Stone", first appeared in Superman issue #1, released November, 1986

John Byrne (writer), John Byrne (penciller), John Byrne (inker), Terry Austin (inker)

"Man O' War", first appeared in The Adventures of Superman issue #, released November, 1986

Marv Wolfman (writer), Jerry Ordway (penciller), Jerry Ordway (inker), Mike Machlan (inker)

"Going The Gauntlet", first appeared in The Adventures of Superman issue #, released December, 1986

Marv Wolfman (writer), Jerry Ordway (penciller), Jerry Ordway (inker)

"And Graves Give Up Their Dead ...", first appeared in Action Comics issue #585, released January, 1987

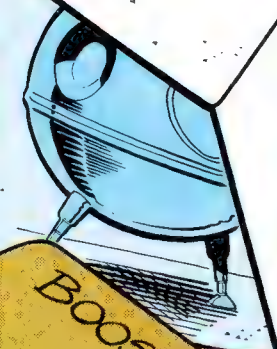
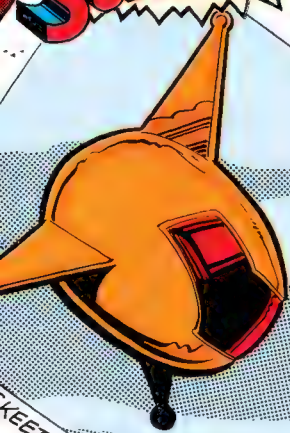
John Byrne (writer), John Byrne (penciller), John Byrne (penciller), Dick Giordano (inker), John Byrne (inker), John Byrne (inker)



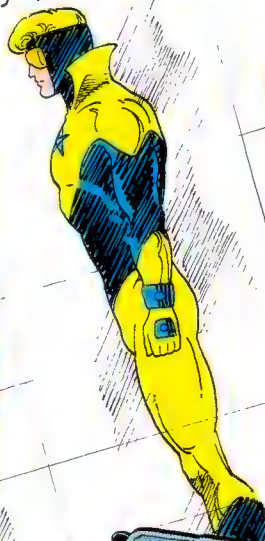
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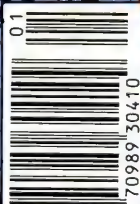
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the MAN OF STEEL™
IS OUT FOR
BLOOD--

--AND
ONLY
THIS
MAN
CAN
STOP
HIM
!

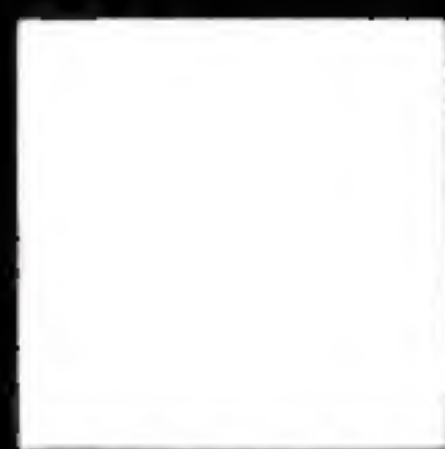


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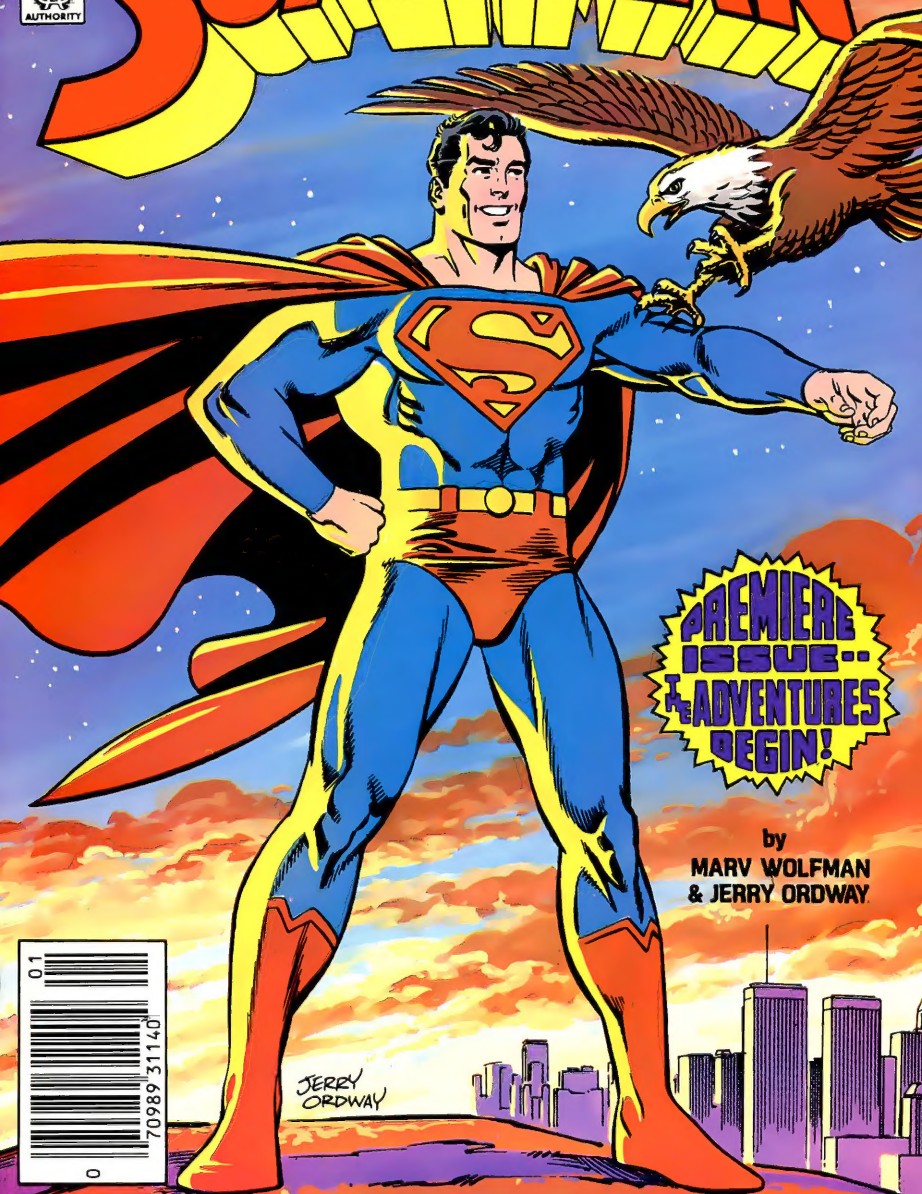




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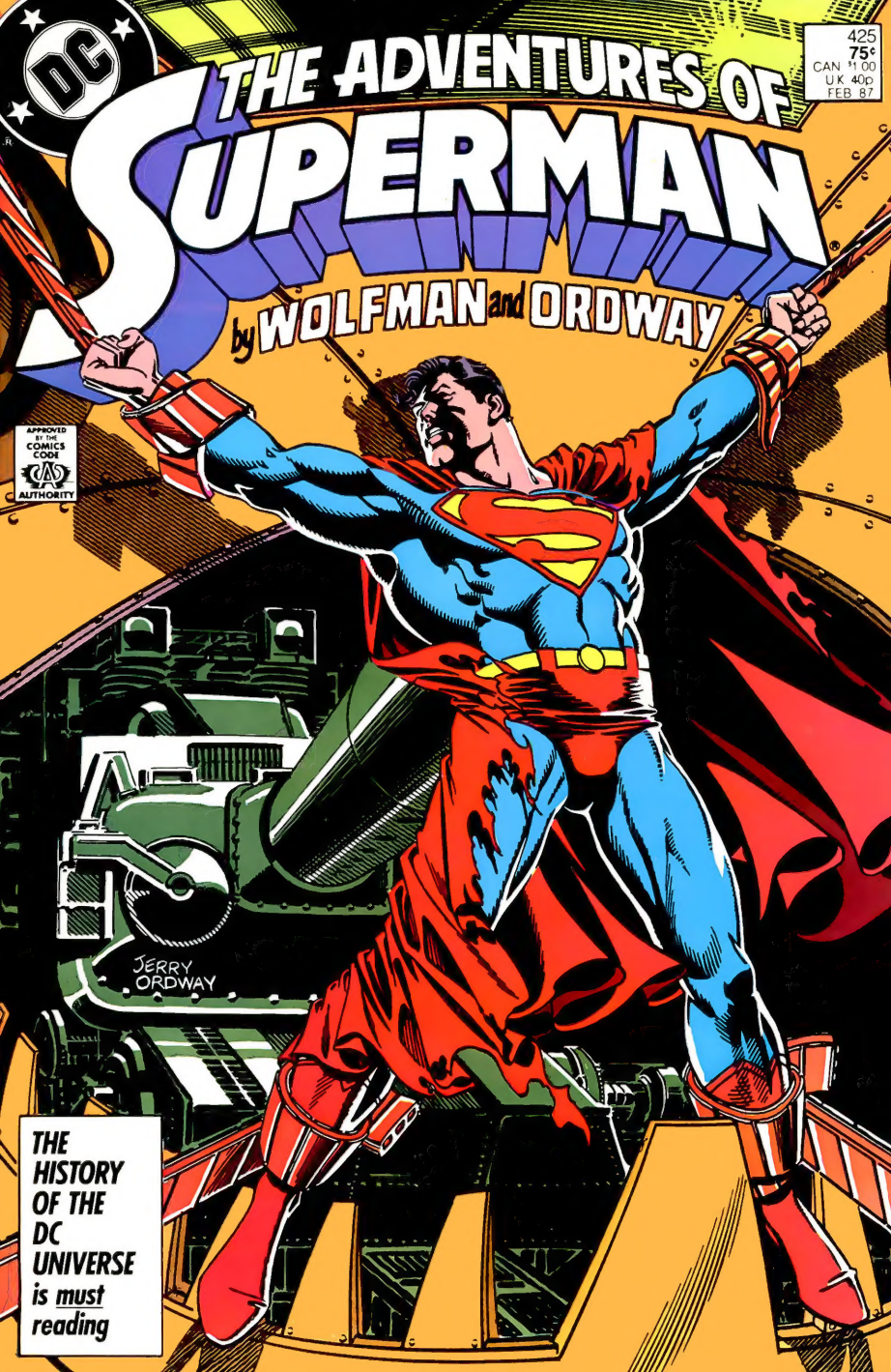


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